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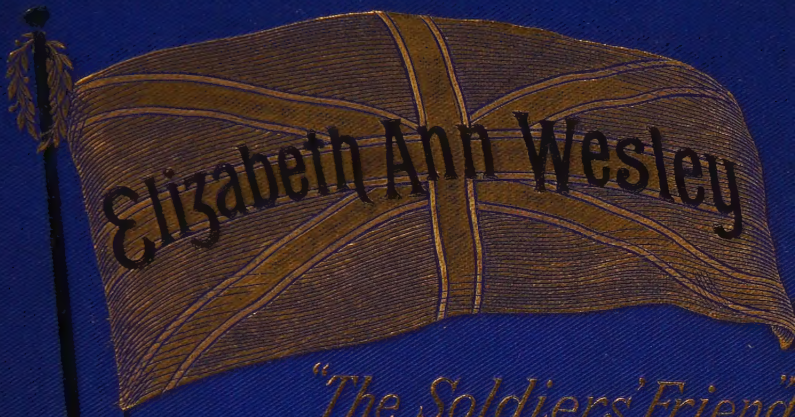

"The Soldiers' Friend"

BY

THE REV. SAMUEL WESLEY

HER FATHER

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MEMORIALS

OF

ELIZABETH ANN WESLEY,

'THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND,'

BY HER FATHER, THE

REV. SAMUEL WESLEY.

EDITED WITH A PREFACE BY

GEORGE JOHN STEVENSON, M.A.,

Author of 'Memorials of the Wesley Family'; 'The Methodist Hymn Book Illustrated,' and other works.

'I will never give up any man, so long as Christ does not give him up.'—E. A. WESLEY.

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HAYMAN BROTHERS AND LILLY,
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TO

MAJOR W. THOMSON,

7TH REGIMENTAL DISTRICT, HOUNSLOW GARRISON,

These Memorials,

IN SINCERE ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS DEEP INTEREST

IN THE CHRISTIAN TOIL OF

MISS WESLEY,

AND ESPECIALLY OF HIS PRACTICAL SYMPATHY WITH HER

IN HER ARDUOUS LABOURS AMONG BRITISH SOLDIERS,

Are Dedicated

BY HIS FRIEND AND LATE CHAPLAIN,

SAMUEL WESLEY.

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School of Theology

Preface.

THE Wesley family is a very old one, one of the oldest in England, and has been traced in an unbroken succession back into the times of the Saxons, and more than a century before the Norman Conquest. The first name on the family roll is that of Guy, who was made a thane (a member of the Saxon parliament) by King Athelstan (925-40) about the year A.D. 938, and who married Phenan, his kinswoman, the daughter of an old chieftain. He lived at Welswe, near Wells, Somerset. There the family settled, and lived on their own domain for centuries, passing through changes consequent on the wars of various sovereigns, but ultimately holding their own homestead, right on to near the end of the XVIIIth century. The twenty-second occupier of the family estate, in direct succession, was named George Arthur Wesley; who was for some years in the army, and squandered much of his property; so much, indeed, that ultimately about a century ago, 1785, the remainder of the estate was sold, and the old family mansion pulled down. The title deeds of the

estate have recently been discovered in the archives of Wells Cathedral; by their aid, the position of the mansion has been found; and with the aid of the spade, the original foundations have been laid bare. This has come to light since the publication in 1876 of 'Memorials of the Wesley Family.' The said George Arthur Wesley was twice married; first to the daughter of G. A. Pelham, Esq.; they had one son who died without issue; second, he married a lady said to have been his kinswoman, but owing to the confusion of the family affairs, and the sale of the property, her name has not been preserved. She left a son and a daughter; the son, Francis, was the heir; the daughter, Mary, died unmarried. Francis was born in 1767, and married Elizabeth Bamfield. He died in 1854, aged 87 years. His son was Alfred Wesley, born 1804; he married Ann Lilley; they had six sons, most of whom are still living. This Alfred was the twenty-fourth in direct descent from Guy of the Saxon times. Amongst the twenty-four, many were distinguished as courtiers, warriors, statesmen, priests, men of chivalry, authors, musicians, and poets. One of them was standard-bearer to Henry II, during his wars in Ireland, A.D. 1172. Another was a pilgrim in the age of the Crusades, and died fighting the Saracens in defence of the Holy Sepulchre and the city of Jerusalem. For his services, the Knights Templars conferred on the family the right to use the escalop shell in their family arms, which is used by them to this day.

The nineteenth Wesley in succession was named Sir Herbert Wesley. This Herbert was the only son of his parents, and was contemporary with Queen Elizabeth. He married Elizabeth, the daughter of Robert Wesley, of Dangan Castle, County Meath, Ireland: the Irish branch was that from which the Duke of Wellington descended. Three children were given to Sir Herbert and Elizabeth Wesley, whose names were, William, the heir; Harphame, who died unmarried; and Bartholomew, who was ordained a priest (born about 1696), and became the head of that branch known as the Wesleys of Epworth. This Bartholomew was the most remote name in the family of which the founders of Methodism had any knowledge. When it is remembered how severe, and long, and terrible were the trials of the seventeenth century, and how many families were broken up by them, it is no wonder that the Wesleys, who had their full share of hardships and privations, should have neglected genealogical studies; so they knew little of their ancestors, excepting of those living. Bartholomew had only one son, whom he named John: he studied theology and medicine at Oxford, and took his M.A. degree at New Inn Hall. He entered the ministry, and served several parishes and congregations, both of the Church and Independents. He was one of the preachers accepted by Oliver Cromwell's Triers; so he was at one time Episcopal, at another time Nonconformist; and he was one of the 2,000 clergymen expelled from Church and home in

1662. Within three months of his expulsion, and when his wife — formerly a Miss White — and he, with their children, were depending on the kindness and bounty of friends for food and shelter, their son Samuel Wesley was born, and was baptized in December, 1662. This John Wesley, A.M., is said by Dr. Calamy to have had a numerous family, yet Dr. A. Clarke could only find the names of two, Samuel and Matthew: but inquiries made by the writer have recovered the names of two others; namely, Timothy, and Elizabeth, the latter married to Mr. Dyer. More recently the name of George has been found, who is believed to have been sent to America, as a schoolmaster, when America was an English colony. One of the sons of John Wesley, A.M. (name unknown), is thought to have settled in or near Coventry, where his widowed mother, poor and friendless, went to reside about 1714. From him descended the grandfather of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, Wesleyan minister, the author of these 'Memorials,' and the great-grandfather of the Elizabeth Ann Wesley, the subject of the following pages. The family possesses so many of the natural characteristics of the Epworth Wesleys, as well as the facial type, that there need be no doubt of their direct lineal descent, although one link in the chain is for the present broken.

G. J. STEVENSON.

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Memorials

OF

MISS WESLEY.

CHAPTER I.

RUGBY—CIRENCESTER.

ELIZABETH ANN WESLEY was born at *Rugby* Warwickshire, April 2nd, 1852, and was the daughter of Samuel Wesley and Ann his wife. Her father was then the Wesleyan Minister of that town, having entered the ministerial ranks in 1839; and was, when these pages were written, Chaplain to the Wesleyan troops of the Hounslow Garrison. Ann, a daughter who died in infancy, and the subject of these Memorials, were the whole of their family.

'Lizzie' was very beautiful in infancy, greatly admired and loved, and escaped the usual forms of infantile disease. As she passed into childhood she became more charming and attractive. Her temper was very sweet, though she was extremely sensitive; she was hardly ever heard to cry; was very gentle, yet full of vivacity and fun; and you could hardly listen to her ringing silvery laugh without joining in it. She early learned to walk and talk, and her parents remember when she took her first step, and

with what a sparkling eye she looked at her father and with a merry pathos uttered her first word—'Papa'! Those who met her for the first time, as they glanced at her fair complexion, her open, sunny countenance, her rich, auburn hair, her bright, hazel eyes softened by expressive eye-brows, often exclaimed, 'What a lovely little girl!' She was passionately fond of dumb creatures, and they yielded to her kindly sway; for she might often be seen taking a stroll with a pet hen walking by her side, or carrying her, if she thought her tired; and sometimes a huge Newfoundland dog would leave his owner at her call, and very much to the gratification of his master would pay her the most marked attention and obedience. She was one day looking with intense interest on her precious fowl, and said to her father: 'Do you think if Jesus were here now He would say, "Suffer little chucky to come unto Me"?' Our child, with her pets, was a great favourite with the Rugbeans; and when, at the end of three years, she left Rugby with her parents, it was with no small regret, and amid a shower of good wishes and kind words, that they bade their bright little friend 'Good-bye.'

Cirencester was the next place of her residence, to which town her parents removed in September, 1854, residing at Stratton. She showed no startling mental precocity, but she began to acquire knowledge with great ease. No sooner had she learnt the alphabet, on a principle which connected each letter with God's word, than the power to read came to her. Much of her time was spent in the study, and her father, surprised one day to find her reading, asked how she had so soon become able to do so. The reply was, 'I

hardly know, papa; but take these little books, and I will tell you all that is in them,' which she immediately did. She was then three years and a half old. She became intensely fond of books, and her first beautiful little works, which were presented by Miss Ball, and exerted a great influence on her taste and character, were preserved with great care. Her life-long friendship with this accomplished and useful lady was very advantageous. It was here, in close proximity to Earl Bathurst's park, that her love of nature, which grew so intense, had its dawn; and her passion for wild flowers was so ardent that in the glee of gathering them time and toil were forgotten, and her morning's walk with her papa was often prolonged.

The elements of character are in existence very early, and their development commences much sooner than is generally supposed. We had a valuable young domestic who, in our service, was gradually drawn and led to the Saviour, and, loving Lizzie, who exerted a good and powerful influence upon her. Her views of the way of salvation were clear and Scriptural, and she gladly imparted them to her young charge, read to her, and gave her useful books. The late Mrs. Richard Mullings, daughter of a clergyman, was a painstaking teacher in the Wesleyan Sunday-school; our servant was in her class, and it was a joy to her often to get her loved one to accompany her and have the benefit of her teacher's careful instruction. This lady called one day as her father was leaving home for his Sabbath duties at Stroud, and was the delighted witness of a charming incident which proved that Lizzie was a praying child. Her father was giving her his parting kiss, when suddenly she said, 'Stop a minute, papa,

only a minute!' and at once ran upstairs in great haste. As she heard the reply, 'I fear I shall lose the train,' she soon reached the landing and entered her room, again exclaiming, 'Only a minute!' Then, coming down so quickly that we feared she would fall, she said with a beaming face, 'You can go now, papa, good-bye!' When her father had left, the lady said, 'Lizzie, may I ask why you ran upstairs so hastily?' She replied, 'I never let my papa leave without praying for him.' Again she inquired, 'And would you tell me the prayer you offered up?' 'Yes,' she replied, '"God bless my father, make him a very good man, and bring him back safe, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."' Here was all the simplicity and brevity of a child's prayer, and she confidently expected the answer.

Her father's wide field of toil was at that time blessed with an extraordinary religious awakening, in which other ministers heartily co-operated, and which led to the conversion of hundreds of young people. This visitation was more remarkable as it was granted at a time when there was a general dearth of revival influence. In that religious movement a simple couplet became very popular, and in the act of singing it many received the salvation they were so earnestly seeking. The lines have since become well known:

> 'I *can*, I *will*, I *do* believe
> That Jesus died for me.'

Even then little Lizzie found in these revival scenes a congenial element, and her voice was often heard, as in after years, singing in childlike sincerity and fervour, 'Jesus died for me;' and the strain could not fail to reach the Saviour's ear.

Through life she cherished and practically manifested a rare regard and concern for old people; and, in many an instance, her care for the aged greatly increased their comfort, and tended to brighten the evening of life and to divest death of its gloom. A respectable but poor old man lived in a cottage a few hundred yards from her home, and they soon became friends. She saw that the snows of age had fallen upon him, that disease was surely doing its work, and that no heaven-lighted rapture was in his eye; her tender heart melted for him, and flowed out in every possible expression of kindness. Frequently would the failing man of fourscore years take his seat on the stone wall at the end of the garden, and listen to Lizzie's sweet voice as she read to him her entertaining little books, and talked to him through the iron palisade about Jesus and heaven. *We* were careful not to appear on the scene, but unavoidably passing at the time of one of their morning interviews, the dear old man said to me, 'I like to talk with little missie, Sir, she is so kind and engaging, and does me so much good; I don't feel like the same after I've seen her.' But the last interview came—the aged man died—and, as the rustic funeral passed our house, his little faithful friend was inconsolable, and declined to look on the mournful scene. Though then only four years of age, she never lost the recollection of the old man and all the circumstances, and felt an unselfish pleasure in the reflection of having administered to his comfort, peace, and safety at the close of an industrious life. It was the beginning of a work in which she ever after delighted.

While *we* were moving in the quiet rural scenes of the Cotswold Hills, *our soldiers* were encountering the perils

of the Crimean campaign, the early part of which was fought amid the rigours of the winter of 1855–56. The tidings from the seat of war greatly affected our thoughtful child, blended as they often were with our family prayers for England's Queen and her brave troops. She read all the lives of military and naval men which she found in her father's library, and these were made interesting to her by pictorial illustrations. Her sensitive spirit was deeply impressed at that time by witnessing a review and sham fight in Cirencester Park, which gave her some idea of real war. The knowledge thus obtained had only to wait till she had the opportunity to use it. We little thought then that she would spend a large portion of her life and shorten her days in self-forgetful toils among soldiers, their wives, and children. Jesus Christ Himself has given His own significance to a child's life, and charm to the story of it, by the command which retains all its authority: 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not;' and also by the reason assigned for obedience, in the memorable words which have lost none of their sweetness: 'For of such is the kingdom of God.' The Holy Spirit is not less tender and benevolent than the Saviour; His mission is especially to the young; and we may confidently rely on His power, and hope for success in all our efforts to lead the lambs to the Good Shepherd.

'Parental toil the soil prepares,
And good seed early sown
Shall wave in wheat, and not in tares,
The Spirit's work to own.'

CHAPTER II.

WESTON-SUPER-MARE—AMPTHILL—SLEAFORD—HORNCASTLE.

ON August 27th, 1857, we left the old Roman town of Cirencester, and took up our abode in *Weston-super-Mare*. A valedictory service had been held, our three years' toil and their blessed results had been pleasingly acknowledged, and several of our beloved friends accompanied us to our new station.

Lizzie was now five and a half years old, and, having been accustomed to inland scenery, she anticipated her sea-side residence with high expectations. The short journey, however, was attended by a sad loss and disappointment, for her pet canary darted out of the cage while she was in the very act of praising it, and she saw it no more. This incident, which saddened her journey, gave her a topic in after years, when addressing her children's and women's classes on early sorrows and the frailty and uncertainty of childish hopes.

This charming town abounded in schools, to one of which she was welcomed: but her progress in learning was retarded by a severe attack of scarlet fever. She accompanied her parents to spend an evening with an esteemed minister who was seeking change and rest after having lost three of his children from this malady, and, having brightened him by her sunny presence, the next morning she fell ill of the fever. She passed bravely without a murmur through the severe trial, and displayed a cheerfulness and

endurance which were extraordinary in one so young. When the fever was at its height, and fears were entertained as to the issue, the little sufferer bravely said: 'Don't be afraid, mother, I shall get over *this*.' A deep shadow fell upon her by the death of a dearly-loved aunt, Mrs. Ekins, of Raunds. After years of declining health this estimable lady passed away from a happy home, with perfect resignation in her heart, and the name of 'Jesus' on her lips. Then the servant who was so devoted to Lizzie lost her health, and added another to the many victims of consumption; but the end of this excellent girl was so calm and triumphant, that it produced a deep impression in favour of religion on the mind of our affectionate child, and she ever cherished a loving memory of her. Our daughter rallied, resumed her school duties, and pursued her studies with success, receiving rewards for diligence and good conduct. Her first letter was then written home, and was received with delight. What importance attached to that first letter! It was the germ of that correspondence which afterwards became such a power for good and was felt in almost every part of the world.

Divine Providence next fixed our home at *Ampthill*, in Bedfordshire, and there our daughter began the study of music. It was a science in which the Wesleys excelled and acquired a wide and lasting fame; nature had favoured Lizzie with a delicately attuned ear, with an expressive touch, a voice of great sweetness, and a musical soul.

Two events in our sojourn at that place are noteworthy. The first was the illness of one of her schoolfellows which, being sanctified, led her as a penitent

to Christ, and resulted in a triumphant death. The tender sympathy of Lizzie with this girl, the visits she paid her in her affliction, and the fact that she made her case the first record in her diary, will make the entry acceptable to the reader: 'When illness came to Elizabeth Ann Sharpe, she felt her need of Christ, and repented that she had not sooner sought His forgiveness. She could never, as she said, run into those lengths of sin which some children did, but she knew that would not save her now. She had been a scholar in the Sunday-school for some time, and at first not one of the best, "but our teacher," she said, "won me by love." She was deeply convinced of sin under two sermons which she named, but that wore away in time. Her favourite chapter during her illness was St. John's Gospel xv. When her friends were standing around her, expecting every breath to be her last, she requested her teacher to sing the hymn, "Thy will be done," and, seeing how they were affected, she said: "I will sing it;" and she sung it through with great ardour.' Shortly after she passed away, to sing the same song upon a happier shore. Lizzie often visited her grave, placed fresh flowers upon it, and in after years made the anniversary of her death a day of serious reflection and self-improvement.

Another event of our Ampthill residence which impressed Lizzie, and inspired her with hope in her active work in after years, was a striking answer to prayer. These were the facts. A nephew of ours, in his nineteenth year, was in the last stage of consumption, and apparently without concern as to his future safety. His case was placed before our weekly prayer-meeting; about fifteen people were gathered in a small

room. There were men there who, though poor, had power with God. One or two of them were so mighty in prayer as to remind us of a military comparison which the celebrated John Foster once applied to the prayer of a God-honoured Methodist preacher: 'An artillery on heaven.' An impressive hymn having been sung, the following few sentences were addressed to the praying few: 'My dear friends, my mind is deeply impressed with the importance attaching itself to this meeting for prayer. We should *always* feel when we gather together that the salvation of souls may depend on our prayers. But the salvation of *one soul in particular* may depend on this meeting. A relation of mine, a young man, is dangerously ill; he is not saved, and we fear not so anxious as he should be as to his state and danger. His mother's dying advice to him was: "Get religion young, and that will fit you for everything." And that anxious mother's last request to me was: "Do all you can for the good of my children." Standing in this relation to him, you may be sure I feel deeply concerned for him, and let us now pray for him as if our prayers had to be the means of effecting his salvation. And may God help us!' An influence from God pervaded the meeting. The deep conviction of all was that it must be prayer, that night, the answer to which would not admit of delay, and they pleaded in an agony of soul which would take no denial. The result was prayer prevailed. The answer was immediate. The afflicted one knew nothing of the meeting; he was five-and-twenty miles away; but before the first prayer had ended he became as thoughtful and serious as though he had listened to every word of it. Four attending relatives, who are

still living, were struck with his changed aspect, and after a brief pause he said: 'I feel a strange influence coming over me that I cannot account for.' We prayed on, and the influence still reached him. To the surprise of his attendants he exclaimed: 'I feel that some good people are praying for me!' Another pause ensued, during which supplication was continued at Ampthill, and as hope lighted up the agonised countenance of the sufferer he said with deep feeling, 'I believe I shall get saved after all.' Before the prayer-meeting closed, our nephew was heart-broken on account of his sins, and Mrs. Wesley, his aunt, was pointing him to Christ. When the glad news of this change reached us we thankfully recognised the fulfilment of the promise, 'It shall come to pass, that before they call I will answer; and while they are yet speaking I will hear.' (Isaiah lxv. 24.) The prayer of the true penitent cannot be denied. Pardon was no sooner sought by the contrite one than it was given, and it shed its own peace into his heart. The closing days of his life were weariness and pain; but all was borne with unmurmuring patience and resignation to the will of God. He retained his simple trust in Christ, and died feeling all the calm resulting from a consciousness of safety. His last words were:

> 'Me for Thine own Thou lov'st to take,
> In time and in eternity;
> Thou never, never wilt forsake
> A helpless worm that trusts in Thee.'

These words were nearly the last which fell from the lips of Elizabeth Ann Wesley.

Our next appointment was to *Sleaford*, in Lincoln-

shire. My first Sabbath in that town, September 20th, 1863, was made memorable by one of its incidents, which gave a colour to our subsequent life, and a decided character to a large portion of it. On that Sunday, Richard Wharton Myddleton, Esq., and his noble lady, drove in their carriage from Leasingham Hall, to worship with us. This unexpected occurrence created general surprise; but it was their own voluntary act, and the result of previous thought. From that day they became attendants on our ministry from decided preference, expressed themselves greatly benefited by it, made our elegant sanctuary their place of worship to the end of their lives, and often stated, that they never regretted the step they had taken. Mrs. Myddleton was the daughter of Colonel Watson, of the 69th Regiment, and Captain Myddleton was in early life an officer in her father's regiment; they were both in the stirring and sanguinary scenes of the great revolutionary war on the continent, and after the terrible battle and decisive victory of Waterloo which closed the campaign, they were united in marriage. The Captain resigned his commission after spending many years on foreign service, and they retired to enjoy the evening of life in the tranquillity of the beautiful hall of which Mrs. Myddleton was heiress. This heroic lady cherished to the last a deep and practical interest in the welfare of the army, and it was under her genial auspices that her young friend, Miss Wesley, began her work among the soldiers. She cheered her to enthusiasm in her arduous toil, and her generous husband aided so liberally in meeting its expense, that it could not have been prosecuted on such a scale without his aid. Mrs. Myddleton died September 1st, 1878, beloved and

lamented by all classes, especially by the poor, to whom she was a kind, sympathetic, and liberal friend. Mr. Myddleton survived his wife seven years, and suddenly expired October 7th, 1885, in the ninety-second year of his age. His correspondence was a great pleasure to me for twenty-two years. He lived to receive the announcement of the sad event which has called forth these Memorials, and closed that work the performance and success of which had yielded him and his beneficent wife so much pleasure. His reply, written so near his end, will interest the reader.

'LEASINGHAM HALL, *August 4th*, 1885.

'DEAR SIR,

'It is with great sorrow that I now read your letter announcing the death of Miss Wesley. My dear departed wife loved her much, and Mr. Wesley was the first Methodist Minister I ever heard. The mention of that name recalls many sad reminiscences. Pray offer my most sincere sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Wesley, and believe me,

'Yours sincerely,

'RD. WHARTON MYDDLETON.

'The Rev. Samuel F. Collier.'

It will not be regarded as a digression to have recorded the occurrence which so unexpectedly connected itself with our first public service in Sleaford, especially as God in His wise prescience made the circumstance important by linking it with a chain of events in the brief life of our daughter.

At Sleaford Lizzie passed through a year of successful tuition in a ladies' seminary near to us, occupying much of her leisure time by visiting the poor, sick, and aged. Her reading was at this time misdirected, and, without our knowledge, much time was wasted in the

perusal of books which were worse than useless. This was deeply regretted by her afterwards, and she often cautioned her young friends that they might escape the same artfully set snare. An educated and pious lady, in whose class she met on Sunday afternoons, led her to aspire after something higher and nobler than could be found in works of fiction. She keenly felt the powerful sermons she was accustomed to hear, and after listening to a faithful sermon preached at Ruskington by the Rev. Alexander M'Aulay, she became inconsolably distressed. At that time, one of the ladies under whose instruction she was placed was called into the eternal world; and a young lady with whom she corresponded at Ampthill was committed to an early tomb, leaving her last words to address her powerfully from her grave:—'Meet me in heaven!' An acquaintance living near us bears testimony to the depth of her conviction at that time in a recently received letter: 'Scenes of long ago are ever before my mind's eye. I shall ever remember one night I stayed with her in the old house at Sleaford; it was before her conversion, and we both were *so* troubled in soul. Can I ever forget those times?' A separation now took place between these two girl friends, Annie going to school at Newark, and Lizzie to become a pupil in a school at Bourne. Lizzie had not spent more than a month in her new abode before a revival of religion broke out among the scholars, in which nearly all the pupils became converted to God. With all my daughter's early training, religious knowledge, and amiable qualities, she deeply felt her need of that great change which the Holy Spirit only can effect, and which is the true basis of character. She was one of the last of the

girls to experience that desired change. In a letter which she wrote home at that time she says: 'We had such a night on February 1st; all the boarders are saved but *me*—poor me; but I cannot get saved. I think I cannot be in earnest, and I feel to have no faith. I have tried so often, and cannot get saved. They all are so happy; and our teachers are overjoyed. O, mama, all saved but me.' Her advanced knowledge seemed to cause delay. Anxious that her repentance should be thorough, she wrote home with childlike simplicity and ingenuousness, acknowledging all her little faults, and urging us to write soon and assure her of our forgiveness, as if she felt *that* to be indispensable. The simplicity of faith, and the connection between an act so simple and a blessing so great and precious as salvation, staggered her. The blessing for which she had so expectantly waited at last came, with all its assurance and joy. The following is the letter which brought the glad news:

'BOURNE, *March 3rd*, 1866.

'MY DEAREST PARENTS,

'I have so much to tell. I feel so happy in God's love. I will try and tell you all about it. On Sunday evening Mr. Shaw preached a beautiful sermon from the word "Tekel" (Daniel v. 27), and while we were singing the last verse of the ninety-third hymn (Wesley's), I felt Jesus had pardoned my sins; but directly Satan tempted me not to say anything about it, and I yielded until Thursday, when I told Miss H——, and then I felt so happy: all the clouds and darkness went away, and they have not returned. I never thought it was so easy to believe on Jesus, but I find that *it is* easy. Many times Annie and I have tried, but we were looking to ourselves, not to Jesus. It is a year on Monday since dear Mary Jane died. She wished me to meet her in heaven, and *I will*, if God will help me. I think those nasty tales had filled my head with such nonsense that I could not think

of anything good, but I will *never read another*. Dear mother, I wish you could see us all so happy, I among them now. Will it not be nice to meet at Easter? Dearest father, pray that I may always feel God's love in my heart. I never felt so happy before. The last Bible-class I attended at home Miss Cargill asked us to tell her when we felt God loved us if it was not worth having. I can tell her now that indeed it is. I wish Annie could feel happy. I must write and tell her just how I feel. I have just received your nice letter, and I feel that I can say, "I love Him, because *He first* loved me." Tell Eliza to try and have faith in Jesus. Tell Mrs. G—— how happy we all are together. It was a good thing I came to Bourne. I often used to feel *very much* at home when Mr. Moulton was preaching, but my impressions passed away. I am very much obliged for all your kindness to me in sending me those nice things. How kind God is to give me such a kind father and mother. Dearest papa and mama, with much love I am your loving child,

'E. A. WESLEY.'

'Pray that I may be kept.'

This artless, affectionate, and charming letter is evidence of the newly-found pardon and joy which filled to overflowing the writer's heart, and is in striking contrast with her last sad epistle home; whilst the yearning desire for the salvation of others is so evidently the immediate outgrowth of her own conversion as to give promise of all the loving toil which followed, to make so many others as happy as herself. In connection with the date of Sunday, February 25th, 1866, the record she has given in her diary of this the most important event of her life is expressive of the fullest and most blessed assurance, and never after did she doubt the reality of the change she had experienced. After stating the fact that she felt saved by grace, and for the first time that Jesus loved HER, and that she loved HIM, she writes:

'O happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!'

and adds the prayer: 'O! that I may be kept faithful,' duly signing a record so sacred, 'E. A. Wesley.'

It appears that though her faithful governess was not informed by her ardent pupil at once, and in so many plain words, that she had realised a sense of sin forgiven, she felt sure at the time that such was the fact; for she writes: 'Never shall I forget the radiant look in her face when peace broke in upon her soul. In her own impulsive way she threw her arms round my neck and kissed me. Many wept to see such loving simplicity.'

It is pleasing to know that Lizzie lost no time, but began her life-work for the salvation of others on the very night of her own conversion. She went straight from the Cross, with the love of the Saviour glowing in her heart, to the field of toil to work for Christ, and to conduct earnest seekers to Him. Her devoted schoolmistress says, 'I was called up that night to talk and pray with six or seven of the girls who were earnestly seeking the Saviour; such was their distress that I thought I must call up Mr. Shaw to aid me in pointing them to Christ. *Dear Lizzie talked and prayed with them.* A class was formed, and I have reason to believe that many are still rejoicing in the peace they found that night.'

Her expressed wish was that her diary should be destroyed unread: but her constant readiness to sacrifice her own feelings for the honour of the Saviour and the spiritual benefit of His followers will, we hope, justify us in giving some extracts, showing how she kept her hold on Christ, and sought her joy in striving to bring others to decision for Him.

'*April* 11*th*, 1866.—I have felt so happy all this week, Christ has been with me.'

'12*th*.—Miss G—— has seemed very serious, she was impressed by something I said in school. O God, for Christ's sake, save her!'

'13*th*.—Went to see one of our school-fellows who is very ill. May I be prepared for sickness and death.'

'15*th*.—O! happy day: two born for God. O Christ, keep them faithful. When shall I write, "A. G—— is saved?" Help Thou mine unbelief, and she will yet be saved. We are determined to have them all saved. Jesus, keep *me* Thine.'

'*May* 1*st*.—I am very unhappy to-day. I am afraid I am getting rather careless. I did not say my prayers last night. How dreadful it is when we forget to think of Jesus. I like my French very much: had a nice lesson this afternoon.'

The dear girl was so absorbed in her scholastic duties, and in seeking at intervals through the day the salvation of all whom she could reach, that she one night forgot her prayers. She had lived in an element of devotion, but the single omission of stated duty pained her, and led her to confess it as a serious forgetfulness of the claims of Jesus. There is the same faithfulness throughout her journal in stating, for her future profit, any omission or fault.

Her Midsummer vacation was very happily spent. She brought heart-religion with her from school, added to the beauty and loveliness of her character. The means of grace, her highly-prized Bible-class, the society of beloved friends, the luxury of visiting her aged and afflicted ones, and all the innocent pleasures with

which so many strove to make her holidays happy were enjoyed with a zest hardly known before.

She had to return to school, and also to take her final leave of Sleaford, as her father was removing at Conference. On arriving at school, at Bourne, she thus wrote in her journal:

'1866, *August* 12*th*, *Sunday*.—I had such a happy day. I never felt more of the love of God in my heart.'

'19*th*.—I feel very happy. Miss M—— is saved.'

'26*th*.—Have enjoyed the class so much. I feel more than ever the importance of giving the whole of my heart and affections to God. I know that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord."'

'27*th*.—I have thought more of Jesus to-day, and am sure I feel much happier. I hope God will make me holy.'

Such was her entry on leaving for the prayer-meeting; another record was made on returning.

'We have just returned from the prayer-meeting, and are going to have a prayer-meeting in the little back room. We had such a time of it. Many of us are determined to seek to rise higher in the path to heaven. I felt while kneeling against Miss M—— and Miss S—— that the blood of Jesus, my Saviour, washed me—unworthy me—from all sin. I never felt so happy, and my heart so full of Jesus. I have only been half-living, almost dead, but I will love Him and serve Him with all my heart. I will love Jesus when He has died to save me. I thought *I would* believe, and I said that verse:

"And is it possible that I
Should live and sin no more?

Lord, if on Thee I dare rely,
The faith shall bring the power."

I shall never forget the peace and joy that came into my heart. Praise God! He has kept me to-day, and I will trust Him for all that's to come. Christ for me. I feel that *I* am no better than I was before, but I do feel that Jesu's blood has covered my sins, and I am determined, by God's help, to love Him for ever.'

The following solemn pledge voluntarily given closes this month's journal, and is the natural outflow of the spiritual fervour of souls in their first love:

'We have solemnly promised to love Jesus Christ for ever.

'Elizabeth Ann Wesley,
'Emma S——,
'Emma Jane M——.

'Bourne, Tuesday night, *August 28th*, 1866.'

On August 30th we closed our three years' term at Sleaford and removed to *Horncastle*, where we soon found a sphere of Christian work, full of interest, and among a zealous, enterprising, and liberal people. Lizzie could not be long before she gratified her wish to visit our new home, know our surroundings, and make the acquaintance of our new friends. Before realising this happiness, we give an important entry from her diary recording her reception as a member of the Church, which she felt to be an unspeakable privilege, as also to involve grave responsibility.

'*Sunday, September 9th*, 1866. The Rev. Thomas Shaw gave me my first ticket to admit me into the Wesleyan-Methodist Society. I feel it to be a great

privilege for me, a child, to be allowed to have an interest in the prayers of God's people. I trust God will keep me faithful to the consecration I have made of myself to Jesus.'

On Thursday, September 27th, Lizzie reached Horncastle, and was very favourably and hopefully impressed with our new station. But especially was she rejoiced to find an earnest ministry, an earnest Church, and the Holy Spirit richly descending on all. On her journey back she left a tract in a well-filled carriage at Boston entitled, 'None Need Despair,' hoping and praying it might reach some of their hearts.

Her next visit home was at Christmas, and she thus wrote to a friend on the evening of her arrival:

'*Horncastle, Wednesday, December 19th.*—Papa met me at the station. I felt so pleased to get home and see mama once more. I do trust I shall be kept near to Jesus; for, though I am the child of pious parents, I feel that I have many temptations.'

The Methodists of that town so arrange their business and domestic matters as to set apart the first week of the new year for religious purposes. They display great hospitality, are liberal in their contributions to their religious institutions, and invite their neighbours and friends from a distance to join them in special religious services. Their hearts being susceptible from the pensiveness of having just bidden adieu to the old year, and jubilant on the threshold of the new year, they shake off much of the world, partake of great social enjoyment, experience a thorough quickening of spiritual life, and large accessions are made to the Church. It is a good start, and, however busy may be the times, you hardly ever throughout the

year find them pleading that they cannot command moments to attend to ordinary religious duties. Lizzie, from her ardent temperament, was just ready to enter with all her heart into this Pentecostal style of things. Let her own words tell what she felt. 'We have had a glorious time. The Rev. J. Dowty preached, and a glorious prayer-meeting afterwards. I am determined this year to live nearer to my Saviour. Oh! that I may do some good—something for Jesus, my Saviour. I have enjoyed this first Sabbath of the new year, and can never forget these services.' In these special means of grace the passion for saving souls was kindled to more intense ardour, and she cherished the same earnest spirit to the last day of her life.

Her parents had ever been anxious that the influences of home should be in harmony with those of the sanctuary and the school, and operate effectually in giving vigour to her spiritual life and increased power to do good. A piece of domestic poetry, which was composed and presented to her by her father on the eve of her departure for school, may interest the reader, and the more so as the sentiments of it, as they related to the departed one, have been so early realised:—

To Lizzie,

'On Leaving Home for School, at the Close of her Christmas Vacation, January 29th, 1867, from her Affectionate Father. Horncastle.

'My only child, once more we part,
To meet again with joy!
If only Christ dwell in our heart,
And God Himself be nigh.

'We part, but let our spirits blend
In all the might of prayer;
And when this mortal scene shall end,
We heaven's own bliss shall share.

'We part to do our Father's will,
And we may ask His aid
Our various duties to fulfil,
From dawn to evening shade.

'The future all to thee is veil'd,
But duty's path is plain,
And He who to the cross was nail'd,
For thee in heaven doth reign.

'To Him devote thy youthful days,
For Him thy powers employ,
And thou shalt chant thy Saviour's praise,
In strains which never die.'

Between her Christmas and Midsummer vacation her father had a serious illness, the effect of a chill taken on the bleak wolds; and unexpected changes occurred in his Circuit which necessitated a reluctant removal from Lincolnshire to a more genial sphere. Changes also took place in Lizzie's school-history, which entirely broke up our plans as to her future course. In June Lizzie was laid prostrate by sudden and alarming illness; but her great calmness of mind and freedom from all fear of the future greatly facilitated her recovery. Love to Jesus constrained her to record her testimony to Him though so extremely weak and ill.

'*Horncastle*, *Sunday*, *July* 14*th*, 1867.—Stayed at home, as I felt ill. I am very happy. Jesus is very near. I do want to live nearer to Him.'

'20*th*.—I feel very ill; but I feel that it is right. Still very happy.'

'*Sunday* 21*st*.—School sermons. The Rev. Marshall Randles. I *did* want to go, but was in bed all day.'

Her medical attendant strongly advised that she should not incur the risk of again returning to school; and we could not but submit. She had done admirably in her studies, having had the highest number of marks in nearly all departments; but now her school-days had ended, and she availed herself of a long interval of rest with relatives at Raunds.

To the excellent traits of her character while at school, and the high estimation in which she was held, pleasing testimonies have been recently given by her schoolmistress and teacher. The former writes: 'It is with pleasure that I recall the time Miss Wesley resided with us. I have a lively recollection of her bright, cheerful disposition, and was always drawn to her by her strong sense of justice, and her unselfish conduct towards her school companions. As an instance among many I may mention her firmly declining some offered delicacy for breakfast, which I thought her constitution needed, saying she preferred taking the usual diet, lest it should create jealousy. It was my custom to ask any of the girls to join me in my room after family worship for quiet talk; and I call to mind her arm thrown lovingly round me, and her asking my forgiveness, if she thought she had been in error; and with such earnest simplicity she would plead with God that she might do right.'

Her teacher wrote as follows: 'Lizzie came to Bourne soon after I did. From the first she slept in my room, and though we met as strangers, yet the fact that she was, like myself, a minister's daughter, gave me an unusual interest in her. I soon found that she

was more companionable than any of the other girls, and, for the rest of the time we spent together, she was my chosen and intimate friend among my pupils. A sweeter tempered or more amiable girl I never knew, it seemed impossible to offend or ruffle her. With all her schoolfellows she was deservedly popular. Her conduct to me was characterised by the greatest affection and respect, without a particle of self-assertion. She was at that time extremely deferential to the opinions of all around her. Her gentleness of manner and unselfishness of nature were very remarkable, and, although far superior by her bringing up to most of her school-friends, she was entirely free from any assumption of superiority. In the revival which resulted in the decision for God of most if not all the girls, I was struck with this difference between her and the rest—that while she knew so much more about religious things, and was so well acquainted with the plan of salvation, she found more difficulty than most in accepting it, and was longer before she was able to rejoice in God. From that time I do not suppose she ever looked back in her religious career. As long as I remained at Bourne I had the pleasure and privilege of hearing her weekly testimony in the class I had the responsibility of meeting, and there again I found her so far in advance of her companions, not only in religious knowledge, but in the power of expressing herself with intelligence and propriety. I recollect nothing during that period which could at all detract from the steady growth of her religious life, unless occasionally she had to condemn herself for a cheerfulness which was very mirthfully expressed, such as could hardly fail to occur sometimes with a lot of light-hearted

girls, all of whom found her so genial and pleasant. In May, 1867, I was summoned home hastily, to see my dear father during his last illness, and I well remember that, in the bustle of departure, and the sorrow and confusion I was in, it was dear Lizzie who looked out my things and packed them for me, ascertained the times of my trains, accompanied me to the station, and saw me off. Our relationship as teacher and pupil closed with that parting.'

How the light and the shade, the sunshine and the storm, the joy and the sorrow, mingle in human life! Lizzie's sympathetic, unselfish, and benevolent nature prompted her both to rejoice with those who were rejoicing, and weep with those that wept. From a girl she was whole-hearted.

CHAPTER III.

EASTINGTON—SWINDON.

EASTINGTON, in Gloucestershire, was our next place of residence; and it was there that Lizzie fairly began her Christian work. Her father had spent twenty-eight years of laborious but happy ministerial toil, and was sadly suffering from overwork, and nothing could be more inspiriting than to find his youthful daughter gracefully toiling by his side. She had been enduring the stern discipline of pain and weakness, and four months had sped before she joined her parents in their village home. At the beginning of her life-work she was assailed by powerful temptations. In a letter to a relative she wrote: 'I am tempted to doubt almost everything in which I ought to believe.' But she repelled the tempter, snatched up the implement of labour, and in a right spirit started on the first work that came to hand. She soon found congenial employment among many of the aged and sick persons, and there soon grew up between these venerable ones and their juvenile friend a mutual and strong affection. She made tract distribution an important means of preventing evil and doing good; she was regular in their distribution, despite the inclemency of the weather and her delicate

health, and, when the opportunity was presented, she was so ready to speak a kind word and perform a kind deed. Particular cases were made quite a study, and special prayer was connected with them, so that she might select tracts suited to the individual, or the family intended to be benefited. The tract intended as a loan was often sought as a gift, and she carried light and life and joy to many hearts and homes, the tract being the key. Many a time, after a walk of hours, she would return with a quick step, a radiant countenance, and the glad exclamation: 'We have had a blessed time!' But a mother's eye could detect the penalty which had been so cheerfully paid for the luxury of doing good. Her chief work there was among the girls employed at the Eastington Mills, the property of Charles Hooper and Son, the manufacturers of West of England cloths. We had a flourishing day school in the village, and a large Sunday-school which was well supplied with teachers, good attendance being secured by the requirement of the firm—that each scholar should produce a ticket every Monday morning certifying attendance at school on the Sabbath. Lizzie's education throughout had been eminently Scriptural; she had acquired much Biblical knowledge, and could impart it with great ease and naturalness so as to make the theme interesting. It required but little effort either to love the teacher or to understand the lesson. Having carefully thought out her subject and prepared an outline, she could command simple and elegant language with which to clothe it. We give two of her outlines of lessons of that date.

OUTLINES OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

LESSON I. THE BOOK OF ESTHER. CHAPTERS i., ii., iii., iv.

QUEEN ESTHER.

1. Her Descent.
2. Her Orphanage.
3. Her Guardian.
4. Her Elevation.
5. Haman's Advancement.
6. Mordecai's Contemptuous treatment of Haman.
7. Mordecai's Appeal to Esther.

Remark.

If we do not perform the work that God has assigned us, though it may involve great personal sacrifice, He will raise up others to do it. Always dare to do the right.

LESSON II. CHAPTERS v., vi., vii.

QUEEN ESTHER'S REQUEST.

1. It was a Proper Request.
2. It was Unselfish.
3. It was Noble.
4. It was Humane.

Remark.

If Queen Esther could not endure to see the destruction of her kindred; ought we to be unconcerned at the everlasting destruction of ours?

Thinking clearly and feeling deeply, she would go fresh from the mercy-seat to her class, with the one aim of leading her charge to Jesus and inciting them to bring others to Him, and she would plead with a heart-thrilling pathos and a soul-stirring power till, as we have often heard them say, they were 'forced to yield.' In the teachers' prayer-meeting the secret of her power was both seen and felt.

While we were steadily proceeding with our work, a revival like that of spring came over us and refreshed

us. It was deep, powerful, life-giving, and many were saved and added to the Church. My young co-worker, who was one of the chief agents employed by God in this movement, had to take charge of a large Church-class of girls, and when everything was looking as vernal as the green landscape around her, instead of recording as she did at first, 'There is no life here!' she was heard thankfully to exclaim, 'Thou, Lord, hast made me glad through Thy work; I will triumph in the works of Thy hands.' She wrote: 'It is glorious work to win these young hearts for Jesus. How I love them! Would that they were all saved! My prayer is: Make them Thine, O Saviour! My motto is: My class for Christ! I want to keep this as my standard, and to reach it by God's help.' It was a grave responsibility for one so young to have the spiritual interests of so many in the morning of life so wholly committed to her, and she was often overwhelmed by it; but love to Jesus, and love for her charge, rendered it morally impossible for her to shrink from it. All their interests were made her own; and they felt that they could always confide in her for the sympathy, advice, and help of a true friend. After one of her long walks on a December day to cheer her sick ones, she wrote: 'I had such a wet, dirty walk, but it did me good. What a blessing to feel that you have made some hearts lighter, and lifted the shadow off some broken and sorrowing spirits!' She had too much regard for the Redeemer's example to overlook little children. When she met them in their homes, at school, or in their walks and frolic, she charmed them by her brightness, engaged them by her simplicity, and was most ingenious in devising means to gladden them.

They were always objects of her special interest at a school treat. She always had a smile and a sympathetic recognition for a child or an adult who had not the use of some of the senses, and unmistakable attention for a harmless imbecile, which met, sooner or later, with a glad response; and the practical expressions of her kindness to them would call forth the most touching proofs of grateful attachment.

Among many valuable presents given on her birthday, 1870, she makes tender record of the pretty violets which her dear dumb girl presented with such glee. At a crisis in our domestic history in the same year, when the death of two of her uncles necessitated the absence of her parents, and she was left at home, she sought relief in writing for the press an address to the young. It was the first production of her pen, and appeared in the *Early Days*, with an illustration, bearing the modest signature of Nellie. Her circumstances and feelings at the time are thus recorded: 'I wish mama was at home. I cannot think what I should do without religion now—lonely, heart-sick, weary as I am. I feel I can only go to Jesus. I can trust and lean on Him. He knoweth what is best.' The theme she selected was in harmony with her own experience, and we give it as an example of her style of teaching.

'LESSONS FROM FADED LEAVES.

'We have read of a little boy who, when the bright, sunny days of summer came, bringing with them the birds and the flowers, said, "He wished it could be always summer." When the summer waned, as all bright things will, and winter came with its frost and snow, he liked the snowballing and the sliding on the pond so well, that he changed his mind, and thought he should be quite content if it were always winter.

'The keen, frosty air tempted us out one winter morning. We wandered on through the fields and lanes, listened to the robin's song, watched the ducks swimming in the brook, and talked with the children going to school. Everything and every body seemed so glad that, in spite of the cold, we soon felt as blithe as the blithest. We thought of our little friend's wish, and fancied that we, too, should like the cold weather to remain a long time. But we did not think so many minutes. For such a vision of the summer that had fled came to our memory, that it was like speaking unkindly of an old friend to wish the noisy, bustling winter, that had taken the summer's place, to stay with us always. The summer had left the sparrows and the robins to cheer us; but frost and snow had buried the roses and the daisies, leaving nothing to tell that they had been. We missed them sadly. It grieved us one morning to find that a single night's frost had spoiled them all.

'As we could not have the flowers to gladden our walk, we gathered a bunch of faded leaves, and let them tell us their story. I could not tell you all they said. At one time it was a bright dream of the spring that would come again, and then a sad tale of the past that was gone for ever. But the chief lesson the yellow leaves taught us was, that all earthly things, however beautiful, would soon fade; and if we wanted to be really happy we must cling to the immortal things of heaven, which are told us in the Bible. How often have we determined to do so? But the months roll on, and when the end of the year comes, alas! we have only broken vows and unkept promises to call our own.

'Let the fallen leaves teach you the importance of living and working truly while you may. You are young; but you can do brave, noble work for Christ if you will. Of course you cannot do all this without God's help. You are in the spring-time of life, and look forward to the dim and distant future, wondering what it will disclose.

'Happy for those who, when the winter of their days shall come, may be able to review hopes realised, and lives that have been made a blessing to the world. To all such, even death when it arrives is but the entrance to a life of fadeless bloom which awaits them above.'

At about the same time, and under the same signature, a piece of religious poetry proceeded from her pen, which she entitled 'Morning,' and which her friends wish to have preserved. It was suggested as she looked from her window across the valley to the distant hills, and watched the daybreak. The recent case of a sad and sinful one occurred to her, seeking in a deceitful world the light and joy only to be found in Christ. The analogy is clearly brought out between the slowly dawning light and its increasing brightness till the glorious sun ushered in the day, and the divine irradiation of the human soul.

'MORNING.

'I watch the daylight as it creepeth
O'er the wood and lea;
And I wonder when the morning
Of the soul will come to me.

'The Saviour calls the weary ones,
With their load of sin,
To come to Him for peace and rest,
And He will take them in.

'In this world's great battle,
'Midst its din and strife,
I have restless sought for pleasure,
And forgot the better life.

'O'er the hills the mist is breaking,
And the shadows flee away;
But with me the night still lingers,
And I scarce dare hope for day.

'But listen! for I hear,
Through the darkness of the night,
The whispered words, "Arise! arise!
And Christ shall give thee light!"

'The sunshine cheers the flowers,
And the birds have waked to sing;
And to my soul there comes a joy
That morn can never bring.

'O Jesus, take this sad
And sinful heart of mine:
And let the sunlight of Thy love
In it for ever shine.

'NELLIE.'

The pleasure and success of Christian toil in that village were greatly increased by the facilities for doing good which were heartily rendered by the generous employers of the place, and by the true catholicity of spirit existing between the various denominations of Christians. The ministers and people met each Saturday evening in a room at one of the mills and spent an hour in prayer together, and those united and fervent prayers were felt to be an excellent preparation for Sabbath worship. We all started on each year by gathering in each other's schoolrooms, taking the topics for prayer suggested by the Evangelical Alliance, giving short addresses on them, and then uniting in prayer for the great objects on which we had set our hearts. By meeting as Christians and blending our shades of difference instead of magnifying them into opposite colours, we exhibited in action the *beauty* of Christian unity; and there was great *utility* in it too: for we co-operated all the year through, greatly to the benefit of the Churches and the advantage of the world around. When our old place of worship was found to be insecure, it was mainly by the princely liberality of the late Charles Hooper, Esq. and family, the influence which their example of unsectarian nobleness exerted

on others, and the encouragement and stimulus which it gave to us, that a substantial and commodious chapel was built and opened free of debt. It was well that our zealous worker at the commencement of her course was ennobled by the expansiveness of Christian charity. The central theme on which she loved to dwell, and by which all Christians achieve their brightest triumphs, was the one on which we were all agreed, and it was of far greater importance than all the points on which we differed.

She was happy in securing the friendship of a young lady of no ordinary culture and piety. They were of kindred taste and spirit, engaged in the same Christian and benevolent work, and their friendship was mutually advantageous; but, like most of the precious things of earth, it was of short duration, for we were soon leaving Eastington, the amiable Carrie Ford was fast fading away, and the two devoted friends parted, never again to meet till both had reached their resting-place in heaven.

Lizzie had become intensely attached to Eastington and its picturesque surroundings—it was her first field of Christian enterprise—every road and every lane had become hallowed by being oft traversed on errands of kindness. God had given her success of the highest kind, and she saw the fruits of her self-denying efforts blooming around her; she hardly knew how strong the ties which bound her to them were till they were about to be broken. The closing scenes of that portion of her life will disclose more of her character and of her work by being given in the simple jottings of her own pen.

'*July 3rd*, 1870.—Papa preached. John xiv. 16,

Acts xvii. 31. Last time in the old chapel. It is holy ground. Three years in that house of prayer. What a responsibility! Many blessed moments have I enjoyed there.'

'7*th.*—Opening of new chapel. Rev. S. Coley. Text, "Jesus only." How consoling has that sermon been to me. Ten ministers present. Our beautiful chapel.'

'8*th.*—Very wearied to-day: so much to do yesterday and the day before. Visitors. Of late I seem to be living too fast to write much about myself.'

'15*th.*—Sunday-school prayer-meeting. One more! My girls, around whom my heart has entwined itself, must I say to you the bitter word, Farewell?'

'25*th.*—Sewing meeting. Tea on our lawn. God only knows what I feel at the thought of leaving. Eastington has endeared itself to me, and can never be forgotten.'

'26*th.*—A long walk to Cress Green. Poor blind Mrs. T——. The old woman gave the young girl her blessing.'

'27*th.*—Our last Sunday-school teachers' meeting. I shall never forget it. They spoke kindly of my services in the school. All this breaks my heart.'

'28*th.*—My dear girls spoke so nicely at class to-night. I wonder what my work at Swindon will be?'

'*August* 6*th.*—We had our group taken to-day. Afterwards I sang to them. They have let me get into their hearts.'

'10*th.*—A good number at class. A glorious prayer-meeting! A happy time! The girls prayed so sweetly. God forbid that I should go back. Lord, keep me.'

'21*st*, *Sunday.*—Eighteen of my class at school. I

gave each a slip of paper with a question. It will be a terrible struggle before I can give them up.'

'24*th*.—A nice class! But I could not keep the tears back. They all seem to love me. How the old ones blessed me!'

'25*th*.—All the girls there. How dreadful a week to-day! All among strangers; and those who love me all left behind.'

'26*th*.—I went to twenty places. The girls would come quite home with me. I felt once as if I should sob like a child, but I had to keep up. I looked on their dear faces once more.'

'28*th*, *Sunday*.—Eighteen at school-class. Papa came. It was dreadful. Nothing but God's help got me through. The chapel looked so pretty. And has the last really come? Papa's farewell sermon. Acts xx. 32.'

'29*th*.—A terrible day. I am so weary. Our large group.'

'30*th*.—An overwhelming valedictory meeting. It is too much praise. My services were very simple.'

'31*st*.—Our house is full of people saying "Good-bye." O! that word.'

'*September* 1*st*.—O! I feel I cannot tear myself from my own darling home.'

These records of her thought and emotion were more fully given in her journal when she had a few more moments at command. Feeling that the circumstances demanded a more expanded memorial, she rose early on the day following the last Sabbath and wrote:

'*August* 29*th*, *Monday*.—It is a quarter past six, and I want to employ a few moments before the day's bustle begins.

'I cannot surely have spent my last Sunday—talked to my girls for the last time. They are mine no longer, but I cannot give them up. I never dreaded a Sunday more than I did yesterday; but O! I leaned on my Father, and He helped me. At school we had a time of weeping. Until the last I kept calm, but, when that came, I broke down thoroughly. Our lesson soothed and quieted us (John xiv.); but I shall never forget the sorrow of these last days. In the evening we had an overwhelming congregation. I felt as if my heart would break. On Saturday the light was not strong enough to take our group, which was a sore disappointment to us. Papa spoke to the girls nicely after tea. I pray that they may be kept unspotted from the world. Lord, save us all, and may we meet beyond the river. My life has been a sad one of late, sorrow came after sorrow, but I trust it will bring me near to Jesus. I cannot think how I shall leave these hills and fields and lanes and flowers; my heart is wound round them, and to part hurts me dreadfully. The morning is here, and I must dress once more.'

Her last entry at Eastington was made on the morning of our departure. She wrote:

'*Eastington, September* 1*st*, 1870.—My precious home! How many sunny memories cluster around thee—my loved home! and must I leave thee and thy loveliness to others? Often in the silent night, or in the grey of the morning, shall I think of thee and all thy past, and, though my heart sickens for fear, I will hope and trust. That terrible word, "Good-bye," thrills through me. I am sitting in my own room—mine no longer! and reviewing the past. What trials and joys have been mine; but I know it was needed discipline.

O! if I could have been more holy and Christlike. God knows my heart. I shall never forget how the girls clung round my neck. What am I leaving for, future trials or joy? All the rest I leave to Him. He will do what is best. O my Father, help Thy child through all, and bring her at last to thy "shining golden gate."'

To our surprise another adieu awaited us, and, though sad, it was as hearty as it was spontaneous. A carriage was sent to convey us to the station, we had left our home, and were proceeding along the road at a smart pace, when our driver exclaimed, 'The fields are all astir, Sir, I *must* stop!' We had been seen from the mills; men, women, and girls had rushed from their work, and were running to overtake us. On reaching us their expressions of thankfulness and regret would hardly have any bounds. It was well that between Lizzie and her young friends this final parting scene could only last a few moments, but the felt tenderness, Christian affection, and sorrow which crowded into those moments words are wanting to describe. She retained a life-long connection with that place and people, though only for one Sabbath and a few days did she again visit them. She kept up a correspondence there to the end of her life.

Swindon, in Wiltshire, was to be the scene of her next term of work. The noisy centre of the Great Western Railway works presented a striking contrast to the quiet, rural village she had so lately left. Her home was in the peaceful and bracing town of Old Swindon. The speed and power manifested by the people in their daily pursuits were characteristic of them in their religious life and evangelistic enterprise;

and Lizzie promptly adapted herself to their intensely zealous spirit and aggressive efforts.

The diligent cultivation, extensive reading, and loving and successful toil of three previous years had eminently qualified her for her future position, and laid the foundation of that remarkable success which followed. Her considerable mental resources, superior conversational powers, and beautiful unselfishness greatly increased her power to do good, and she gladly availed herself of all opportunities of using it. Girls of the highest class admired her character and talents, enjoyed her cheerful society, yielded to her influence, and were won by her to the Saviour and to His Church.

It was towards the close of the year 1870 that she began her work for Christ at Swindon, and the spirit in which she had started upon it may be seen from her devout reflections as the year was expiring, and her anticipations of the year 1871. In a pretty apostrophe, she addresses the old year as a departing but tried friend that had brought her many blessings, for *all* of which she tenders thanks.

'*December* 31*st*, 1870.—Dear Old Year! Good-bye! with all thy blessings and all thy trials. Thou hast brought me varied gifts, some hard to receive, but for *all* I thank thee. O! that the New Year that is coming to take thy place may find me better, braver, stronger for life and its realities! It has been a crowded year. It cut me to the quick when I left my peaceful home and waved adieu to those who were so dear to me. Those you work most for you often love most: so I have found it. I clung to the girls, but the Old Year made me give them up. My lovely home and Eastington life, and so many things I lost. I had

some trials—some needless I was going to say: but out of *all* I have been brought. I know I have not always loved and trusted my Saviour as I should do. He has not always been first in my heart. I am conscious of wanderings in heart and in life. I often think of our "Carrie" in her home of peace and rest, and I thought how thankful she must be to know that all her sorrow, trial, pain is o'er. She has gained the blest shore before *us*, but through the dark and toilsome night I will row on: morning port will be gained at last. But O! shall I be faithful to the end? God forbid I should fall. The Old Year has wrought changes in the old friends and given me new ones. I trust I may be happy, and useful to you here. I leave myself in Thy hands. O Father, lead me, guide me, love me, be Thou my strength, . . . my All for time and eternity.'

After more than a year had fled since Lizzie and her girls had parted they unexpectedly met at the Stonehouse station. The meeting was a beautiful scene. She was travelling, and had a little time to wait at the station: a train stopped which was taking out a party of young folk for a day's pleasure. One of them recognised Lizzie as she stood on the platform, exclaimed, 'O, my teacher!' and in an instant the recognition was mutual. No sooner did they catch the smile of their benefactress than they rushed out of the carriages and affectionately embraced her, weeping for very joy. The kind-hearted guard quite entered into their joy. Lizzie said to him, 'You see, guard, I'm besieged,' and he replied, 'I see you are, Miss, and I'm glad to see it. I'll give you all the time I can, I can easily fetch up farther on.' We can only imagine how much of life was

lived over again in those fugitive moments; but the signal was given, the interview closed, the train moved on, and a bright, green spot was left in the memory of teacher and scholars for ever!

Lizzie could not for some time command the attention in her class and the success of former days. She had not to complain of their attendance, nor of a want of respect or love to her; but nothing less than their salvation could satisfy her. Several extracts express the sadness of her disappointment in the results of her efforts with her scholars. 'As soon as I introduce serious things I cannot get their attention.' 'I have enjoyed to-day, but no lasting impressions I fear.' 'I feel O so tired, and fear I shall never bring them to Christ.' This failure gave her great sorrow, led to deep searchings of heart, and she could not rest till this felt loss of power was restored.

'It was on Monday, October 30th, 1871, that the old joy and calm came back to me. It was late when I left New Town, and I felt tired, but an irresistible impulse seemed to fasten me to the floor as I knelt to offer my evening prayer.'

Mr. R. J. Tarrant, superintendent of the Old Swindon Wesleyan School, says: 'It was my pleasure to have the services of the late Miss Wesley as a teacher during her residence in Swindon. She had a most amiable disposition, was as bright and intelligent as she was lovable, and won the admiration and esteem of the whole school. Her own class had a large share of her loving heart, and her motto was, "*My Class for Jesus.*" She took delight in the monthly teachers' prayer-meeting, and rarely missed the opportunity of praying: the only female teacher I recollect doing so

during my long experience. I well remember the last visit she paid us. It was the afternoon of our monthly prayer-meeting. She pleaded earnestly, especially for the lads, and the effect was most marked. Her memory is still lovingly cherished among us; and it is a great sorrow to us, though not to her, that "her sun went down while it was yet day."'

Mr. Richard Gadd, a long-tried, Christian worker, writes: 'During the three happy and successful years of your pastorate among us, there was no servant of Christ more ready for every good word and work than your beloved daughter. As to the Sabbath-school those who were in her class inform me that she always prepared her lessons with great care, being anxious to make them as interesting, instructive, and useful as possible. In the tract district her rule was to inquire with a kindly sympathy of the welfare of all the inmates of each house at which she left a tract; and while she wisely acted the part of a true soul winner, we have heard of cases among the sick and indigent in which she gave all she had to provide necessaries and comforts, giving strict orders to the recipients that not a word was to be said about it. The occupant of a house in one of the districts was a man of such violent temper, and had so repeatedly and sternly refused to receive a tract, that the repulsed distributer dare not presume on another call. Miss Wesley was requested by one who was interested in his welfare to take up the case. On her first call, the stubborn sinner was subdued, and the tract was courteously received. The call was repeated, became a weekly visit, and the tract was received with thankfulness. Visiting Teignmouth in 1881, I preached one Sabbath at Shaldon: Miss

Wesley attended the evening service, and heartily assisted at the prayer-meeting. As we walked home she inquired respecting her old scholars, and was so glad to hear of those who I knew were doing well. But she was anxious to know if they were truly converted; and on hearing that there had been some good cases, she brightened up and said, "I *do* believe they will *all* be converted to God." She further remarked, "I have had some wonderful answers to believing prayer. With deep feeling and great emphasis she then added:

> "Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
> And looks to that alone;
> Laughs at impossibilities,
> And cries, '*It shall be done!*'"

'Three years after this conversation, she paid her last visit to Swindon, and came to the school once more. She attended the monthly prayer-meeting, and, evidently feeling it would be her last opportunity, she prayed for all, but for the youths in particular, and pleaded with such amazing fervour and faith that a most gracious influence pervaded the whole school. It would seem that God granted her there and then, at least in pledge, the desire of her heart. From that time, a very blessed but quiet work of grace set in, which has been ever since steadily advancing among a number of now promising young men, who form our Mission-band; and nearly fifty of our elder scholars are members of the junior Society classes, most of whom were school-children at the time of Miss Wesley's last visit.'

There were times in Lizzie's life of prayer and toil

at which the past, the present, the future, and all surrounding circumstances pressed upon her spirit together, and it seemed as if the work of years had to be done in moments. She knew and felt when such a time had come, and, by Divine help, determined to make the best of it. Such a crisis was the time of her last visit to Swindon. At such an era she would begin her prayer with all the quiet and undoubting simplicity of a little child going to ask the favours of a living divine parent; she would pray to Jesus by name as a real Mediator; and depend on the third person of the Trinity so implicitly that it appeared as though her supplications were the Holy Spirit's prayers rather than her own. As she proceeded in the Christ-like work of intercession, her whole soul would be roused, and, with a holy determination to gain her object, she would offer plea upon plea with increasing power, till all felt she had prevailed with God, and it was evident she had the calm assurance of it herself.

A prominent trait in Lizzie's character was faithfulness in her friendships. In August, 1871, she paid a visit to her friend and former teacher at Sutton. The renewal of this friendship was greatly enjoyed by them both, and conduced to their spiritual interests. They had kept up their correspondence, but had not met since they parted at the Bourne railway station, and her devoted teacher started on the sad journey to gladden her father at the close of his long life, while her sympathetic pupil returned to school like one bereft. Her friendships were a source of much joy, but they were not sustained without much effort, and the occupancy of much time. At this early stage her correspondence had grown considerably, and this, with close

reading, and study, and the writing required in preparation for her work, had weakened and endangered her sight, so that she expressed fear of being 'left dark in this world of beauty and activity.'

There was an advantage in our residence at Swindon, and a very pleasurable one to Lizzie—she had the opportunity of a slight acquaintance with many of the literary, scientific, and musical celebrities of the day, who gave lectures and entertainments at the institute connected with the Great Western Railway works. As Lizzie claimed Rugby as her birthplace, it was a special gratification to her to spend an evening with one of these notables—the author of 'Tom Brown's Schooldays.'

It was in the last year of our residence in Swindon that Lizzie reached her twenty-first birthday. She never selfishly *aimed* at making friends; but, by acting as one to all whom she could in any way benefit, she had won a large circle of friends, whom we have often heard say—'We love Miss Wesley, because we cannot help it.' The warm congratulations of all classes, and the valuable presents which she received on that anniversary of her natal day, produced no elation, but were acknowledged with appreciation and hearty thankfulness. She made it a day of searching self-examination and wise resolve. A letter addressed to her at that period by her parents is here inserted, and will be read with mournful interest.

'*April 2nd, 1873.*

'To dear Lizzie,

'With all our hearts do we congratulate you on having attained your twenty-first year; and with true and strong affection do we wish you many happy returns of the day.

'No daughter ever more fully won parental affection than yourself; and few in your position have secured a larger number of true friends.

'We confidently believe that you will continue to develop those features of character which will attract to you the wise and good, enable you to exert a beneficial influence on all with whom you may be associated in future years, and prepare you for the society of heaven.

'Accept, dear Liz, the accompanying presents as genuine tokens of the great love we cherish for you: they will, we fondly hope, be reminders for many many years of this very auspicious day.

'That we may greatly increase each other's joy, and lighten each other's sorrows while here, and that we may augment each other's happiness for ever, is the earnest prayer of your ever affectionate parents,

'SAMUEL WESLEY.
'ANN WESLEY.'

All the good wishes of her parents were not realised in this world, on account of the vanished one's short stay in it; but character dies not, and in eternity their fondly cherished hopes will be fully crowned.

Her father, with whom Lizzie had so sunnily spent so large a portion of her existence, addressed to her some lines which, as they claim only to be the poetry of the heart, may be given here without fear as to their meeting with a kindly reception.

'*April 2nd, 1873.*

'MY VERY DEAR DAUGHTER,

'Will you kindly accept the following lines from the pen and heart of your affectionate father on having attained your majority, and with the hope that they may recall the happy past, and tend to brighten the future of your life.

* * * * *

'The flight of one-and-twenty years
Has closed, dear Liz, thy girlhood's days:

How bright, how short, that space appears ;
Its praise be sung in gladdest lays.

'Those days live on in memory still,
Nor will they die in coming time ;
They'll linger with us on God's hill,
When earth has pealed her funeral chime.

'Our morning strolls through meads and lanes,
Thy ringing laugh, thy sunny smile ;
Our wild-flowers pluck'd with glee and pains,
Our halts and tales on many a stile ;

'Thy love of poesy and song,
Thy early gift of self to God,
Thy joy to see the old, the young,
Safe in the path thy Saviour trod ;

'Deep in the storehouse of the soul
Are kept these relics of the past ;
And when the years have ceased to roll,
Their bright results with us will last.

'We scan this gay and vernal morn,
Of life's fair book another page :
In classic Rugby thou wast born,
In steaming Swindon thou'rt of age.

'Is it a *dream* thy spring is gone ?
So verdant of fair hopes and joys ;
And *is* thy summer in its *dawn ?*
Long may its golden beauties rise !

'And when the autumn leaves shall fall,
May bloom still blend with thy decay ;
Then hear the Master's gentle call,
And wing thy flight to heaven away.'

It would be well if the young would remember that we have but one spring. In the early spring-time Lizzie Wesley had given her heart to God; and, before her

summer had dawned, she had diligently cultivated and stored her mind, formed a beautiful character, led many sinful and sad ones to Jesus, corresponded with numbers who looked up to her as their friend and adviser, comforted and cheered many sick, aged, and dying persons, sowed the incorruptible seed of truth on that portion of the field which came under her immediate observation, and scattered it far and wide by means of letters, and possessed all the elements of more extensive usefulness, with an eager wish to use them.

Lizzie's last record made at that place shall close this chapter.

'*Sunday, August* 31*st*, 1873.—*Last time once more.* I must record for ever this last afternoon at school. No one present will ever forget the scene. I only pray that my God will early lead these little ones, who love me so truly, to love Him. It all brings back to mind my parting at Eastington.'

CHAPTER IV.

GRAVESEND.

GRAVESEND, in Kent, was our next appointment. We entered upon our duties there September 4th, 1873. This being a military station, it opened up to us a new sphere, and a new department of Christian effort. The nearness of the town to London, the places of amusement provided for the multitudes, the teeming thousands from the crowded city in quest of pleasure, coming by every available craft on the Thames, especially on the Sabbath, and the stopping of outward-bound and returning vessels, with the intemperance and profligacy consequent thereon, rendered the place a scene of turmoil, Sabbath-desecration, and wickedness to which we had not been accustomed. Our daughter promptly began her work amongst the young; but it was obvious that special work for the elevation of another class awaited her. From childhood soldiers had been objects of her deep sympathy and concern: and here they were. She was intensely loyal, deeply cherished Christian patriotism, and felt that men who had given themselves to the service of their Queen and country were deserving of more than respect. She had heard and read of their hardships, heroism, and achievements; and now, from working among them, she had a more vivid apprehension of their dangers

and temptations, and longed to see them 'good soldiers of Jesus Christ.' For years she had the conviction that she would be called to do Christian work for soldiers. A very powerful speech made by the Rev. Charles H. Kelly, on behalf of military work, produced a deep impression upon her, and led her to the decision, that if ever that field of toil should open to her she would not shrink from it. Some of her friends tried to deter her from it. She was young and frail, and the task was arduous. There was publicity connected with it; it would expose her to public criticism; and more would probably be disposed to censure than to approve. It was an enterprise of daring, and for a young lady to engage in it alone was to take a position altogether singular and perilous.

Soon as we were settled in the town she began to make efforts to benefit the men as opportunities were given; but she had not formally entered upon this work, till one day, accompanying her father in his pastoral duties, she said: 'Papa, I am convinced that my special work here will be among these poor soldiers; they seem left to themselves.' 'Then let us begin at once,' was the reply. 'There are two on the other side, I will introduce you to them, and speak to one of them, and you address the other.' We crossed the street, and after introducing myself to them as the Wesleyan minister of the town, I said: 'This is my daughter, she is deeply interested in soldiers, and intends employing herself among them in Gravesend, and hopes to be the means of reforming and saving many. I am sure you will wish her success.' Lizzie then spoke to them a few words of home, the Sunday-school, and the Saviour, persuasively inviting them

to the services, and wishing them to inform their comrades that a lady was about to employ herself as a friend of soldiers, and to invite them to come and help her. The right chords were touched, tears stood in their eyes, and as soon as choked utterance was relieved one said, 'I am a Wesleyan, Miss, I was taught in a Sunday-school, but have gone wrong;' and the other said, 'My mother was a good woman: if I had only followed her advice I should not have been here.' Such was the simple but successful beginning of our work among soldiers.

News quickly spreads in barrack-rooms, and the men gallantly greeted the announcement that a lady had become their friend, while there was no little charm in the lady's name.

Lizzie soon became efficient in forming her plans, and in carrying them out. Much of her work had to be done in the streets, and in open day; and she did not inform any one till years afterwards that she solemnly vowed to God if He would give her the needed help, and sanction her work, she would speak to every soldier she met on the things which belonged to his peace. This resolution, so sacredly formed, was carried into practice. This personal and direct dealing was the great secret of her success. Having entered on this work she took care to qualify herself for it, and she then relied on God. She selected suitable tracts and leaflets, and had small and attractive handbills printed and addressed to soldiers, informing them of the times of the services at the chapel, assuring them that they would find a comfortable seat and have a hearty welcome, and pressing them to come and bring their comrades with them. She always had a number

of these with her, and when she approached a soldier there was no mistaking her object. She was honest, firm, and bold for truth and right, and when she gave a man an invitation to attend a meeting she would say, if he wavered, 'Do not promise me to come unless you really mean it.' One would thank her for the invitation, receive a tract courteously, and say he could not promise to come: and she would express approval of his honesty, and say, 'We shall meet again, and you may not refuse me then.' Her rule was not only to invite, but to have the promise of compliance, and to say, 'If my soldier friends give me a promise of attendance they keep their word, and you will, I feel sure, do the same. I will be there to meet you at such a time.' They would be there, and she would commend them for their faithfulness, and give them a reception which led them to say, 'She gives us full credit for any little good we may possess.' She succeeded by the power of kindness. Her invitations to soldiers were soon placed in their rooms so as to strike attention, and her influence with the men grew rapidly. Determined to do her work effectively, she obtained and studied the 'Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army,' gleaned all the military information she could from the men, keenly observed the character and habits of soldiers, and made herself acquainted with military etiquette. The men now attended the services in good numbers; many were convinced of sin and were converted to God: the change appeared in their reformed lives. Many now came to our help. Some were veterans in Christian work among civilians and sailors; others were young people who had lately trusted in Christ, and were in their first love. The flight of the soldiers to

Christ as the only Refuge from the storm of sin had aroused many in civil life, and they had found a real shelter in the same Saviour.

As each batch of soldiers came from the various stations and regiments for ball-firing, we looked on them and said: 'These men will only be with us two or three short weeks; our opportunity of benefiting them will soon be gone; we must strive to get them speedily convinced of sin, and saved.'

The cases in which she had the courage to lay siege to individuals in the midst of their sins were many. One of these may be selected. A young soldier, whose besetment was drink, had his hand on the handle of the gin-palace door, and was about to enter. Lizzie was passing on her way to one of her meetings, and seeing him entering the place said, 'My young friend, do not enter that place, you can get nothing but harm there; pray don't go in. You had better go with me. I am going to a religious meeting, you will find many of your comrades there, and they will be glad to see you.' He let go the door, seemed for a moment petrified, turned round, looked into dear Lizzie's earnest face, and, with her pathetic tones thrilling his heart, and causing the big drops to run down his cheeks, he said, 'I'll go with *you*, Miss;' and she conducted him to the meeting for prayer. Thus unexpectedly arrested in his sinful course, and led to the house of mercy, he was soon after offering the Publican's prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner;' and he found that the prayer was quickly answered, because it was offered by a repentant soldier.

In no place or work was Lizzie more at home than in the inquiry-room, directing anxious penitents to the

Saviour, and encouraging them to believe on Him. On leaving home for a meeting she would sometimes say, 'We shall have a grand time to-night!' and she rarely miscalculated.

During our residence in Gravesend, the commissioned officers were refined, courteous, Christian gentlemen; we had free access to them, and they not only gave us their sanction, but were ever ready to help us, and on public occasions were happy to serve us by their presence or presidency. To Lizzie were the officers of all ranks especially chivalrous in their attention, and their expressions of respect were all the more marked, as they knew and valued her Christian work, and saw its commanding influence upon their men.

Our pressing want was a Soldiers' Institute of some kind. A provision had been made for the street Arabs and river boys, and the sailor had his 'Bethel'; but the soldier was left without any place of bright social resort. Fortunately we were enabled to extemporise one, which, though small and very unpretentious, was cosy, and much enjoyed by our military friends. A room near the chapel was made home-like, a cup of tea or coffee, &c., could be had, and every evening, except when there was service at the chapel, found them gathered there with their lady friend, and others who had become deeply interested in their welfare. The Scriptures were read, each was free to give his views, inspiriting hymns were sung in lively tunes, prayer was offered, instructive and useful books were read; the meeting took a different character and tone when a convinced sinner was seeking the Saviour, or when a new convert or an experienced believer wished to bear testimony for Christ; and No. 3, Peacock Street, Gravesend,

became a favourite place of meeting to the men and their friends. It was the only resort of the kind in the town, and it was without any external adornment; but its snug and very homely character seemed to increase its attraction, and to render its willing occupants all the more free, easy, and social. We have seen the soldier from the cottage, the workshop, the business house, and the abode of gentility mingle there for mutual improvement, and feeling that they had a real community of interests. The men were heard to say: 'We are so much at home there; and we always feel that we have a lady to look up to.' The spot became dear and sacred to many a brave fellow, as the place of his conversion to God and the scene of his first holy joys. God had hallowed it by His presence, and made it to those who resorted to it a sanctuary and a home.

Every day was filled up with work, and every night Lizzie conducted one or two meetings. There was a service for the military every night, either at the room or the chapel. This was a great point gained; and she pressed them to avail themselves of the provision made for them, assigning the very obvious reasons that, if they were not there they would be in danger of being enticed to attend forbidden places, and of yielding to old vices, whilst, if they were present, they would not only be kept from falling, but also acquire strength by which to stand more firmly in the future. It was surprising to what an extent she succeeded.

A bright and joyous Christmas time closed the year 1873 with the soldiers at Gravesend. Early in the year 1874 an unusual power from on high accompanied our services and made them all special, and the results soon became visible on a wide scale. The saving work

of God among the military was so striking and genuine that it arrested the attention of civilians of all classes, but especially of the young. Seeing these men who had been so notorious for their irreligion becoming such visible monuments of God's mercy, they were attracted to the services, and many were saved.

Miss Wesley's faith and zeal being thus honoured of God, her joy on account of it often rose to rapture, while her unsparing effort was so discriminating and effective, that individual cases were carefully followed up till a change of heart was experienced and the genuine fruits of it appeared.

We were careful to impress the new converts with the importance of proving the reality of their religion by striving to spread it among others, and they were true to the principle—the soldier among his comrades, the civilian among his friends. This gave us a strong band of workers, and God owned their labours everywhere. A good sergeant informed us that it was common for his converted men to take their comrades to his room when under deep conviction of sin, and that they would kneel down and pray together; and the men joyfully apprised us that there was such a seriousness and concern for salvation among them, as to oblige them to pray with each other in a low tone of voice after the lights were out, far into the night. This care for the souls of others operated so deeply and widely, that it was felt desirable to apply for the use of the schoolroom in barracks, in which the men might occasionally hold a religious meeting. The application was granted. Here is an account of one of these remarkable meetings from the pen of one of our young men.

'HIGH STREET, GRAVESEND. *April 7th*, 1874.

'DEAR MISS WESLEY.

'I thought I must let you know at my first opportunity about the glorious meeting we had at the barracks last night. Sergeant H——n was present, and the room was filled. He spoke to the men for about half an hour, and one or two others who have already been converted also addressed them. Then we united in prayer, and the responses were very earnest, and I believe God was with us. You might have heard a pin drop, the men were so still and attentive. I believe that one or two began to think seriously about their souls. Will you pray for all of us who take part in this great work; for by prayer to God we shall soon have many converted.

'I remain, Yours truly,

'H—— S——.'

A few days before this cheering letter was received came the return of Lizzie's birthday. Her health was suffering greatly from the constant strain on her physical energies; and even the untold joy of success was increasing the insidious malady which at last proved fatal.

Lizzie's last entry in her diary before the anniversary of her birthday was, 'I do earnestly pray for God's blessing on me and my little simple work.' Her memorial of the day itself was given in two entries:

'*April 2nd*, 1874.—An April day of sunshine and storm. My birthday letters were glorious—forty, and hearing Dr. Punshon in the evening was a great joy.' Her second record consisted of her usual reflections on her natal day, and this year they were of a very mingled character. 'This is my birthday. I henceforth dedicate myself fully to Christ and His glorious service. To-night I feel strangely the need of prayer in working out my own salvation, and in winning dear blood-bought

souls for Christ. I will not to-night look sadly towards the future as I have often done; but Jesus, dear Jesus, give me help for the present time, and I will trust for the future. All have been so kind to me to-day; and absent names have lingered upon our lips, and have held an unforgotten place in our hearts. With quiet heart I will leave myself to God. My great longing to-night is that our soldiers may come to Jesus. It is the prayer of my heart, on this my birthday anniversary, that God will make me wise in winning these brave men over to the *right*. God help me. And O! I pray that my precious father and mother may long be spared to me. O! hear my prayer, dear Jesus.'

The Sabbath was always a high day with Miss Wesley. She anticipated it as 'a reaping day.'

In the case of new converts her efforts to prevent them from relapsing into their former state were so untiring, thoughtful, and kindly, that we are not at all surprised that she so largely succeeded. Having been a total abstainer all her life, she strongly recommended strict Temperance, and the taking of the pledge, where she knew it to be necessary, and often signed it with them. She had a simple and solemn form of her own, a copy of which is now before me, bearing the signature of a Christian officer of high rank, who was anxious that his example should influence his men. At the head of the pledge there is given, without adding the words, Prov. i. 10; and at the foot, Rev. ii. 10. The weekly class-meeting and their own nightly gathering were urged with all her power, as valuable means of spiritual growth and strength, and calculated to bind them to each other as Christian soldiers and brethren. At an early hour in the morning their pastor some-

times met them in their zealous sergeant's room, at their own request, before taking their departure, and gave them trial notes as preparatory to full Church-membership, in order to secure for them immediate recognition and pastoral attention on arriving at their next station. A room in our own house became well known to them as a soldier's home in miniature, and it was a pleasure to see how Lizzie's welcome set them at ease, and led them frankly to open their minds to her in seasons of doubt, depression, and danger. Many a sincere soldier of the Cross, whose 'feet had well-nigh slipped,' has repaired to the consecrated room, and, after a lively hymn, a fervent prayer, and a few words of sympathy and encouragement, has gone on his way rejoicing. Sometimes a soldier would come with whom the habit of intemperance had been of long standing, and honestly, but with shame and sorrow, confess that he had fallen; and, determined on restoring him, she would say in tones of pity: 'Well, I'm very sorry, but, to tell you the truth, you have resisted quite as long as I expected. Do not despair. Try again. You will do better next time. Perhaps you have depended too much on self. You must pray to Christ more. Here is another pledge, sign it for a week, and then, if you succeed, we will renew it.' The poor fellow, quite overcome with her kindness, would say: 'Why, Miss, I thought you'd censure me, and give me up; but you have hope of me; I'll have another try.' She would now get him to attach his signature, and add her own. But to complete the transaction she would say, 'Now we must both pray for God's help;' and, in the most reverent manner and spirit, she would implore that he might be kept faithful: the delinquent's own heart-

breathed petitions closed the scene. Taking the broken pledge in this express and formal manner, and making it a religious act, the man felt himself all the more solemnly bound to it, and, recognising his dependence on God more practically than he ever realised it before, he renewed the pledge, kept it as a solemn oath, and, on a field where so many like himself had fallen, he nobly and firmly stood. Such cases of success were numerous, and, but for her patience, tenderness, and hopefulness, they might have been the most hopeless failures.

She found it important to connect the social element with religious principle, and get up an occasional tea meeting, and spend a happy and profitable evening in song, prayer, and short addresses by the men and their civilian friends. These gatherings brought out their talents surprisingly, increased good and kindly feeling among them, and greatly promoted their usefulness. In addition to these smaller parties, we held a large annual tea, and a public meeting afterwards, at which one of the commissioned officers presided. The men regarded these as grand occasions, obtained passes, and came in considerable numbers from all the surrounding stations, their wives and friends mingled with them from married quarters, and the occasion was anticipated and enjoyed as a real festival.

The testimony of an officer, who was as good as he was gentlemanly, to our moral influence on one of these social occasions, was enough to make us think little of all our toil and pains. Taking his seat beside me with his usual urbanity he said, 'Really I am perfectly astonished at the change in these men. I have been carefully watching them. Their very countenances are altered. Here's a man next to you who used to give us

a deal of trouble, but we have no trouble with him now. There is another man yonder who used to be such a surly, ungainly fellow. See how bright he is now. And his movements are now quick and sharp. Upon my word, you have somehow more power over my men than I have. I know not how you have done it.' '*We* have not done it at all, Sir,' was the only reply that could be given; 'a higher power has made the change, and we have been used in the process.' 'You are right, Sir,' was the officer's reply, 'but I don't like to overlook the *human* agents.' Among other encouraging remarks in his telling speech at the meeting he humbled and stimulated us by saying: 'If all Christian people acted towards our soldiers as the Wesleys have done in Gravesend, I think we should have a converted army.'

We endeavoured to make the final departure of the various drafts of men from us as profitable as possible, so that it might live in their recollection when far away. Many a group of brave fellows whose change of character was undoubted has gathered in our pretty little parlour for the last time. Dear Lizzie would brighten them and give them the best advice for the future as they partook of a friendly cup of cocoa, though in her heart she felt sadly anxious about them. The parting hymn was sung, Lizzie presiding at the piano, they were commended to God in prayer, and when the 'good-bye' came, men unused to tears would break down as they gratefully thanked us for our kindness. We have heard them say: 'We could go to the cannon's mouth without anything of this.' As we looked out at the side window to catch a last glimpse of them, we have seen them turn round, take

a final glance at the old house, brush away their tears, and manfully march on.

But our efforts for them did not end with that closing interview. Our influence followed them. We wrote to ministers to take charge of the men who were ordered to home stations, and gave letters of introduction to missionaries to secure pastoral care for those who were leaving for foreign service. With many of them we corresponded afterwards, and were glad to find them true to their colours and useful in the service of Christ. Some of the converted soldiers, and those who toiled with us for their benefit, are now, very much from the force of circumstances, connected with other sections of the Church; but though we do not wear the same uniform, and are not in the same regiment, we belong to the same army, and we cannot forget old comrades, but hail each other as Christians in the midst of the conflict, and heartily rejoice in each other's triumphs over the common foe.

We have contemplated Miss Wesley's toil which was unavoidably of a public character; but an important part of it, and one which deeply affected her sensitive spirit, was hidden. Military hospital scenes are veiled from the gaze of the many, and witnessed only by the very few. The eye which never closes watches them, and the heart which never grows cold is interested in them by night and by day. And Lizzie was familiar with them, her compassionate heart yearned over the sufferers, and some of the saddest yet most sterling pleasures of her life were experienced in relieving pain, ministering comfort to jaded frames, and consolation to depressed and broken spirits. There was a women's ward, and into it were received soldiers'

wives from the most distant and trying stations occupied by the British army. They were landed at Gravesend at the end of their hazardous voyage from the far East, and conveyed to the sick ward, suffering from the effects of tropical climate, so dire to the susceptible constitutions of English females. Among these their young lady friend was found moving and ministering with a step and look and tone worthy an experienced nurse. No form of disease deterred her. The more virulent the malady, and the deeper the suffering, the more did she find on which to expend her compassion and help. The case of a private soldier's wife is well remembered, and it interested Lizzie more than any other, as it was the most afflictive and hopeless. The most inveterate form of Indian fever had attenuated her once vigorous frame, and reduced it to utter helplessness. Her countenance, once fair and beautiful, was now darkly bronzed, and expressive of extreme languor, restlessness, and suffering. Lizzie's anxious attention to this severely-afflicted woman was incessant, and everything was tried that could be thought of to relieve and rally her, but in vain. The kind and skilful doctor said one day, 'To see a young lady of Miss Wesley's position and refinement paying such unsparing and hazardous attention to that poor woman touches me deeply. I never saw anything like it before. There is no other lady in this town who dare approach that case, or who would do so.' But without reflecting on others we are glad that there was one who had enough heart and courage to take up the case without hesitation, and in its entirety, for she led the dejected sufferer by the salutary influence of her trials to the sympathy of Jesus, and the comfort of soul she received at

Calvary flowed out in cheerful submission to Him who doth all things well. Her love for her benefactress was most intense, and she told out her thankfulness very touchingly as each simply given kindness was received. As the sinking patient slowly declined she thought of a farinaceous food which she found very nutritious to her in the land of the sun, and, hoping that it might be obtained, she said very brightly to her faithful friend, 'If I could have some Indian corn, and get it prepared as I had it in India, I think it might strengthen and restore me.' It was procured and cooked, and the sight of it gratified her as it recalled the past; but she was too prostrate to partake of it, and the pleasing hope only proved to be an illusion. Nature now rapidly gave way, and the end soon came; but she died trusting in the Saviour, and lovingly thanking the 'kind lady' who had led her to Him. After we had committed her body to the ground in sure and certain hope, the thankfulness of her sorrowing husband for our attentions was very apparent. He called to express his heartfelt thanks, and begged my acceptance of a walking-stick which he had brought from China. It is a precious remembrance of Private M——, his beloved wife, and of one of the most beautiful scenes in the benevolent life of our daughter.

In the men's hospital wards Lizzie was more frequently found than we ever knew, alleviating affliction when she had the power, and especally using the most likely means to secure desirable fruits of it. Indeed, much of her service was given to the grateful receivers of it without a word being uttered at home; and when she had daringly visited in desperate cases, she would simply admit the fact, and justify it as a mere

matter of duty. A poor soldier was conveyed from his ship suffering from yellow fever, and, fearing that he would be left to suffer alone, she in her gentleness and invincibility was found by his side cheering the stricken one by promises from the heart of God, and pointing him to Jesus who could protect her and save him.

The married quarters were to her familiar scenes of joyous effort, and soldiers' wives and children always gave her a hearty welcome, while she endeared herself to them in their varied circumstances by the advice, sympathy, and help which she so well knew how and when to give.

The epistolary correspondence of Miss Wesley, arising out of her military work, soon became very extensive. By her letters she retained her influence over the men both at home and abroad, and they were a great power in keeping them up to the standard she had erected for them. Entering into each case as she did gave a variety to her correspondence. Her handwriting was so original, plain, and graceful, that it often arrested the attention, and made the thoughtless read. She became so expert as a letter-writer to soldiers that, with only the thought of the moment, she would increase the size of her characters, and place words of counsel, comfort, or admonition in a separate line, and with such precision and effect as to strike at once and perform their mission. Hundreds of soldiers in barracks, in camp, in hospital, going into action, and after the heat of battle, have been cheered and animated by her letters; and the warm and grateful replies, written under every variety of circumstance in soldier life, some of them fresh from the field of death and victory, thanking her for her interest in them, and assuring

her that words in her letters had inspired them with courage, and led them to look to Jesus in the thickest of the fight, gave her the assurance that her pen had been owned of God.

In the space of our three years' abode at Gravesend she wrote not less than two thousand five hundred letters to soldiers, which numbers more than four every day in the week. In the intervals between her letters she kept up the supply of tracts, leaflets, and periodicals, so that she should not lose touch of the objects of her solicitude, and that they might always have some occupation for their leisure moments. This strain on her energies produced a weakness and dimness of vision, which increased the seriousness of her fear that she might be called to surrender what she felt to be almost dearer than life itself—her sight.

Hundreds of letters from officers and men might be given, reporting the good they had received from her labours. One case may be here given:—

'During the summer of 1874 I was stationed at the Musketry Depôt, Milton Barracks, Gravesend. One Sunday afternoon several small handbills were distributed among the men, announcing that soldiers would find good seats and a very hearty welcome at the Wesleyan chapel, stating the services held there, also the meetings conducted for soldiers on four evenings of the week at No. 3, Peacock Street. In response to the invitation I attended the service in the evening. The text was James i. 22–25. The theme was the contrast between the doer of the Word and the forgetful hearer. As I was leaving the chapel, I was addressed by a lady, then a stranger to me, but who I afterwards found to be Miss

Wesley. She conversed with me some time, and well do I remember her plain and earnest questions: "Sergeant, if you were to die to-night, are you *quite sure* you would go to heaven?" (I was quite sure I should not, though I did not reply in these words.) Observing my hesitation, there followed the impressive utterance: "Well, thank God the last post for heaven has not yet sounded." Other inquiries followed: "Well now, my friend, you have been looking in the Gospel-glass lately, have you not? Will you try and come to these and the week-night services, and to the meetings for soldiers at Peacock Street?" I assented, and we parted. A few days afterwards I received a letter from her, the contents of which I regret that I am obliged to transcribe from memory, owing to the loss of valuable papers, and, among them, most of Miss Wesley's letters. But I had become so familiar with the one to which I refer by its frequent perusal that I can give it nearly to a word:

"38, WINDMILL ST., GRAVESEND, *July*, 1874.

"SERGEANT H——S. DEAR FRIEND,

"I do not know why, but somehow I feel that I must write a few lines to tell you how anxious I am that you should come to Jesus to-day.

"I often feel sad when I see so many of our poor soldier lads living without God and without hope in the world; and how dreadful it would be if *you* were to die with your sins unforgiven. You would never see God in heaven; and we could never meet you there. I feel sure that you have had the advantages of a religious training; perhaps, years ago, your own dear mother has told you the sweet story of a Saviour's love; and I do feel so anxious that you should be made happy. Will you come to our little prayer-meetings *often*, and pray that God may bless you? And I will gladly help you, and so will our good friend, Sergeant Hilton.

"I must close, apologising for having written so long a letter.

'The Lord lift upon thee the light of His countenance, and give thee peace;' and may God ever bless thee, is the sincere prayer of

"Your friend for the Saviour's sake,

"ELIZABETH A. WESLEY."

'This stirring letter, so true as to my early career and present state, produced a deep impression upon me which I never shook off, and, after attending several week-night services and prayer-meetings at the soldiers' room, I was again found at the evening service at the chapel. (I was considered at this time a "Protestant," and was required to attend morning service at the church.) From the evening service to which I now refer I date my hope of heaven. The Rev. J. Ingram preached from Romans v. 1: "Therefore being justified by faith," &c. It was to me the most powerful sermon I ever heard. In the prayer-meeting which followed, sin and Satan strove hard for the mastery. I went forward broken-hearted to the communion rail, and there, in the bitterness of my soul, I cried aloud to God for mercy, and He heard and answered my prayer. Mr. Ingram was on one side of me, and Miss Wesley on the other, and with an expression of fervour which I can never forget she exclaimed, "Thank God! I have been praying for this all day:" and from her soul-agony in pleading, and her amazing power in prevailing with God for me, there could be no doubt of it. The Christian interest which she then evinced in my behalf never waned, but on through the years she wrote me the most valuable letters. When the direction of my duty gave me the opportunity of calling on her there was always the hearty and hospitable welcome, and the fervent prayer at parting, and she proved to be my spiritual guide and helper. Miss

Wesley's unceasing prayers ascended to God for the whole British army, and especially in times of their most imminent peril; and the good which her God-given influence effected in various regiments now in many parts of the world will never be known till Christ shall come to make up His jewels. She was entirely given up to the work to which she believed God had called her; and when she had succeeded under difficulties, which to an ordinary person would have been insurmountable, and after many and bitter disappointments, I have heard her say with an enthusiasm which a true soldier knew how to value: "I could willingly die if I could only win all that regiment for Jesus." In her religious views she was decided, and a firm supporter of her own Church, yet her spirit was truly catholic, and she hated proselytism; and after she heard that I had decided to become a member of the Wesleyan Church, she wrote in a letter to me: "We never rob another Church to enrich our own; but when God sends us members we do indeed give them a hearty welcome."'

Her last letter from the sergeant was received and answered within a year of her death, and she was loyally glad to hear that he had been twenty years in the service, had been promoted, and had received a good conduct medal, with five pounds gratuity; so that while he had a happy home, he had the prospect of comfortable retirement. His life had been chequered since he had embraced religion, but he had not left the right path; and the same voice which said to him in Gravesend, 'Be still, and know that I am God,' still addressed him saying, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' But like too many, even Christian soldiers, he was not acquiring

the spiritual strength he should for the want of more active service in the Great Master's cause! He was thankful that the last post had not yet sounded, and resolving to arouse himself to more vigorous action. But what might have been his position and prospect had he not embraced and retained religion? Scores of such testimonies might be given did space permit, some of them of very deep interest.

Her letters to the soldiers were greatly valued by them, and carefully preserved. The following are given as samples:

'DEAR FRIEND IN CHRIST JESUS,

'I was very glad to see you at our meeting the other night, and above all to know that in the midst of difficult circumstances you were living to God and for His glory. They only *truly* live who consecrate their life to Jesus. Let us more than ever be determined that Christ and Him crucified shall be our only glory:

"Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain or loss,
Our sinful self, our only shame,
Our glory all the Cross."

'I have been greatly cheered this week by letters from a number of factory girls, among whom God permitted me to labour in the West of England.

'I often used to think my work was in vain, and to-day I feel so rejoiced to know that the seed was not all sown in "stony ground," but that it was implanted *by God* in good and honest hearts.

'Yes, dear friend Austin, put your trust in God, and He will bless you and your labour. Give my Christian love to dear Mrs. B—— and her children, and our friend, the colour-sergeant. I do hope she is better, I am so afraid the cold journey from Gravesend would make both Mrs. B—— and her little precious child very ill.

'With very kind Christian regards to all,

'I am, yours sincerely in Christ,

'Sergeant John Austin.' 'ELIZABETH A. WESLEY.

This second letter of Miss Wesley's commends itself to Christian and Temperance workers.

'GRAVESEND, *November* 11*th*, 1875.

'MY FRIEND IN JESUS,

'The bearer of this note, Private Seaman, is leaving us to-day for Chatham. He is a good, Christian brother, and we shall miss him at Peacock Street.

'Do you know Sergeant Jeffereys? does he attend "The Home"? If so, will you give him Christian regards. Talk to him of Jesus, and try to help each other on.

'I am so glad that you sent your brother to our little meetings, I feel very anxious about him, and I do pray earnestly that on board his ship he may be a great blessing for good. I do trust that he will have his heart filled with love to God and his poor perishing comrades. Half-hearted service will never do for Jesus; as you say, we must be in earnest if we would snatch souls from hell and eternal death.

'Is it not blessed to work for Jesus? I am so glad you have been trying to point that young woman to the Lamb of God. I do pray that she may be found among your jewels when you reach the better land.

'Speak one word for Jesus whenever you can, dear friend, He *died* for you. It rejoices me to know that in the midst of trial and temptation you are still on the Saviour's side and not ashamed to let the world know who is your King. Let us have one word about "Temperance." Sergeant Hilton once said to me, "It is almost impossible to be a Christian in the army without being a total abstainer. I know because I have tried it." He said that at sergeants' mess and on "picket duty" and M.P. service there were so many temptations, and if you were a pledged teetotaler it was so much easier to say *no*.

'What do you think, Friend Austin? I think that is a matter entirely with God and our own conscience: but I certainly feel that in the midst of so much drunkenness it is a grand thing to be *separate* and to come out from those who thus sin. I am not so strict as some, I should NEVER be a Good Templar, and I take alcohol as a medicine if I am ordered by a doctor, but I feel, for *example* to others who cannot drink moderately, I must not

as a beverage take intoxicating liquor. What a long letter I am writing on this subject, but this week my heart has been grieved and wounded to hear of several of my soldier friends in various regiments who have fallen into the fearful sin of intemperance, and instead of being what they once were—strong, happy Christian soldiers, they are now as low as sin can make them.

'*Poor lads*, my *heart bleeds* for them. I must close this letter. The Lord bless you, is the earnest prayer of your friend in the Saviour's love,

'ELIZABETH A. WESLEY.

'Sergeant John Austin.

'I am indeed glad about your two dear friends; pray on.

'P.S.—I find Seaman is not leaving us this week, so Mr. Burdett will kindly bring this note and also this parcel of old tracts for the *Juno*, if you think them worth taking with you when you go to Sheerness.

'I have just received your letter and it has cheered me greatly. Praise God is all I can say. It is strange that I should have been writing to you to-night before your letter came. I *am thankful* you have decided to be an abstainer.

'May God help you, dear friend. Keep close to Jesus. Praise God that you and your brother kneeled together. The angels in heaven would rejoice to see you commend each other to God. To Him be all the glory.'

How gratifying it was to the writer of this letter to find that the sergeant was resolving to give his heart to the Saviour, and also to become an abstainer.

The sergeant being ordered abroad, the following letter was written to him.

'38, WINDMILL STREET, GRAVESEND, *January 25th, 1876.*

'Whenever you look at the enclosed photograph, dear friend, will you remember that your friend is *praying* for you. Keep close to Jesus, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and for ever." These are the last words I would say to you, *Keep close to Jesus.* Be true to Christ, and then never mind if the ship goes down you will go safe home to glory. But we pray that God may speed the ship and give you a safe and pleasant voyage.

'Try to win your dear shipmates for our Saviour the Captain of our salvation.

'We had a blessed meeting last night. Never forget the old chapel, and the peace of God which came into your heart at Gravesend.

'I was so rejoiced to see you once more; we shall hope to hear from you when you reach Madeira.

'God bless you, put your trust in Him, never fear, He has promised to be your sun and shield. God be with the *Opal*, and give you His blessing,

'I am, Your true friend in our Saviour's love,

'ELIZABETH A. WESLEY.

'My father and mother's Christian regards and best wishes. My Christian love to our friend Rhodes; I shall be glad to hear from you at any time.'

This letter inspired the sergeant with Christian fortitude in prospect of the perils of the sea, and of foreign service; and it prompted him to do good from the moment he set foot on his ship. The parting gift of her photograph was not only to be a reminder of his friend, but of the mercy-seat, at which all true prayer blends, and where all Christian friends meet.

In reply to a letter giving an account of their perils on the voyage, Miss Wesley wrote:

'GRAVESEND, 38, ST. GEORGE'S TERRACE,
March 16th, 1876.

'MY DEAR FRIEND IN OUR SAVIOUR'S LOVE,

'You have been in my thoughts several times this week, and I intended writing to you, but I missed the Rio mail. I was very surprised to have your note this morning, but very thankful to find that instead of being exposed to the fury of the waves and winds you were safely in harbour.

'O the comfort of being safe even in the midst of a storm. I am sure when most in danger you would feel the Saviour very precious to you. The words of our old hymn you remember:

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past!
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!"

'Thank God, dear friend, that you and I have a haven to go to, "Our shelter from the stormy blast, and our abiding home."

'In this life we must expect danger and difficulty; but only let us be faithful and true to our God and then we shall gather in our Father's home above.

'My dear father's severe illness has prevented my going up to barracks so often as usual, but I am thankful to be able to tell you that there are some in the rooms who are saying "We would see Jesus."

'They are only known to myself and God, but I believe ere long many even in Milton Barracks will come out boldly, and fight for our Captain the Lord of Hosts. Pray for us, Friend Austin, that we may have faith and courage to bring all these wandering ones to Jesus.

'My dear father's illness is a great and severe trial; he has not been able to do his beloved work for nearly six weeks, but he is, I am thankful to say, much better. All friends send their kind Christian regards.

'Praying earnestly for you, and for your comrades on board the *Opal*, and commending you once more to God's care,

'I am, Your friend in Christ,

'ELIZABETH A. WESLEY.

'Sergeant John Austin.'

The following case is one which will arrest the attention of the reader.

It was by the instrumentality of one of Mark Guy Pearse's striking tracts entitled, 'Getting Saved,' that, under God, the salvation of a sergeant, an erring one, was effected; and Mr. Pearse has kindly aided me in recalling some of the circumstances which were not made matter of record.

It seems that the sergeant was passing the soldiers'

room, and Lizzie being there invited him in, there being something very unusual in his appearance—an apparent expression of sadness and desperation; he complied, and stayed till the close of the meeting, and, as he was leaving, she said to him, 'Will you be good enough to take this little book?'

The sergeant replied, 'It is very good of you to speak to me in that way, Miss, there is not another woman in the world that would do it.'

Miss Wesley smiled, held out her hand, and said, 'Will you shake hands with me, and promise that you will read it through *to-night?* I always trust a soldier's word.'

The man grasped the hand, and said, 'I will, Miss, thank you.' Lizzie little dreamed that at that moment he had the weapon loaded, and was hastening back to his quarters to carry out his dreadful intention. Having reached his room he locked his door, and had raised his hand to shoot himself; but, remembering his promise to the young lady, he laid the pistol on the table, read the tract, was seized with terrible conviction, fell on his knees with a despairing groan, and wept very bitterly.

A godly sergeant who occupied the next room had suspicion of the unhappy man's intention, and, hearing the groan, knocked eagerly at his door, and asked to be let in. Seeing, as he entered, the pistol, the tract, and a letter which he had written to his wife and children lying on the table, he asked what it all meant. The penitent man gave an explanation of the whole. He now carefully read the tract to him, they then knelt down, and, while they fervently prayed together, the stricken one believed on Christ, and was saved on the verge of ruin.

Then they rose, and, with a beaming face and a heart full of wonder and praise, the changed sergeant pointed to the two things lying side by side. 'Look there,' he muttered with a shudder, 'there is the pistol that nearly sent me to hell; and there is the little book which by God's mercy will be the means of getting me to heaven.' Then, taking up the book, and seeing Mr. Pearse's name, he said, 'I'll tell you what I think we ought to do—we ought to draw the bullet and send it to the man who wrote the book.' So the bullet was accordingly drawn and set aside for Mr. Pearse; but when he came some time afterwards to give us a lecture, under the promise from Miss Wesley that he should receive the present of a bullet, the sergeant, who attended His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on his Indian tour, had taken it with him.

The writer has a vivid recollection of the scene which was presented in our vestry, on the evening following the sergeant's conversion, when the narrative was given to encourage a number of soldiers who were seeking the Saviour.

My late daughter, at the request of friends, wrote the story in her own modest style; and we now give it as it appeared in Dr. Stephenson's *Children's Advocate*, to illustrate the importance of tract distribution.

'DEAR MR. PEARSE,

'We very often thank God that you ever wrote the tract entitled, "Getting Saved," for its simple teaching has been a great blessing to many sad hearts. The last year it has been my constant companion, for I knew that it could help sinners in seeking Christ far better than any words of mine.

'During my father's ministry here many of our Sunday-school children have found Jesus "mighty to save," and older

people too. This town is an important station for musketry practice, and a great number of troops come to the garrison for a fortnight only, and then go away, and others take their places.

'My father is acting-chaplain to the Methodist soldiers; but for years they have been greatly neglected, as our ministers have their time so taken up with Circuit matters. Last year we opened a room, and hundreds of men in various regiments came and listened eagerly to "the old, old story." Amongst those who came last summer was a sergeant of a line regiment. As he was leaving the meeting one night God told me to give him "Getting Saved." I did so, and he promised to read it. A few days after he said to me, "That tract you gave me saved me from suicide." And then he told me the sad story of his life. He was once a scholar in a Wesleyan Sunday-school, but he wandered far from God, and enlisted in a regiment ordered abroad. His friends were very grieved with his conduct, but he would not listen to them. He went to India, married a Roman Catholic woman, and for many years led a most miserable life. He was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and a year ago returned to England. He came here with his company, and was induced to attend that meeting for soldiers. Memories of home and the past came to his mind, as he listened once more to earnest prayers, and sang again the old Methodist hymns; his heart was very sad, and he determined to leave the meeting and in his own quarters put an end to his wasted existence. His own revolver was charged, when suddenly he thought of the promise to read the tract given to him. He read carelessly at first, but as he turned over the pages he found there just what he wanted, "words of peace."

'That peace which passeth all understanding came to his heart, and instead of dying as a suicide, he determined his life should be consecrated to Christ. The sergeant is now trying to win his poor wife for Jesus. He has been in hospital for some months, but he says Jesus has been with him every day.

'I wish I could send you a letter he wrote to me soon after he read "Getting Saved," but I gave it to a friend. I saw not long ago the bullet which he intended should take his life away. The sergeant gave it to a Christian comrade, that it might never remind him again of his sin. We have had several cases of conversion through reading that tract among civilians. The most

blessed, perhaps, was that of a gentleman to whom I gave it a few months ago. He and his wife are now both earnest workers and members of our Church.

'I am, dear Sir,

'Yours sincerely,

'*May 31st, 1875.*' 'E.A.W.

From the time of the sergeant's conversion the evidences of the great change became as visible as were previously the fruits of his sins. They were seen in the time of affliction; for Miss Wesley visited him in hospital, when suffering from the serious effects of foreign climate, and said she never saw a more beautiful patience, or a more cheerful faith than his. She corresponded with him, and her testimony to his consistency seven years afterwards is now before me. 'Instead of taking away his life he consecrated it to God's service. It has been bright with God's own sunshine; his wife has become a Christian, and his children are being early led to Jesus. Seven years have brought many changes, the sergeant has been on foreign service, and is now far away; but wherever he goes he is a faithful witness of God's power to save.' He wrote a cheerful letter to Miss Wesley from India, on January 15th, 1883.

Amongst the young people, and many older persons she met at Gravesend, as well as the soldiers, Miss Wesley toiled hard, perseveringly, and successfully, in seeking their salvation. When the three years of their location there had expired, the townspeople and the military vied with each other in testifying their very grateful affection for her. Some non-commissioned officers and soldiers presented her at a tea-meeting with a valuable inkstand suitably inscribed; and the military

generally, officers, men, women, and children, subscribed and gave her a handsome Bible and Wesley's Hymns bound together, suitably inscribed, as a token of their thanks and love for the sympathy and help she had shown them during three years.

The value of these presents was enhanced by the pleasing fact that Miss Terry, a lady deeply interested in the military, was deputed by the soldiers' wives and children to assure Miss Wesley, that though they had not been mentioned in the presentations, they hoped she would receive them as from them also, and with their love and sorrow at the thought of her removal from them.

Monday night, August 28th, was one to be remembered, as closing her labours among her girls. Large as the class was, she well knew them, and had entered with a thoughtful and anxious love into all the circumstances of their history; and they had caught much of her spirit, for they almost worshipped her. This last sad meeting was made memorable by the gift of a valuable Mizpah ring. The beautiful parting present was very appropriate, and nothing could have been more suggestive than the word 'Mizpah,' which the precious memento bore. The simple but expressive record made of this last meeting which had inscribed itself so deeply on her heart was: 'The last meeting with my dear girls—"Mizpah." The word in its application to *them* was an impressive reminder of the past, a covenant memorial of the present scene, and the deeply interesting circumstances under which they were about to part—and a divinely lighted and lofty beacon, illuminating the perils of the future for the triple purpose of admonition, solace, and safety, by the assurance

that, if faithful, the eye, the heart, and the hand of God would be upon them when they should be absent from each other. (Gen xxxi. 49.)'

These presents became the keepers of very sacred memories, and yielded her a large measure of pure joy till life closed. On the next evening Miss Wesley remarks: 'Our Valedictory Meeting.' It came as a matter of course, there was a large gathering, numerous addresses were given by the friends, all testifying in the most affectionate terms their high appreciation of our labours and their deep regret that we must enter another sphere of toil, declaring, too, for our pleasure, that we should carry with us the esteem and respect of all who had made our acquaintance in the town, and presenting to the writer, by the late Mr. J. R. May, a generous token of their regard. The feeling of the meeting had risen till, among my daughter's young friends especially, it became like a pent-up tide, and the whole of the girls realising together the fact that they were parting from their beloved friend who had so fully devoted herself to their true interests, they altogether exclaimed 'Good-bye, dear teacher,' and the immediate outburst of grief was such as to render it necessary very quickly to change the scene of sorrow into one of true benediction.

The next morning friends, representing all the departments of our work, gathered at the railway station to give us a final adieu. There were civilians, soldiers, persons of all ages, railway porters whose interest we had succeeded in promoting, and lads who pursued the most humble daily employment in the town. It was a spontaneous, respectful, Christian farewell. Dear Lizzie wrote in her journal at the end of

our journey. '*Thursday, August* 31*st.* Came to Poole. Good-bye, dear friends, loyal and true.'

In connection with the Mizpah ring which her girls gave her on parting, an incident occurred seven years afterwards which was very pleasing to the wearer. Lizzie and one of her Gravesend class were one Sunday evening occupying the same pew in Higham Ferrers Chapel, and being at such a distance, and time having changed them both, the ring seems to have become the means of their mutual recognition. She thus narrated the circumstance in a letter to another beloved member of the class, dated Winchester, December 14th, 1882.

'My Dear Carrie,

* * * * *

'I am glad to hear good news of the Gravesend Chapel, dear old place!

'I spent six happy weeks at mama's home in Northamptonshire. One Sunday in August I went to a small town chapel near, and actually sat in the same pew as Ada Duell. The choir was singing as she spoke to me, "Shall we know each other there?" Was it not strange? She knew me, but I think our dear old "Mizpah," with its precious memories, helped us to recognise each other. I rode over to see her. (Her husband is manager of the gas works at Higham Ferrers.) I found her home so happy and bright, and she has also two dear children. We had a happy time together. We talked with full hearts of the dear old days gone by. We shall meet again in the better land. God grant it. I must close this letter. I do rejoice to hear of your sister's decision.

'Keep the fire burning on the altar, Carrie dear. Your loving friend in His love,

'Elizabeth A. Wesley.'

She hardly ever took a journey without some kind of reminder of the past to brighten it.

Among the excellent and earnest ministers of

Gravesend the first whose acquaintance we made was the Rev. W. Guest, F.G.S.; a cordial friendship was formed between us; and we heartily co-operated in various efforts for the public good and the prosperity of the Churches, on the results of which neither of us can reflect without unmingled pleasure and thankfulness to God. From the well-known and talented pen of that distinguished minister and author, a beautiful and just analysis of my daughter's Christian character, as it was disclosed in her *unique* work, has been given; and an impartial testimony to the work itself, as well as to the charming spirit and manner in which it was done, and which contributed so largely to its extraordinary effects. A grateful acknowledgment is due to my friend for his valuable testimony; and to Mrs. Guest, as a Christian lady, we give our hearts' thanks, as parents, for the encouragement she gave our now resting one at a crisis in her self-sacrificing work when she had to meet with indifference and opposition, with hardly any except the Saviour's own sympathy.

'During my residence for some years at Milton-next-Gravesend, I frequently attended the public and other religious meetings, which were held in the chapel of the Wesleyan Methodists. These meetings were characterised by an unusual amount of interest and fervour during the years 1873 and 1876. This was very much owing to the fact that they were attended by earnest Christian soldiers and non-commissioned officers from our Milton Barracks. I used to listen to their prayers and addresses, which, without any touch of what might be termed fanatical, were intensely evangelical. There were at that time officers of the garrison who were devoted servants of Christ, and also my personal friends. They spoke of the reality of the converting work which was being carried forward among their men. That work, under God, was mainly owing to Miss Wesley. There was, however, nothing in her manner and bearing, as witnessed in our streets and in public

meetings, which would give to a stranger any indication of her influence. There was none of the fussiness that often mars the service of such workers. There was no mannerism nor obtrusiveness, and not a touch of affectation. At the same time she was so ladylike in her demeanour as to throw a wondrous charm of grace and dignity over her self-repression.

'Notwithstanding her retiring manners she carried about her a charm which can rarely have been, I will not say surpassed, but even equalled. Her personal appearance at the time I speak of was almost youthful, and very lovely. There was an aspect of intelligence and benevolence on her interesting and winning countenance that made it radiant in goodness. She seemed to me to be constantly living in obedience to the monitions of the Spirit of all grace. Doubtless He touched her heart with concern for the ignorant and tempted soldiers of the barracks, and led her on to that deep and self-forgetting solicitude for them, and for the few wives and children who were in the garrison, that was the secret of her success in the Lord's work among them. How she obtained such access to them, and established regular meetings among them for Bible readings, often appeared to me astonishing. At the first she had to encounter suspicion, coldness, and hostility. But those who opposed were won, spite of themselves, to become her coadjutors. When cast down she never lost hope: often would she come to my wife to get new strength by their united prayers, and after those morning communions with the Saviour, she would with a bright and buoyant confidence go again into her soldiers' meetings and her classes for women.

'It was her sincerity; her deadness to the subtle influences of self-love; her singleness of eye that sought no human praise; her unobtrusive but unwearied persistence; and above all that love to Christ, and assured peace in Him which prompted her daily labours, that won for her such remarkable acceptance among the different relays of older soldiers and young recruits that came to Milton.

'But not only in meetings was she found. She would go with her captivating manner into the ward of the quarters where the sick soldier lay, and would follow into the tavern, or place of temptation, the youth who was in peril. She was an angel of mercy among us, and her influence noiseless as the dew was a

blessing in manifold ways of which the town little thought, and for which she sought no human praise.

'I have not said, for it would not be pleasant to them, how much the honour in which her father was held in the town, as the superintendent of the Wesleyan Circuit, and the sympathy of her mother, contributed to her success. Rarely, however, was success more real than that which followed her selfless labours. Many a young recruit who had come to learn rifle-shooting in the long Milton marshes will have remembered her words and prayers in different regions, and maybe some of them knew on the battle-field, in their moments of dying anguish, the peace in believing on man's only Saviour which the sinful may find, and which was the burden of her message. Assuredly we may feel how vast a boon is existence when, through the salvation of the Lord Jesus, we have the sure hope of spending eternity in fellowship and friendship with myriads of such consecrated and pure spirits as was hers who are still more lovely and more loving in the blissful regions of immortality. To God in Christ be the praise for ever and ever.

'LING HOLME, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.'

CHAPTER V.

POOLE.

THE providence of God now opened our way to Poole, in the county of Dorset, with a population of 7,179. We spent there three happy years. Our first Sabbath there was September 3rd, 1876; and my toil was on behalf of the Sunday-school. But no wonder that dear Lizzie was 'so sad,' severed as she was from friends so numerous, tried, and true, far removed from the loved and familiar field whose work was joy, and when the harvest-song so sweetly greeted her, and being, for this day, among stranger-reapers without any toil assigned her.

The true spirit of Christian unity and catholicity which we found existing among the pastors and Churches of the town was very gratifying to us. We could not but contrast this with the persecuting spirit which prompted the intolerant ecclesiastics of 1662 to eject our ancestor, the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., the grandfather of the founder of Methodism, from his living at Winterborn-Whitchurch, and consign him to the gaol of Poole for half a year, and to endure three other cruel imprisonments. As that godly clergyman not only suffered for conscience' sake, but became the pastor of a Church of his own gathering in Poole, the

probability that we were entering into his labours was peculiarly interesting to us.

Animated by the spirit of our Wesley ancestors, and possessing so much of their ceaseless activity and power of endurance, it would have been unlike Lizzie had she allowed many days to intervene between the farewell to her last field of toil and the beginning of her work in this new sphere. On her second Sabbath at Poole she began her work among her girls in the Sunday-school with all her brightness and faith. At the close of that day it was apparent that she had made another hopeful beginning.

An extract from a letter to one of her scholars at Gravesend two months after will show how fully she had then become employed: 'Poole is of course very quiet when compared with Gravesend: still I find as much work as I can possibly get done. I do not yet know half the names of the school girls here, and I get quite bewildered with so many new faces; but I hope to win them soon for Jesus.

'You must pray for me, Carrie dear. I feel I must get to know more of my Saviour's love, for unless His love overflows my heart how can I lead others to His cross? I trust the clouds that gathered round you when you wrote last have long ere this passed away.

'I, too, Carrie, have been in the valley. But how often it is "a valley of blessing." I often think of that time when our beloved Jesus was in the wilderness. It is a comfort to realise that "He knows what sore temptations mean, for He hath felt the same."

'Let us try ever to live in the sunlight of His love, and then never mind if "earth-born clouds arise," they cannot hide the Lord "one moment from our eyes."'

Though dear Lizzie had resumed her wonted work among the young she missed her work amongst the soldiers. We were out for a walk one day, and, espying a red tunic on the other side of the street, she exclaimed, 'O papa, there's a soldier!' and in a moment she rushed across the street to speak to him. She kept up her correspondence with them, though the doctor, for a time, required her to relinquish it, on account of acute pain and dimness of sight, caused by overstraining.

Her short interview with the first soldier she saw in the street after leaving the garrison town, is interestingly brought out in a letter to Miss May, one of her zealous helpers at Gravesend, from which we give several extracts.

'LONGFLEET HOUSE, POOLE, *November 18th, 1876.*

'MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

'It is with difficulty I write to you, but I cannot let another day go without sending you a few words.

'The last few weeks I have suffered very much pain from my eyes. The doctor says I must never again "try" them as I have done in the past. Lately I have been obliged to have perfect rest both from reading and writing.

'This is a great trial; as I look at my unanswered letters from our lads and from other dear friends the hot tears come to my eyes, and rebellious thoughts in my heart, and every day I have to ask God to teach the lesson of *patience* and *submission*.

'Yesterday I met a corporal of the second 16th regiment, the first soldier I had spoken to since I had been in Poole. I longed to speak to him of the soldiers' best Friend, and at last I summoned up the courage as he was looking in a shop window, and you cannot *think* how I felt *when* he told me I had often spoken to him in Gravesend! He is at the Depôt at Gosport. The corporal told me of the death of poor Arthur Beckworth. He was one who fired over his grave. I had not heard from him for some months, but little thought he was *dead*—our first-fruits gathered *safely home*. The last letter he wrote me was full of

hope. Do you remember that morning in our little drawing room, when Sergeant Russell, Beckworth, and Wasby came to say "good-bye"; you came just as they were leaving. *Firmly* and *boldly* he promised to meet us in heaven.

* * * * *

'Yours affectionately,

'LIZZIE.'

With so much of the Redeemer's compassion in her heart, it was painfully mysterious to our disabled worker that she should be deprived of the power to carry out her benevolent plans when and where the work was so needed. God gave comfort in her sorrow by providentially arranging that she and the corporal should meet just on that spot, and at that moment, that he might inform her of one of her early soldier converts and correspondents who had gone straight from the battle-field to glory.

In a letter written a little earlier to another of her former co-workers she says:

'I long once more to visit my dear ones in Milton Barracks; if I could only be for one hour inside those gates I feel I would tell as I never did before the old story of a Saviour's love.

'I never thought I could miss you all as I do. Sometimes when the time comes for the meeting at Peacock Street I am obliged to go to my room and there cry to God to make me resigned to what I know to be His will.

'It is hard to be taken away from the work I loved so dearly, but when we get to heaven we shall understand many of earth's mysteries.

'My work here I believe will be among the elder girls of the school. Many of them last Sunday were seeking Christ.

'We have many kind friends in Poole.'

We all agreed that the time had come for holding a revival mission, and unitedly we pledged ourselves to enter into the services with all our hearts. The pledge was carried out. The missioner was the Rev. H. J. Quilter: he was wise in the conduct of the services, and graciously assisted and owned by God throughout the whole. In anticipation of this special effort, Lizzie had done everything in her power to make it successful, especially by training the young people to sing suitable melodies, and amply was she rewarded; for the sentiments of their Gospel songs touched their hearts, and they were among the first to yield. The results were just what we needed. One of the oldest friends of the cause, and who was at that time the mayor of Poole, assured me that he had never known there such a remarkable descent of the Holy Spirit. My daughter threw into these services all her intelligence, tact, and power; and it is very delightful to recall the great joy they afforded her. She records it as 'a wonderful outpouring of God's Spirit.' The following is the Rev. H. J. Quilter's kindly furnished report of this mission:

'I was appointed to conduct a week of revival services at Poole, commencing on Saturday, November 18th, 1876. On arriving at Poole I found that no pains had been spared in arranging for the success of the mission, as far as human agency can help, under the superintendence of the Rev. S. Wesley, with the support of his excellent daughter. Special meetings for prayer had been arranged prior to the commencement of the mission, so that when the time came, the expectations of the people had been aroused, and their faith helped. During the whole week Miss Wesley was always present, and constantly engaged in helping the young people to Christ, and in the interim of the

services she greatly assisted the mission preacher in visiting interesting cases. As a result of the energy put forth, and the gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit, as far as numerical returns can determine a result, fifty souls were brought from darkness to light. I never before or since have engaged in a week of special services which I so much enjoyed, and attribute, humanly speaking, much of our success to the unceasing, affectionate, and godly influence of our dear young friend, Miss Wesley.

'H. J. Q.'

The following letter from Miss Wesley to Sergeant John Austin will explain itself:

'POOLE, DORSET, *November 30th, 1876.*

'"The Lord is good to them that fear Him."

'In your perilous voyage, dear friend Austin, I am sure you must often have experienced the truth of these blessed words, and therefore have hope for the future. Your God who has guided and protected you so often will never leave or forsake you.

'You must sadly miss the services of God's house and the faithful, loving counsels of a Christian minister; but our God is everywhere present, and wherever a heart is uplifted to Him in praise or prayer, or a few words read from His book, that place is *holy ground.*

'I received your letter a few weeks ago; it was forwarded to me from Gravesend, and I read it with great thankfulness. I do indeed rejoice that you are still walking with steady footsteps on the road to heaven. Trust to your Guide, and though sometimes the road may be rough and steep, do not be at all discouraged; it leadeth to heaven at last. Since I wrote to you I have had many sad moments. Leaving Gravesend was a great trial. God only knows how bitter was my grief. On the last morning as the train moved off and I said a last "Good-bye" to so many brave, true friends, civilians and children and *soldiers,* I felt as though I could never be reconciled to leaving them, and since then I have often found it has cost me a struggle to say, "Thy will be done," but God has been very good to us, and in our new home He has given us the joy of seeing many precious

souls seeking His pardon and peace. We found the Church in a very cold dead state, but the Lord has been touching hard hearts, and now our people are all engaged in the blessed work of winning souls. We have just closed a fortnight's special services, and during that time every night in our chapel has been heard the cry of the penitent, a great number have come to Jesus and found "at the Cross there's room." It has reminded me of the blessed days at Peacock Street. I often wish I could once more tell to my dear soldier friends "the old, old story." I have only spoken to one soldier since I left Gravesend, and strange to say as I spoke to him I recognised him as one of our former band, and he gave me pleasing tidings respecting others in whom we still feel deeply interested. My father and mother's Christian remembrances to you. From your friend in the Saviour's love,

'ELIZABETH A. WESLEY.

'Sergeant John Austin.'

This deep and wide-spread religious movement placed a large number of young friends under Lizzie's care. Her register of the names includes a hundred and twenty young women, over whose interests for both worlds she watched with a tenderness and vigilance which they lovingly acknowledged.

The cultivation of her tract-district, visits to the aged and the poor, attention to the sick, varied toil at the mission-room, literary and musical help to the Mutual Improvement Society, the production of articles of taste and utility in aid of the fund for the new sanctuary, and her constantly growing correspondence both among soldiers and civilians is only to name the various departments which Miss Wesley served with quenchless devotion during her residence in Poole. The following are extracts from her journal at this time.

'*March 14th*, 1879.—This morning a dear old saint passed away to glory while I sat with her in her little

room.' '*April* 16*th*.—As the sun was setting I went to see a poor dying girl, and felt God *so* near while I prayed, with her hand in mine.' '18*th*.—This evening I found she had gone home. No night there, no sorrow.'

In her correspondence with Mr. Knock, a retired sea-captain, who became a genial helper in her military work at Gravesend, she thus mingled the account of her present doings with reminiscences of the past. 'I often think of you when I go down to our quay. How happy you would be among our sailors, and many of them I know you would win for Christ. I cannot do much among them, except at our mission-room, which is near to the harbour and very convenient for "Jack." On a Saturday night we get many a sailor's yarn spun there, and we have some blessed times. Just while I am writing I can hear the musical strains of a street organ, and the dear old tune, "Hold the Fort." You may perhaps laugh at me, but since I left all my dear soldier friends I can scarcely bear to listen to that tune. *God bless our soldiers*. Tell them to be true to the old flag, and never to forget our password, "The precious blood of Christ." I have many blessed memories of happy association with you in our labour of love. And shall we not meet again in the "Home over there"? Yes, I believe so, and our song will be one grand hymn of praise, for there we shall see again many a precious soldier-friend to whom God sent us while they were at Milton Barracks. But no *red coats* there, only white robes washed in the blood of the Lamb.'

Six months before her departure from Poole, she wrote thus to one of her former helpers, 'God is again gently influencing our young folk, and they are coming

to the Cross. The thought of leaving them so soon is giving me much sorrow. It is hard work saying "Good-bye."'

The parting scene at length came, and a number of friends assembled at the station on that September morn. The sun shone brightly to cheer us, wishes for our future health and success were never more heartily expressed, and the last adieu was waved till we were out of sight. Some who were very dear to Lizzie and who bade her farewell that morning never saw her again.

During our residence in Poole Miss Wesley wrote an essay, at the request of the Mutual Improvement Association, selecting as her theme the season of Autumn. It was read by one of the members, and her MS. bears the signature of Wheatsheaf. The essay was admired for its elegant style and healthy tone. The paper now given will tell for itself how she has blended in her picturing the golden glow of nature in the early Autumn, and the reapers' inspiring shout and song, with the beauty of the advancing stages of decay and tones of Autumnal sadness: teaching at the same time lessons for our daily practice, which will not fail to give joy and grandeur to life, and power to leave behind us, amid all that is fading here, the best emblems of our immortality.

'ESSAY ON AUTUMN.

'Some one has called the early Autumn time "The sunset of the year," for there shines on field and flower a glory as bright as that which gathers around the close of a summer's day.

'Quite fresh in our memory will be the perfect beauty of days when the corn was ripe on the hill-side, and the apples were mellowing one by one; the trees looked as though no wintry

wind would ever toss their branches against a stormy sky, and the birds, hiding under soft brown-green leaves, sang as though no secret message would ever call them away to the unknown land. In the brightness of those August days, with the gleaming, glittering sunshine everywhere, we did not wonder that the stately Roman emperor had called August a royal month, and had given to it his own regal name.

'Astronomically, Autumn does not commence until the twenty-third of September, but it is impossible to ascertain the exact time at which it may be expected, and still more difficult to determine the precise moment of its arrival.

'To the simple Saxon husbandman the cutting of the barley was the sure sign of Autumn's advent, and with shout and song they presented the first sheaf to the gods; for in all ages a religious instinct has led nations, civilised and heathen, to offer the first-fruits of the earth to their gods.

'The old Egyptians, also, considered their harvest-fields sacred places, and no wheat was allowed to be carried until the priest had walked among the sheaves, and by loud invocations had arrested the attention of the god of the harvest, to whom the first-fruits were given.

'The Athenians used to worship their deities with the first ripe ears of corn. Like Esther, the queen, they feared to enter the awful presence-chamber, and waited until the gods held out their sceptres of waving, golden grain.

'The Cereals, or harvest festivals of the pagans, historians tell us, were the most brilliant feasts of the year. For awhile all work was laid aside, and the heathen temples were crowded with thankful people, who brought beautiful and abundant offerings to the goddess Ceres, under whose watchful care the seed had grown and the vintage ripened. Music, flowers rare and lovely, and fruit ripe and perfect—the best gifts of these heathen worshippers—they willingly dedicated to the temple service.

'The story of the first fruit offering is a sad one, associated always with Cain's dark sin, and the shadow of death, which has rested upon God's fair earth ever since. Strange it seems to us that the first fratricide should be the outgrowth of a religious service.

'Harvest thanksgivings are of divine appointment; and we

who may worship the true God of the harvest in Poole New Wesleyan Chapel, or in cathedral cloisters, will not forget to thank Him for "all things bright and good; for seed-time and for harvest, our life, our health, our food."

'The Jews, who were taught to serve God by the shadowy light of symbol and sign, were most careful to observe the "Feast of Weeks," and "Ingathering." The keeping of the Tabernacle Feast, under the broad green palm leaves, the first time after God had given them their beautiful land of promise, must have been indeed a gladsome festival. The weary wilderness journey was over, and God had found a resting place, a *home* for His wandering, wayward people. The pleasure of sowing their *own* fields, and gathering in their *own* store, would be a new joy to them; and while the priests laid their first glad gifts upon the altar, the holy harvest hymn would go up to heaven from many a thankful Hebrew heart. "The Lord brought us forth out of Egypt, with a mighty hand and outstretched arm, and He hath brought us into this place: and now behold I have brought the first-fruits of the land, which Thou, O Lord, hast given me."

'The harvest scenes of the Bible are charming idylls, which never weary those who listen. In quiet country cottage, in crowded city court, hard hearts have been softened and subdued by the sad sweet story of the sick child, whom the reapers carried home to his mother. Ruth, the gentle gleaner, is ever a living presence; and David, the warrior king, never seems so great and noble as when, thirsty and weary in the cave at Adullam, he refuses to drink the water, which his faithful soldier servants risk their lives to obtain.

'What fabled tale of woman's devotion can equal that of the daughter of Israel's first king, who day and night kept loving guard over the unsepulchred bodies of her murdered sons, who thus had died because of their father's transgression?

'"Hear what the desolate Rizpah said,
As on Gibeah's rocks she watched the dead,
Sat mournfully guarding their corpses there,
And murmured a strange and solemn air:
The low, heart-broken, and wailing strain
Of a mother that mourns her children slain.

* * * * * *

The barley-harvest was nodding white
When my children died on the rocky height,
And the reapers were singing on hill and plain
When I came to my task of sorrow and pain.
But now the season of rain is nigh,
The sun is dim in the thickening sky,
And the clouds in sullen darkness rest,
When he hides his light at the doors of the west.
I hear the howl of the wind, that brings
The long drear storm on its heavy wings,
But the howling wind and the driving rain
Will beat on my houseless head in vain ;
I shall stay from my murdered sons to scare
The beasts of the desert, and fowls of the air."

'We would linger among the cornfields of the Bible—it is holy ground, for He who has gone away from our earth, and become the "first-fruits of them that sleep," loved to walk among the bearded barley, and leisurely gather the ears that fell around Him. Perhaps we can picture Him *thus* more vividly, because the harvest fields are the only feature of an Eastern landscape which would, in nearly every detail, appear the same as in our familiar English scenery—but time will fail us.

'When the reapers' song is hushed, and September, like a proud queen, has laid aside her coronation robes, the hazy, golden October days of the later Autumn time come, as heralds for the mighty winter king. They lift high royal banners, whose crimson glory falls upon wood and wilderness, and o'er sky and sea; it glances on the hill-tops, and gleams among the silver beech-trees ; the barren moorland it tinges with purple and gold, and beneath its radiance the fading leaves and scarlet berries seem aglow.

'These Indian summer days would be the brightest of all the year, if they did not bring sad thoughts of change and decay ; but too soon the glory fades, and Autumn beauty is gone ! Still we would rather have the cold and frost of winter than the sultry stationary summer of the tropics ; and rejoice that in our beautiful England the seasons come and go ; and if the last days of Autumn

are sad and melancholy, their gentle influence soothes and quiets restless human hearts.

'It may be that those whose life-song seems ever like an Autumn refrain—a sad perplexed minor—will in the after age, ring out a perfect completed *harmony*. We believe a great thinker was right, when he said, "The minor rules the music of the world, and in the half-lights of human life the shadow predominates." It is only by the stern discipline of *pain* that lives are perfected. The perfection of beauty is attained the moment before decay. *Here*, satisfaction is only the prelude to unrest:

"But at the *last* a sapphire day
All over us shall bow;
And man's heart, full of sunlight, say
Lord! 'tis *Thy* summer now."

'We cannot change the essential qualities of seasons, or things, but we can attune them to our own moods of mind. With God's sunshine in our hearts, we can be as glad amidst the falling leaves of Autumn, and the deepening shadows of life, as when the trees bud and blossom, and love and hope are young.

'"O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teaching.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place *without a tear!*"

'WHEATSHEAF.

'Poole, Mutual Improvement Association, *December 6th*, 1878.'

CHAPTER VI.

Teignmouth, Devonshire.

THE itinerant system of Methodism secures to every Minister in service, a home and a pastoral charge. On leaving Poole we had a cordial welcome to the picturesque town of *Teignmouth*, Devon. The balmy air of Poole had greatly improved my failing health, but its mildness had exerted an enervating influence on my daughter, and she left with symptoms of consumption. We hoped, however, that Teignmouth would establish her health. With failing strength she began among the young the work in which she delighted and excelled. She soon gathered around her a large Bible class for young women, and to their interests she devoted all her strength.

For three months she had delighted in the natural beauty of Teignmouth and its surroundings, and with zeal she had devoted herself to her fresh charge; but ungenial weather early set in, east winds prostrated her, and brought on bronchitis, followed by acute pain and prostration. With unselfish tenderness at this stage of her illness she wrote the following consolatory letter to Sergeant Joel Austin, an afflicted soldier, sympathising with him in his chastening:

'Teignmouth, Devon, *December 3rd, 1880.*

'My Dear Friend,

'Your letter was a welcome message, for I too am a prisoner

kept indoors by a severe cold ; and under these circumstances a few words from an old friend are very precious, especially so when they speak of God's goodness in a time of trial.

'I am grieved to hear that you are still so weak and ill. I heard that you had been called to suffering and pain, but I did not think you had been brought so low as to be in hospital. This is indeed a sad time for you, but do not be discouraged, "underneath you are the everlasting arms," and even an hospital is a bright and happy place if Jesus is there.

'Have you seen our dear good friend Sergeant Hilton yet? and I am sure the Rev. John Burgess will have visited you. He is so kind to the sick ones of his flock. I wish Teignmouth was a little nearer Chatham, I should be so pleased to come and bring you a little bit of Christian sympathy. Since you sailed in the "Juno" we have often prayed for you and your dear comrades : indeed to pray for our dear soldier friends seems all I can do for them ; it is the only link that binds me to my friends in the army, for I am far away from them all, and scarcely ever hear any news of them ; but I shall *never*, *never* forget them, and I hope to meet many of them in our Father's House above. I am sorry to hear that you will be obliged to leave the service. I wish I could hear of some easy employment ; if I do, I will most certainly inform you. We are quite like strangers in a strange land, having only been in Teignmouth a few months. It is a pretty place, but does not seem like home yet. How is your wife? and all the dear ones at home, I do hope quite well. Is your wife at Chatham? If so she will be a great comfort to you in this time of sorrow and suffering. I commenced to write this letter several days ago. We have heard of the sudden death of a relative and it has made us all very sad. But my uncle was ready when the Master called, and death has only been to him a messenger to heaven.

'When your letter came I was intending to write to your brother. It is a long time since I did so. I suppose now a letter would not reach him ; tell him when you see him that I shall be pleased to hear from him. This long letter will make you tired.

'My father and mother join me in Christian love to yourself and to any of our old friends in Chatham who still remember us.

'Hoping to hear soon of your restored health, and asking God, our own God, to be with you and give to you ever His own sweet consolation,

'I remain,

'Sincerely yours in His love,

'ELIZABETH A. WESLEY.'

During the month of December, she was confined to her room, but invited her girls to meet her there on Sunday. The following are extracts from her journal at that date:

'*December 7th, Sunday.*—The girls came here to-day. I was too ill to go to school. We had a helpful time.'

'*9th, Tuesday.*—The Doctor came to-day. "She is very ill," he said.'

'10*th, Wednesday.*—A tired, restless day.'

'11*th, Thursday.*—The Society Tea. Lizzie in bed all day in papa's study.'

'14*th, Sunday.*—Another Sunday at home.'

'23*rd, Tuesday.*—[In ink] It is worth being ill to lose my old rebellious thoughts of God. He is teaching me thus to love Him.'

'25*th.*—A strange Christmas.'

During these days and nights of acute pain and weariness, we anxiously watched the flickering taper of life, fearing that it would be extinguished; but she was patient, gentle, hopeful. One night, during hours of which she wished me to support her, that she might breathe more freely and with less pain, I said, 'Dear Lizzie, I fear you cannot recover this:' she smilingly whispered, 'I believe I shall, papa; I have something more to do for the Lord yet.'

The new year—1880—did not hopefully dawn upon us. According to her custom, Lizzie selected a

Scripture motto for herself and her young friends. This year she chose *two* motto texts (Micah vi. 8, and Isaiah xxx. 15). The former marked out the moral course which she resolved undeviatingly to pursue: and the latter was sweetly adapted to her trying circumstances, while it indicated the calmness of her mind and faith in God which should yet bring back her lost vigour. 'In quietness and confidence shall be your strength.'

All through this severe affliction she was seeking the salvation of several valued friends, and had she been called away, her last prayer would have been for them.

Sunday, Jan. 11*th*, has a noteworthy record so firmly written as to tell that she had again partially rallied. 'A very happy Sunday at home. Thank God for this gift of His. Perhaps God has also been giving me these quiet weeks so that I may have more time to think of Him and to pray for others. O, the gladness of being very near to Him again.'

The least measure of returning strength was employed in doing good by the use of her pen; for only two days later she wrote the following letter to one of her former scholars:—

'TEIGNMOUTH, *Jan. 13th, 1880.*

'MY OWN LITTLE CARRIE,

'It seems only the other day since I knew you first, and I can scarcely think the years have passed away so quickly; and that my little Carrie is now almost a woman—*quite*, I hope, in all matters requiring womanly wisdom. And now it is your birthday again to-morrow. God give you a happy day. His love is the best birthday gift, dear, and having that, you will be rich all day, and all your life too.

'I was so surprised to hear that *another love* was going to

claim you next year; but I am so thankful that your friend is a Christian, and that you will begin your married *life* with God as your guide.

'I can scarcely fancy my Carrie being married. When I come to see you all at Gravesend, and you have a home of your own, I shall come to see if you will give me a cup of tea. Will you?

'What is your friend's name? Do I know him?

'You must let me know when you are going to lose your old name.

'A happy womanhood to you, and may God lead you step by step until you reach His home above.

'I know how you feel about your own loved ones being unsaved; but do not be discouraged—God hears prayer; yes, and He answers too; only we must patiently wait until He brings these for whom we pray to seek their peace in loving Him.

'How do you get on in your tract district? Did you have a good tea-meeting last night? I thought about you all, and wished I could be with you.

'I so often think of those happy times gone by.

'Are you in Miss Wood's class?

'I am so glad you like your new minister. Are his daughters in the school?

'I hope my class is well attended, and am so pleased to hear that Mrs. H—— is taking charge of my own dear girls.

'Give my love to * * * * and to all—EVERY ONE. God bless you; He will take care of you.

'Yes, surely it is better far that "He choose our inheritance for us." We may be led through paths we imaged not. But peace and joy go always where He leads. We need not fear the shadows in the distance. Let us place our hand within our Father's, and commit our way to Him.

'Thank you for your loving New Year's wishes. Mama sends her love, and so do I. My darling Carrie, as ever,

'Believe me, your friend in the Saviour's love.

'E. A. WESLEY.'

Nine days after this letter was penned she was equal to a short stroll, about which she wrote:—

'*Thursday, Jan. 22nd.*—A short walk in the sunshine. The first for two months.'

Trials seldom come alone. Only three short days had elapsed when the sad tidings reached her of the early death of her much-loved cousin, the late Mrs. Wale, of Leicester. Her brief but expressive obituary of this accomplished young lady was—

'*Sunday, 25th.*—Annie Wale was called home to-day, aged 31.'

The next month brought the anniversary of her conversion; the event which, considered in itself and in its results, was the most important of her eventful life.

'*Feb. 25th.*—Fourteen years to-day since I first understood what trusting in Christ meant; though years before then, when a little child, I had learnt to love Him; but fourteen years ago to-day I first felt that His blood cleanseth from sin. O, how unfaithful have I been in that which is least!'

'*29th.*—I started for chapel to-day, but the cold north wind drove me back.'

Longing, as she was, for the scenes of her former toil, she gladly returned to them as soon as their occupancy was possible; and we find the entry, 'A quiet afternoon at school. God's presence was with us.'

Her convalescence was very much to be attributed, under God's blessing, to the remarkably restorative influences of the well-known health resort, Bishop's Teignton, and the kindly attention of Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter.

One of the strongly-attached friends who took an affectionate farewell of Miss Wesley on the morning of our 'good-bye' to Poole was the late Mrs. Styring, of Poole House. She was then apparently in good health,

but was near the Heaven for which she was maturing; and ere her young friend's health was restored, she 'was not, for God took her.' Lizzie was now called to pay a visit of condolence to the bereaved family, and to perform the last office of love to the mortal remains of her friend; and the memorials in her diary of the sad and sudden event of that estimable lady's death and its attendant circumstances, are so natural, tender, and touching, that the sacredness of friendship will not forbid their disclosure and preservation :—

'April 29th, 1880,

'Henrietta Styring.'

'That name and date I shall always remember written on the coffin lid; and underneath she lay so still and white, but with the same kind look upon her face that was there when I saw it first in chapel as we worshipped there, mother and I, the first time. I never thought then of all she would be to me and to our home, "as God's good angel." '

'*June 15th.*—The "mother's" birthday to-day. I took her some flowers—did she know, I wonder? I knelt by her once more and prayed for my motherless friends.'

'*July 2nd.*—I went to the "mother's" grave once more. It seems always like a shrine at which to pray for her family.'

She preserved in her diary the flowers she plucked from the grave of her friend as mementoes. Her sensibility to the pleasures of friendship and domestic intercourse was only quickened by the wide diffusion of her kindness among all classes. The sympathy

and sorrow so keenly felt on this mournful visit soon found their natural outflow in doing good to somebody, and in striving to make some sad heart lighter. Her journal comes again to our aid.

'*Wednesday*, *May* 19*th*.—A blessed, holy time of communion with God and with my girls.

'A long, earnest conversation with S—— about God, and goodness, and the best way to bear sorrow.'

'*Sunday*, 23*rd*.—A quiet, holy Sacrament service this evening; Jeanette and I knelt together again at God's altar. My poor friend! God comfort her.

'*Sunday*, 30*th*.—I had a merry class of boys this afternoon.

'Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!'

'O, help me, Lord!'

'*Thursday*, *June* 10*th*.—Mission-room and a class of little girls; Jean went with me.

'*Sunday*, 13*th*.—A quiet, very peaceful Sunday, free from doubt and distracting thoughts. A few words with the boys after service. Thank God they are some of them working for Him! A happy little meeting at the alms-houses.'

On the scenes of her former toils opportunities of doing good were presented, and she knew how to value and improve them. The sentiment of the Rev. J. Newton she admired and practically adopted: 'If I can only take a *grain* from the heap of human misery, I have done something.'

Lizzie returned to Teignmouth in time to enjoy the celebration of the Centenary of Sunday-schools, in

which the clergy and Nonconformist ministers of the town cordially united. The schools, teachers, and ministers assembled on "The Den" numbered quite seven thousand, and while gathered there, one of the most brilliant rainbows ever beheld threw its beautiful colours over us, giving such an extraordinary effect to the scene that the children could never forget it. It was a very gratifying coincidence to my devoted daughter that this remarkable Centenary, which so deeply interested her, occurred on the anniversary of her father's birthday, and that the honour of presiding on the jubilant occasion was conferred on him. With her warm, filial affection she thus made the day matter of record :—

'*July 8th*, 1880.—Father's birthday. Sixty-three years old to-day. God bless you, dear father, and let me have you a long time yet.'

The history of that trying year was such as to render it desirable for us to leave this locality and seek some, to us, more suitable sphere. We were happily directed to one, and the wisdom of our decision we have never had reason to doubt. My daughter has this record for the day on which my next ministerial appointment was made. 'A day of anxious suspense. How wonderfully God comforts us when we need Him!' A sudden and severe bronchial attack necessitated my leaving hurriedly for change and rest, prior to entering on the duties of my next Circuit. My faithful and esteemed colleague, the Rev. Richard J. Clifton, took charge of my packing; and I soon rallied.

Though Lizzie had only been a year in this town, she had acquired great influence, and her young friends were distressed at parting with her. They presented

her with a beautiful album, with their portraits; she kept up correspondence with them, and acted towards them the part of a faithful Christian friend. The local papers expressed deep regret that the young of the neighbourhood would sustain a great loss by Miss Wesley's removal. She received a most affectionate letter, signed by all her scholars, which is as follows:—

'TEIGNMOUTH, *August 31st, 1880.*

'MY DEAR MISS WESLEY,

'In the name of your Class, and as one of them, I have very great pleasure in presenting you with this album as a small token of affection, and would also say how very glad we all are to have known you, and we would thank you very heartily for the many happy hours we have spent with you. Some of us, if not all, can say it was good for us that God sent you to Teignmouth, and we are so sorry that you are leaving us; but we will try to think that it is God's will, and He knows best. We hope that you will be very happy and very useful in your future labours, and that wherever you go God's blessing may go with you. We would also ask that when you are far away from us you will sometimes think upon and pray for the girls (always yours) you have left in Teignmouth, as they will for you.'

Miss Wesley found a sweet hymn of Miss Havergal's on sanctified affliction which was given in the 'Monthly Letter of the Methodist Bible and Prayer Union' for December, 1879, very suitable to her during this painful discipline; and she was extremely anxious that this paternal chastisement, which had already yielded such precious fruits, should continue to secure all the gracious designs of her Heavenly Father when the darkness and the storm were past.

We are sure that our departed one's many friends will value the hymn with Lizzie's written heading, and the lines which she discriminatingly marked with ink and the use of her ruler in the margin, as proving how

she was '*exercised*' in *suffering* as well as in *doing* the will of God.

'LIZZIE WESLEY, "THE STUDY," TEIGNMOUTH.

'PEACEABLE FRUIT.

'Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.'—Heb. xii. 11.

'WHAT shall thine "afterward" be, O Lord,
For this dark and suffering night?
Father, what shall Thine "afterward" be?
Hast Thou a morning of joy for me,
And a new and joyous light?

'What shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord,
For the moan that I cannot stay?
Shall it issue in some new song of praise,
Sweeter than sorrowless heart could raise,
When the night hath passed away?

'What shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord,
For this helplessness of pain?
A clearer view of my home above,
Of my Father's strength and my Father's love?
Shall this be my lasting gain?

'What shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord?
How long must Thy child endure?
Thou knowest! 'Tis well that I know it not!
Thine "afterward" cometh, I cannot tell what,
But I know that Thy word is sure.

'What shall Thine "afterward" be, O Lord?
I wonder and wait to see;
While to Thy chastening hand I bow,
What "peaceable fruit" may be ripening now,
Ripening fast for me!'

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

What the 'afterward' was of this keenly-felt chastening of love the next three chapters will tell.

CHAPTER VII.

Winchester.

OUR next appointment was to the ancient city of Winchester. For the first time in my long public career we started to our new destination from opposite points; my dear wife and daughter from Teignmouth, and I from Alverstone, in the Isle of Wight, having, under the care of my relatives, recruited my health. With thankfulness to our divine Benefactor we met at Bishopstoke, and proceeded to our new station. My daughter's first jotting after our arrival was:

'*Thursday*, *Sept. 2nd*, 1880.—A pleasant journey and a quiet little home'; never did we more fully appreciate a hearty welcome.

Every department of toil to which Miss Wesley had previously been accustomed, and with the duties and difficulties of which she had become familiar by experience, again opened to her; the painful discipline of the previous year had given her an increase of spiritual power in proportion to her extended opportunity; and she re-entered the field with a full consecration to God and His blessed service.

Our being stationed again among the military, and the prospect of toiling at the depôt of the King's Royal Rifles, and among others whom we had so well known, was a joy indeed. On our first Sabbath we

were hailed by those among whom we won our first triumphs, and very soon my duties as acting chaplain began; and under the approval of the genial commanding officer, dear Lizzie had free access to the barracks, to do all the good in her power. With the very field spread out before her, knowing, too, the influence which God had given her with this class of men and their families, she bounded into her work with enthusiasm.

A characteristic letter written to a Gravesend lady who had great sympathy with us states our position exactly:—

'WINCHESTER, *Feb. 15th, 1880.*

'MY DEAR, TRUE, OLD FRIEND,

'You would indeed be surprised to find we were sent to Winchester—it was decided just at the close of the Conference—and so here we are in a pretty little home which is about a quarter of an hour's walk from the chapel and city. The latter is a grand, solemn place with eighteen churches in it, and a glorious cathedral which is crowded every Sunday; but, alas! for our poor Methodist chapel—it is an elegant place, but nearly empty. There is no organ, no gallery, and somehow the place lacks a comfortable, Methodist look; but it is very pretty, and used to be well attended.

* * * * * * *

'I pray God we may help to raise the cause, but it will be a hard struggle. My father has no colleague; and, moreover, the places in the Circuit are distant; still, in view of all the difficulties, we are beginning our work with a cheerful heart. Surely God will help us! We had a kindly welcome, but I liked best of all the sight of several dear old faces. Corporal T——, 3rd 60th Rifles, Knowles, Griffiths and wife, Col. Sergt. Turner, and others—it made us feel at home at once—and did they not shake our hands! God bless them. I am hoping to have a Bible class for our true soldiers soon; in the meanwhile I go up to the married quarters, and see them at chapel; and, indeed, it seems as though Poole and Teignmouth was only a dream, and

that we had never left Gravesend. I do feel so happy to be in my old work again, and already God has touched one brave corporal's heart, and his wife's too, and I know that they are seeking Jesus. God always gives me so much gladness in any work I do for Him in the army. Is it my life-work? I have often asked.

'My own life-burden seems to be very like yours; but, thank God, "faith lends its realising light" to many of life's shadows; and we know that He is near, and will not let us have more to carry than we are able to bear.

'I so often feel that I am like that king of olden time who did not serve the Lord with a perfect heart. I do so long to be given up to Him fully; and yet it seems always as though I am *hindered* in this *entire devotion* for which I am praying every day.

* * * * * * *

'Our soldiers need a personal kind of help; "A word *for me*," not for the whole of our barracks—"button-hole preaching," as Mr. Spurgeon calls it.

'We have no vestry here, only a comfortless little class-room which I am going to try to improve; but we are so greatly in *need of* money here in the Lord's work. How strange it is that so weak a thing as money should really be so strong!

'I do hope that tiresome neuralgic pain has not come back again during these cold weeks; it is dreadful I know, and needs a heroine's patience to bear it. I don't think the old saint, Job, ever knew what that was. The climate of the land of Uz was too warm for neuralgia, I imagine; and for Mr. B—— I am sure you must be anxious. The trials always come together, but "*look up*." This is the one text of the sermon I am constantly preaching to myself, and as to the future of the journey, we need not really fear. Good-morning. May you have heart sunshine to-morrow and always is the prayer of,

'Your true friend,

'Miss T——y.' 'E. A. WESLEY.

This admirable letter recognised God's presence in our life-trials, and His help in the cheerful prosecution of our life-work; and by honouring Him success had

already begun, and there was the full expectation of its continuance, despite our difficulties. The question she had so often asked respecting the work she did for God in the army, and in the performance of which He always gave her so much gladness, has now received its answer—'Is it to be my life-work?' It *was* her life-work; but it was *speedily*, though *heroically*, done!

At the beginning of this new enterprise, Lizzie needed some young lady friend on whom she could rely to give her countenance in her meetings, when her father was engaged in ministerial duties. Calling one morning at a shop in the city to make some enquiry, a retiring, educated young lady was so irresistibly attracted by some influence which Lizzie unconsciously exerted upon her, that she voluntarily attended our service on the following Sabbath morning, and became one of her most sympathetic and effective helpers to the end of our stay in Winchester.

The comfortless class-room at the chapel was made to assume a cheerful aspect. She put a piece of bright carpet on the floor, a table in the centre with some flowers, and relieved the blank walls by mottoes, the chief one being, 'Christ for me,' so that it soon became an attractive resort; and very cosy it was, with a good fire in an evening. Small handbills, like the following, were freely circulated, inviting the men: 'To our Soldiers! You are affectionately invited to a Soldiers' meeting, which is held every evening, at seven, in the Wesleyan Schoolroom, St. Peter's Street, Winchester. You will find a comfortable room, some cheerful company, and many of your comrades there.' These hearty invitations, given by a lady, were sure to be complied with; and her anxious effort to interest

them on their first visit would secure their presence again.

To attract people to the chapel, a Mission Band was formed; Miss Wesley drew up the rules, had faith in God, and the workers were soon forthcoming. She had prepared a comprehensive scheme which required but little modification, providing for open-air services, tract distribution, the visitation of the slums, and invitations to the services. She threw her energies into this mission-work, and all caught the inspiration of her zeal.

We happily succeeded also in getting the slow time of our singing quickened, and more heart thrown into it; and the introduction of the military element into the choir contributed to this greatly-needed improvement. Is it not seen that those who lag and are heartless in their singing are slow and unsympathetic in everything? A Service of Song, in which soldiers and civilians united, illustrative of the Life and Times of John Wesley, was given with great effect. The favourite hymns of the early Methodists were sung in the old tunes; and these, with the connective readings, placed us amid the thrilling scenes of the great Methodist revival. The soldiers could more easily have pursued the foe than chase the parts of this flying music; and it excited one's risible faculties to witness the difficulty they had in practising what some of us sung with so much ease when we were children. The effort excited deep interest; the grand old tunes were called for in our public services—some of those in which the fugue was not excessive were retained—and the congregation afterwards, instead of requiring to be pulled on, sang 'with the spirit and

with the understanding also.' In gaining this good result we were greatly indebted to Lizzie's influence.

The spirit of evangelism was now infused into our services—the true spirit of Christian aggression was animating our people, especially the young—and with soldiers and civilians mingling all over the chapel, the place had 'the comfortable Methodist look.' As the soldiers whom we knew so well at Gravesend left the well-filled sanctuary and the lively services, they would say, 'the old times are come back again, Miss!' Woe to the preacher, even if it were her father, if in his anxiety to preach to the Church on Sunday mornings, he had failed to impress the soldiers and keep them awake. She tested the value of sermons by their effects. On Sunday evenings we frequently held purely evangelistic services, enlivened by revivalistic hymns from our Mission hymn-book, with a plain, short sermon aiming at the conviction and conversion of sinners; and, instead of pronouncing the benediction as usual, closing with an hour of earnest prayer, varied testimony, and the leading of penitents to the Saviour. This style of service was thought to be an innovation by a few very occasional attendants, especially in a cathedral city, where everything was expected to be regular, systematic, and respectable; and besides, they did not like being obliged to remain and listen to the prayers of the laity. If a lady prayed publicly it was deemed to be intolerable, even though it were a mother praying for her children, or a teacher for her scholars. Many a regular attendant at the chapel has met me at the close of a Sabbath and said, with a beaming face: 'I can't believe it is Winchester, Sir; the services are full of life.' Nor were we alone in

laying ourselves open to the charge of ecclesiastical irregularity; for we had the joy, on two Sabbath evenings, of listening to the same tunes and the same hymns sung by two thousand persons of all denominations in the grand old cathedral, all the Nonconformist choirs of the city joining in concert, accompanied by the thunder of the powerful and subduing organ. The pure Gospel preached with the 'vehement simplicity' of Canon Wilberforce, and the free salvation hymned forth by thousands of human voices, and closed by the rapturous chorus of personal appropriation:—

> 'Hallelujah! 'tis done! I believe on the Son;
> I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One,'

produced an impression that will last for ever. On a much smaller scale, we had conversions in our own place of worship, which little sanctuary one of our most distinguished commissioned officers once designated 'a cathedral in miniature.'

Every kind of influence my daughter could exert was directed in the house of God, and out of it, to the salvation and improvement of members of the congregation. On Sabbath mornings she might be seen, at different opportune stages of the service, moving about so gently and quietly as to escape observation, and placing a small slip of paper with a very short piece of pencil in the hand of one and another person in the congregation. Since her death, the secret has been revealed, that each slip asked an important question, and when the pencil accompanied it, an immediate answer was expected. Two of these slips are now before me, with the questions and answers:

'Do you love Jesus?' A. Robinson, 'Yes.' 'Does Jesus save you now, friend Allen?' 'I feel very happy in Jesus.' These searching questions would lead the individuals to self-knowledge; and they gave Lizzie a knowledge of their state which enabled her to adapt her efforts to each case so as to secure her all-absorbing object. The practical value of such knowledge to such a worker was incalculable. As we left home for the evening service, she would say: 'Now, papa! for a thoroughly evangelistic service:' and, by the help of God, we had it. We sometimes had several cases of conversion from among the worst of the people in this public way: Miss Wesley's help in securing them was invaluable; and for purposes of aggression they were of immense service, both among soldiers and those in civil life.

Having the ever constant conviction that her mission in Winchester was specially to the soldiers, she was faithful to her voluntary vow; she addressed each soldier she met, gave him one of her tracts, with a word of kindly advice, and an invitation to their own evening meeting. She lost caste with some who would gladly have cultivated her acquaintance, and received marked slight from others; but nothing diverted her from her purpose. 'I have no wish to walk with Miss Wesley again,' said a lady who had called for her; 'for she left me to speak to one soldier after another, and even darted across the street to get access to them.' 'Ah!' exclaimed another, 'Miss Wesley will soon grow tired of that!' However keenly she felt unkind words or treatment, she had only time for a gentle and silent reply, as she hastened to do work for Jesus. The officers and men, however, soon valued

her services, recognised their results, and treated her with the respect due to a lady. A young lady accompanied a dear friend of ours on a few hours' visit to Winchester, when Lizzie had spent two years in her work in the city; and a letter of sympathy which our visitor wrote her mother after her death, bears unexpected testimony to the influence she wielded over the numbers they met wearing the Queen's uniform in the streets that day, and the gentlemanly respect they paid her.

'CHESTER, *August 30th, 1885.*

'DEAR MRS. WESLEY,

'I have been deeply touched on reading the memoir in the *Recorder* telling of your sad bereavement this week, and must tell you how deeply I sympathise with you and Mr. Wesley. I have such a lively remembrance of your united kindness the only time I was ever at Winchester, when I was the guest of Mrs. T. C——, of Bushey Down. How self-denyingly Miss Wesley would go with us and show the lions of the place, and then accompany me to the Cathedral; and after tea she would go with us to the inn, and see us drive off. I am sure she was much fatigued. And how astonished I was to notice that every soldier we met saluted her. When I made a remark to that effect she smilingly replied, "O yes, they all know me and are my friends." Dear Miss Wesley! I have not lost the influence of that brief meeting yet, and often think of her when passing down these Chester Streets (now I reside here) and meet so many soldiers. It is a heavy trial to you that the Master called her first; a little waiting, and you will know all about it.

'May the Lord bless you, and sustain you to the end, is the prayer of one who thinks of you with tender Christian regard.

'ANN KIRTON.'

Two or three hours spent in the society of our daughter had left an influence on this young lady which years had not effaced, and will not efface.

The soldiers' evening meeting became very popular, the men regarded it as their own; and while Miss Wesley was the presiding spirit, she trained the men to take part in it, and was assisted by a small and faithful band of civilians. The meeting varied in its character: one evening it would be evangelistic; another, for the work of Temperance; then it would take the form of a Bible-class, with free discussion; and sometimes it would be a cheerful entertainment. In the hands of Miss Wesley or her father it was safe. When they spent a bright social evening—with readings, recitations, and vocal and instrumental music—it was infinitely better in itself, in its associations, and in its results, than they would have had in the gay and corrupt world. We tried to make the men feel that, for the time being, it was a *home*. Had the meeting been strictly and unvaryingly religious, many who were attracted by the gathering, who were mentally, socially, and morally improved, and at length saved, would never have entered the room, and might have remained under deteriorating influences till they had been ruined. The meeting was always of such a character as to render it quite proper to begin and close with prayer. To this evening gathering Miss Wesley gave her best attention, and prepared for it most carefully. Our residence being some distance from the city, it was customary for several military and civilian friends to accompany her home as an escort, and on the way a programme was generally struck out for the next evening.

The following notes of her address at one of her annual meetings will be found interesting:—

'The Old Year—Memories of our Little Room.

1. 'Thanks for the room, gas, fire.

2. 'Improved singing. There is a heartier ring now.

3. 'Pleasant evenings. Not just now to mention religious influences—elevating music and songs—Temperance work—struggles against drinking habits—good company—kindly—true.

4. 'Unity. There has always been an unselfishness in our meetings—a giving up of our own way in trifles. We can never all think alike—especially in religion—doctrines avoided as much as possible: Church, Nonconformists, Catholics—all welcome. No jarring notes here; God help us always to sing in tune!—never to fall out by the way.

5. 'Very much earnest work in bringing in comrades; and joy of reaping has been ours and theirs. We will work till Jesus comes; joy of harvest.

6. 'As to the future—altered lives—careful of our words—silent example—"Blue ribbon"—earnest, whole-hearted service—'claiming a brother" to fight in our regiment.

7. 'Kindness *to me* personally.'

The powerful address which this outline suggested in a review of their year's work, success, and pleasure, was an inspiration; and there was much that was divine in the response to it.

Miss Wesley's labour of love in the married quarters, in hospital, and in the cells of the immense barracks was what no lady, perhaps, had ever attempted, for it was done for the sick, the sinful and unhappy, and not for declared Wesleyans only. The kind-hearted sister of the commanding officer and Miss Wesley were the only two ladies to toil in this large field.

A true picture of the work in which she delighted was given in a letter to a lady when on a visit to Brighton for a little rest and change in July, 1881. Here is an extract:

'Before mother was ill, I was for a fortnight nursing

one of our poor soldier's wives. I went to see her one day, and found her ill in bed of inflammation of the lungs. Several neighbours and their babies looking on—her own baby swinging over her head in a hammock—and her little boy of three years crying for his dinner. Common humanity led me to take the command, and we pulled her through together, as the doctors say. Best of all, she and her husband found the Saviour during that sorrow.'

In this barracks picture, given in a few touches from her pen in a hasty letter, Lizzie has graphically grouped babyhood and boyhood, want and crying, stern necessity and motherly invention, helpless illness and idle on-looking; and it was only one of many similar scenes in which she was so true to her 'humanity' as to become nurse to a soldier's wife and children till health and strength and joy brightened the soldier's home. Ah! the joy of having changed the sad scene in that married quarters of the Winchester barracks was traceable to 'humanity' acting out the behests of Christ-like benevolence; and we are not surprised that, as in many other cases, that grateful couple should have been won for the Saviour.

The sergeant sent me his own testimony, and my daughter sketched the encouraging case, with several more, to refresh our memory for public addresses, and the substance of the two may be usefully given. We knew him as a recruit in Gravesend; and on receiving a kindly welcome from him at Winchester, we were glad to find that he was making his way in his profession. But he was godless—declined to attend our meetings—and, rather than meet my daughter and listen to her conversation on the claims of Christ, he

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would eddy round the corner as only a gymnast could, and go a mile out of his way. Yet, as he states, though he gave excuses instead of being present at her meetings, her consistency—kindness—prayers—and perseverance in doing good, constrained him to yield to the Holy Spirit, give up sin, and decide for God.

The narrative of the sergeant shows what a battle it was of which our heroine 'took the command,' and how persistently it was fought out before he would yield to the Redeemer's benign sway. 'In the month of May, 1881, my wife was taken seriously ill, and not expected to live, when Miss Wesley, who had been a constant visitor at barracks, and of my quarters, and who had never allowed an opportunity to pass of speaking a few words to me of the love of Jesus, gave herself up to nurse my sick one. For a whole fortnight, from eight in the morning till seven or eight o'clock in the evening, the hours at which I began and finished my duty, was she found watching the afflicted one and administering various nourishments which were ordered by the doctor every half-hour, and all of which she prepared herself. As I returned home during the day for meals, I was always met with a few words from the good old book, and a short prayer to God for the restoration of my wife's health and the salvation of my soul, and during meals she would often say in conversation, "God has brought this sickness for your good;" but I was blind to all spiritual matters, and only left thinking what a kind good lady she was to sacrifice her time and comfort to attend one who was almost a stranger. About two months afterwards, my wife was able to leave home for change of air, and being left alone, I thought very much of Miss Wesley's kindness, and of

the words she had spoken to me, but especially did the words impress me, "This affliction is for your good."'

My daughter's record states the slow steps by which he was led to decision: 'After his wife was raised from what all thought would be her death-bed he would come to chapel, just inside, on Sunday evenings, yet when asked to stay to the prayer-meeting he always said, "No." But one night after a sermon from a Richmond student (Mr. Jenkins) he was induced to remain by a bit of tact. We blocked up the way and he could not get out very easily. When the meeting was over the Christian friend talked to him once more of the great power for good his life might be. "I know it," he said, and for the first time the merry face was saddened and thoughtful, and the hot tears fell thick and fast. Mr. Jenkins came and spoke to him once more of the far-off land to which he was going to work for God. "I was there once," said the sergeant, "but do not think I did much good there except in fighting because our Queen told us to do so. I did the best I could of that sort of work." At the close of another Sabbath, he returned to his lonely quarters under deep conviction of sin.'

The sergeant's account of the sequel shall close the narrative.

'Feeling very miserable, I had some conversation with a Christian man in the barracks, and then went to my quarters—closed the door—thought over the words that had been said to me—and remembering how Miss Wesley had prayed for me there, I was led there and then to trust in Jesus as my Saviour. At the first meeting afterwards, I was obliged to go and tell Miss Wesley her prayers had been answered. I

shall never forget that meeting, though very few in number, only Miss Wesley, Mr. Wesley, and myself, but it seemed the very gate of heaven, for it was my first confession of Christ. This was the way I let Miss Wesley know that Jesus had saved me. How she did thank God! I shall never forget it. I gave myself up at once to God's service, and in His strength we worked together; our soldiers' meeting soon became famed throughout the garrison and city, and many of my comrades were brought to Christ in the meetings. Having acquired some spiritual strength to keep my ground, I could write to my wife and tell her of my changed life; and on her return home, I felt that I must make a bold stand and start, and so at once commenced family prayers, which I fear I should not have been equal to had my wife been at home when I was converted to God. So I always feel that the sickness was for good.

'Some time afterwards I was promoted, and sent to Aldershot, and I promised God I would work for Him in any way He would please; and before many weeks had elapsed, I was put on the Wesleyan Local Preachers' Plan, was also appointed leader of a class, and have continued to work in this way ever since.

'Soon after our arrival at Aldershot, my wife was brought into the glorious light of the Gospel through letters from Miss Wesley, and by an address from the Rev. Pelham Stokes, at a Blue Ribbon Meeting, the influence of these being taken to God in prayer in her own retirement. After some time had elapsed, she had another attack of illness which lasted twelve months, two months of which she was confined to her bed. Then again Miss Wesley visited her, travelled from

Winchester to Aldershot to do so, and stayed with her two days. Little hope was entertained of her recovery, but we pleaded with God again, and asked the fulfilment of the promise (James v. 15), prayer was answered, and to the surprise of the doctors, she was again restored to health; and we are serving the Lord together.'

This letter is dated Winchester, Oct. 25th, 1884, and signed,

G. F. F——g,—Staff Sergeant.

It was remarkably providential that soon after we left Winchester the sergeant was again quartered there, and gave his services where and when they were so greatly needed. This case has been given fully, to show with what thoroughness Miss Wesley did her Lord's work.

A young Wesleyan soldier, who had won the esteem of his superiors and comrades, came home from Egypt with sadly broken health, and was lying in our hospital buoyed up by a hope of recovery as delusive as it was flattering. We all felt deep interest in him, and gave him all the attention which our knowledge of his case required. The deleterious effect of climate, and the tug of war, had stolen from his once vigorous frame all rallying power, and he slowly sank and died. His large and imposing funeral, at which the writer officiated as chaplain, was one of the most affecting scenes we had ever witnessed. His remains were committed to the grave at the close of a gloomy November day, in the year 1882, and his bereaved sister and uncle, having spent a few hours in suitable converse at our quiet home, bade us adieu, and the writer resolved that the next evening, being the

Sabbath, the service at the chapel should have special reference to the event of the young brave soldier's death. To my astonishment, on the Sunday morning, my daughter placed in my hand a very pathetic and yet stirring paper which she had written during the night, instead of taking sleep and rest. This tender and yet practical elegy had only to be read to lead to the resolution to give every word of it at the close of the sermon on the Sabbath evening, stating, that a soldiers' friend had prepared it for that solemn occasion. The entire paper, so quickly and self-denyingly produced, deserves to be preserved as a proof of her genius, earnestness, and goodness. It is as follows:—

'A paper prepared by Miss Wesley, and read by her father in the Wesleyan Chapel, Winchester, on the occasion of a young soldier's death, Sunday, November 19th, 1882.

'Among the thousands of our soldiers who went to Egypt at their country's bidding, perhaps none deserved our sympathy more than our Army Reserves —men who had already fought our battles, and who, when called up, were just settling down to civil life. Some were in business; others in situations which had taken them time and trouble to obtain: these they were called to leave; and others left still more precious things behind—a wife and children, or a new-made home. But soldier-like, when England expected them to do their duty, they were ready; and Her Majesty has had no truer soldiers in camp or in field than were the Army Reserves. Many of these gathered here for praise and prayer ere they sailed for Alexandria, and we commended them to God's care.

'Among these are some who were wounded, but

who, in pain, and suffering, have now their great Commander near to cheer and comfort them. Others are quietly working for God among their comrades, and bravely enduring persecution and ridicule. Some have already returned home to England with glowing tales of victory and thrilling stories of how the fields were won with the roar of cannon; or more strangely still, in silence and quietness so hushed that a child might have fallen asleep there.

'"I am glad I was ever called up from the Reserve," wrote one of our soldiers from Cairo, a few weeks ago, "I am a better man for it, and I mean, by God's help, to give up my old ways and try to be good and serve God." And when he called to see me on Friday last, I could tell by one look at his face, that his words were true, and that in the struggle between right and wrong he was winning. "I am glad I am spared, Sir," he said, "I only had this scratch on my forehead, and though I have a bad cold, Miss Robinson's warm woollen jersey and nice scarf (God bless her) will soon put me all right. I am glad I am home again."

'While he spoke, I thought sadly of those who never would come back, and of mothers and fathers and friends whose hearts would ache with waiting for a footstep they would never hear again.

'In our own garrison hospital, for several weeks, there has been lying a young soldier who, in India and Egypt, has known the full meaning of those two words—"Active Service," and who in the late war took his place among the brave Reserves—Florentine Alfestone. I mention his name, for there may be some of his comrades here to-night who came home in the earlier return ships, and had soon to go to our hospital

to get "patched up" before going on leave. But the climate of foreign countries and the exposure and wear of a soldier's life had done their work too surely; and when I gave the young soldier a welcome home, he was lying hot with fever and tired with restless tossings. His eyes were bright and his cheeks were hectic flushed; but he was young, and there was a hope expressed by his kind doctor that he would get over this somewhat sudden attack; and so, day after day, faithful comrades watched beside him, and Christian friends would try and help the sufferer to bear his pain, telling the old old story of the Saviour's love. Sometimes he would talk of Tel-el-kebir and of his comrades there who fought side by side with him; or of his sister, the only near relative he had in the world, and whom he hoped to see when he got better and went on furlough. But the days went by, and the young life was rapidly ebbing away. Whither? "To GOD!" was our anxious prayer; and many joined with us in our pleading. "Is Jesus your Saviour?" a lady visitor asked the dying soldier. "Can you yet say *my* Jesus?" "I am trying," was the answer given; "but I am sorry I did not come to Jesus *before*. If I had my life over again, I would do very differently." "But it is not too late now," said his anxious friend. "Jesus still says, 'Come unto Me.' He is willing to forgive all who are sorry for their sins. Try to believe that Jesus saves you now." An earnest pleading light came into those dying eyes, and eager lips said, "My Jesus, my Jesus;" and then he talked of the time when he had first heard of Jesus, and he whispered the name of his faithful loving Sunday-school teacher. God grant that all Sunday-school teachers in this chapel to-night may re-conse-

crate themselves to their holy work, so that even in death their names may be remembered; and "It may be that the children you have led with patient hand will be found among your jewels when you reach the better land." That evening the old prayer which has been breathed so often in castle and cottage was heard again in that hospital ward :—

> "While I draw this fleeting breath,
> When my eyes shall close in death,
> When I rise to worlds unknown,
> And behold Thee on Thy throne.
> Rock of ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee."

Word after word was slowly spoken by the one who was so soon to pass into the world unknown. Perhaps it was the last prayer your comrade said, except the oft-repeated "My Jesus;" for as the evening wore away, he seemed tired and almost unconscious of any thing, except that his sister Kate was near and he had longed so to see her. And then, when morning came, the watchers said softly—"He is dead": God's messenger of death had come. We laid him to rest yesterday just when our soldiers in the great city were receiving a glad welcome from their Queen. There was for him no shout of greeting, no medal or decoration; only a wreath of fair white flowers laid across the sword, and the presence of comrades, kind and true. The minister read over again "the wonderful words of life," and so we left him to sleep in a soldier's honoured grave.

'But is your comrade in the palace of the King?' Was the door of heaven opened to let him in though so late he knocked? These questions we must leave.

God does answer a dying prayer for pardon. The "Lord remember me," was answered by the "To-day shalt thou be with Me." But do not put off getting ready for death until five minutes before your soul is required of you. You may never get even five minutes. Come to Jesus now. Before you leave this chapel, you may be able to say "*My Jesus.*" Jesus is here. He is listening. Is anyone saying "Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee?" When *our* death hour comes, may we be ready!'

This event of the young soldier's death was influential on the garrison—the service in improvement of it had a salutary effect on the men who attended it—and the interest of it was deepened very much by the earnestly written paper which was read on that day.

Shortly afterwards the Christmas and New Year's festivals came: these Miss Wesley shall describe in her own words:—

'Christmas was a grand time. We had our room decorated, a Yule log, music, books, refreshments, friends; and all made it look very much like home. I gave up my Christmas and New Year's time to making them happy, and in winning them from the places of amusement and barracks, and I was more than repaid; for it was, I think, the happiest Christmas I ever had: when it was over, there was an abiding satisfaction. Ay, it was grand. The Child Jesus came to many hearts there, and He saved and blessed those gathered there. Some came from Egypt to rejoice with us—they had been true to the blood-stained banner. It cheered us greatly to see eight newly-saved ones kneeling with us at the Covenant service.' A page of her album records the self-written names of those who kept this happy Christmas, signed and dated by herself.

When all is brightness and festivity without, the dark side of life is presented in the barracks' hospital wards; especially when the word SILENCE meets the eye before the flights of steps are ascended, and at every turn. Every step has then to be light, and every word hushed, as though listening for the footsteps of death. So it was one day at the close of the year when we were requested to visit one of our sick soldiers. We might have known nothing of the man who had sent the request, if Lizzie had not first addressed him in the street, and invited him to the house of God. The wish for a visit was soon granted. We found the applicant ill, and we at once saw that he had superior intelligence, a strong power of will, and a force of character which if only regenerated, would have made him a great power for good. But alas! his nature was very much depraved, and all his powers were enlisted on the side of evil. He received our attentions gladly, though he did not then improve by them. There were in the same ward several who were dangerously ill. To one of these, whose sad case seemed in the fullest sense of the term hopeless, he introduced us, and he became his orderly. The tender sympathy with which my Lizzie approached the sinking man, her concern for his safety, and her nurse-like attentions to him in supplying him with everything she could think of to revive and refresh him, awakened in the dying soldier's heart emotions which appeared to have slumbered for many a year. He had endured hardness in many climes, had fought on many a field, had no relative to speak a word of comfort, and there he was lying on the verge of time without the least preparation for eternity, still clinging tenaciously to life, and up to the time of my

daughter's visit, we were informed that in paroxysms of pain he gave utterance to the most profane language. How instantly Miss Wesley entered into all the circumstances of the dying soldier, and at once adapted herself to them and to his benighted and sad condition, an extract from a letter lately received from his attendant shall disclose:—

'FORT MCLEOD,
'ALBERTA, CANADA,

'DEAR AND REV. FRIEND,

'How well I remember when I lay ill in the military hospital, Winchester, the first person I thought of was Miss Wesley. I sent for her and she came sooner than I expected. After doing her best to turn my thoughts to Christ, she said, "Now, Lilley, tell me, do you think I can do anything for your comrades who are lying ill around you?" O! what a smile lit up her face as I said I would try and help her. Do you remember I directed her to the bedside of a man named Condon of the 4th Batt. Royal Rifles? She approached him so kindly, and speaking to him about his health, she told him so beautifully of the "Happy Land" where there is no more death, and then told the dying soldier such a touching story, which I will write as near as I can remember it, with her remarks upon it, for the benefit of soldiers who may read it.

'During the time of the American war a young man left home secretly to join the army. His distressed father searched for him far and near, but without success. At last he heard that his son had joined the army; so he determined to go to the seat of war, and arrived late at night after there had been a great battle fought. Every soldier he met he asked if he could give him any tidings respecting his son, mentioning his name, but no one knew where he was. How could they where so many strangers were gathered together? At length, the father thought he would go over the battle-field and search among the dead and the wounded. He reached the battle-field, stopped at one fallen soldier after another, and stooping down, he whispered "John, my son!" He went about thus for several hours, at last he came to a poor man

who lay bleeding from the effect of a shot-wound, and bending over him said "John, my son—John!" The poor wounded soldier hearing the familiar voice, found just strength enough to raise himself up and say, "My father!" Try and think of the joy of the father as he clasped his lost son in his arms, wiped his pale cold face, and took him home to cure him of his wounds. Condon, you have a Father who loves you so dearly that He sent His Son to die for your sins. You, too, like the young man in my story, have left your Father's house. You, too, have gone astray, and your heavenly Father is now saying "My son, give Me thy heart." He is waiting now to welcome you home. He is only waiting for you to repent of your sins and trust in His Son, and He will forgive you for the sake of Him who died for you. Oh! my friend, repent while it is yet day, ask God to pardon you, turn to Him before it is too late, and He will help you safe through "the valley of the shadow of death." She said much more that I have forgotten; but never did I hear such a beautiful sermon. Her heart was truly in her work, and the dying soldier was deeply affected. She ministered to his temporal as well as to his spiritual wants; and after praying with him, left him. The soldier gradually grew worse, and I left my bed to attend to him. Every time he wanted me after Miss Wesley had left him he would call out "Father!" and after telling me his wants he would ask "When will that lady come again?" On the night before he died, Miss Wesley and you paid him your last visit. At about four o'clock in the morning he called "Father." I answered, and he said, "Put your arm round my neck and pray for me, for I am dying, and do not know how to pray." About half an hour afterwards he said, "Send for the lady, I am going. Oh! the lady who prayed for me yesterday, I want her to pray for me *now*, send for the lady." These were nearly his last words. As he was dying he said "Oh! the lady—tell the la—Father—God—home—I wa—nt the la—dy." These were his dying words. The above, dear sir, needs no comment from me. It shows how well adapted she was for service among our soldiers. I never saw one who understood soldiers better, or one whose words had more effect.'

We were soon informed that the poor soldier had passed away, and Lizzie's sorrow was bitter because,

yielding to my impression that he would last till the next day, she did not stay with him till the end came.

Occasionally we paid a visit to Netley Hospital, when men were there whom we called our own, from their having been under our influence for some years. One of these visits is recalled, especially as we had to meet our soldiers as invalids, or wounded. It was Coronation Day, and we were taking our Sunday-school children and teachers for their annual treat, but we had soldiers among our party, or it would have been sadly wanting. The hospital was a great attraction for us in the midst of our pleasures, and gave us the opportunity of brightening our loyal and brave men. A letter of my daughter's gives her account of the visit: 'I went to Netley Hospital a fortnight ago; it is a pretty place, and our poor sick soldiers are well and tenderly cared for. We had a hearty and loving greeting from dear old Gravesend Rifles. It was worth something to claim as an old friend the brave L——s, of the good old 3rd 60th—only one hand left now; his left arm was amputated on the field, after he had been lying for many a weary hour, and when he did try to get on his feet and struggle across to some place of shelter, the Boers shot at him again. The wretches! L——s told me that there he first found the old sweet story true that we used to tell him in Gravesend.'

Miss Wesley was perfectly acquainted with the plan of salvation, which contributed so greatly to her success with the soldier. The following cases will help to make this plain:—

'Private Crane, an educated lad of seventeen; sad—just as runaway boys look—drinking hard to drown sad thoughts. A Christian worker noticed him, standing

at the guard-room door, and asked him to attend her meetings. He told her one day of his going from home. He was in an office of the West India Docks, and instead of going home one night he went away with wild companions and never returned to his office or his home: for a year he was away, and meanwhile enlisted. He was just longing for some one to lead him back to a better life. With reluctance he gave his mother's address. He said "He knew she never would forgive him." He did not know the depths of a mother's loving heart. Her letter of forgiveness came by the next post. He was soon after sent to Ireland. He has now been in India six months, very happy in God, and bravely working for Temperance.'

Private Clark, prison warder, was by Miss Wesley truly won for Christ, and became remarkably consistent. His testimony is thus recorded by his Christian friend: 'Thank God some one took me away from the cursed life I was living; and there are plenty others like me, tired of it—they only want some one to get them away.'

Private Brown's was another triumph of grace. His letter declaring his slow but sure change was just to hand as my daughter wrote: 'We wondered for two years after he left our garrison for India why he never wrote, and now this message has come. "I never meant to write to you, until I was a Christian. I have decided for God now; and I have His free salvation."' The subsequent letters from this intelligent soldier tell of his steadfastness and zeal.

Sergeant Kennedy, after leading a gay life in India, became a humble Christian; his wife embraced religion, and in painful affliction felt its consolation;

three of their children also, with their parents, joined the Church. Their mother, after enduring a long affliction with Christian patience, has lately passed away in triumph.

A Christian worker said to Corporal Pearce as he left for the Cape, 'Will you meet us in heaven when the war is over?' Since then, in battle oft, in Africa and Egypt, the words have followed him. He is an earnest worker with the good American Mission in Cairo, happy in the Lord, and now gone with his comrades to follow their brave General Gordon, for life or death. The correspondence of this Christian soldier greatly encouraged us. In a letter now before me written at Cairo, December 6th, 1882, he enclosed his Temperance pledge, duly signed, and resolved by God's help to be true to it; he gives an impressive account of the solemn night-march from Kassassin to Tel-el-kebir on which they entered at a moment's notice, not knowing who would come back next day; he expresses his thankfulness for time for reflection during the march, and for being brought out of the battle without a scratch; and states that in this most serious time of life he felt the effect of the 'Good-bye' which he received from his Christian friends at Winchester. Another letter dated Abdin Barracks, Cairo, March, 1883, sends usual hearty thanks for letters and papers; states that he has adopted my daughter's advice and placed his money for some time in the Regimental Savings Bank, rather than in the Canteen Fund; and that the number of total abstainers in his regiment was 104, and in Egypt 1,700. He expresses the greatest affection for his chaplain, the Rev. Arthur H. Male, and the deepest regret on the failure of his health, with

the hope that he would soon be able to return to them. It is gratifying to record the testimony of this corporal to his chaplain: 'He is a good minister, and a kind man to all of us.'

Some people do not feel interested in soldiers or in work among them, but I have known some of these persons wonderfully alter; if their boy enters the army they soon write to the minister and say, 'I hope there is some Christian who works for God among soldiers where Jack is gone. And will *you* please look after my boy?' It was not one of this class who wrote, twelve months ago, but a grand soldier—now retired. He said, 'My boy has enlisted. I am very anxious about him. Can you find him out?' He was at chapel the first Sunday evening after leaving home. A lady said to him in the prayer-meeting, 'Is Jesus your Friend? You will want Him now you miss your dear ones at home.' 'I wish He were my Friend,' said the young recruit. He sought and found Jesus immediately. His brother likewise a month ago, under similar circumstances, was led to the Saviour. And then came a letter glowing with warm and grateful thanks, such as only a Christian father who had been in the ranks could write.

Sergeant Wall, late of the Rifle Brigade, was sent from Ireland to complete time in the depôt at Winchester, where he was being gradually led from the narrow way into sin. A lady invited him one evening in the street to her soldiers' meeting; the invitation was accepted, and that was the means used by God in bringing his wandering child back. For some time our friend remained and bore faithful witness amongst his comrades to God's power to save and keep from sin

in the British army, and amid city temptations. He became one of our most thoughtful, steady, and reliable helpers, and was made very useful. He is at the present time witnessing for the Master in private life. But for the seasonable invitation of our departed one, who can tell what might have resulted?

Our next case has more than a touch of romance in it, but from dear Lizzie's pen it is circumstantially correct, and is only a fair illustration of her lady-like tact and cheerful style of doing good:—

'When the Army Reserves where called up for active service in Egypt one bright July day, a party of school-girls and two friends had been enjoying themselves in the country. They were returning home laden with flowers and dressed up in rather fantastic fashion with leaves and flowers, as girls know how. They were mounting an awkward country stile, and succeeded in getting over, except one who could not quite manage it so well, when they noticed four soldiers coming round a corner of the lane. They did not look very soldier-like: at least it was evident they did not belong to the "Blue Ribbon army." One of them called out: "You had better wait till we come up, Miss, and we'll help you over the stile." The lady in question was very angry; and after she had got safely on *terra firma*, was going to make some angry retort, when one of their number, more used to soldiers, said very quietly: "Thank you for your kindness; it was very good of you to offer to help us over a difficulty: British soldiers are always ready to do that; these country stiles are very awkward, but we have managed nicely." The soldier stared, and one tried to say something to apologize for his comrades; but failing that, he walked

away, and the lady was left alone with the three. She talked to them of the coming war, and asked them if they were ready for service? "*Yes!*" they answered; and one more vigorous than the rest wished Arabi was there that minute—he would soon put him out of the way, he knew. So the lady said: "As your baggage is all ready, and your courage too, I suppose you are not *afraid* to go out and *die* if you are hit." There was no answer this time; and for a moment they listened to the story of the Cross, and then invitation papers were given to the meetings for soldiers. "Good-bye," said she; and the lady joined her companions. Two evenings after, a gentleman brought into the meeting a soldier who was certainly very unready for service, though it was the same one who on a previous evening had been wishing Arabi and himself in close vicinity. "This is the right place, Sir; that's who asked me to come!" he said, pointing to the lady, who happened to be giving out a hymn. Before the close of the meeting he said, "I'm sorry I came; this is no place for me—I'm too wicked." The gentleman, who had happened to find the soldier in a street near (where he was slowly producing a worn-out looking invitation paper, and asking the way to that meeting), spoke kindly to him, told him to keep sober, and come the next evening. A kind comrade who knew Scott, and was rejoiced at seeing him in a religious meeting, promised to see him safely into barracks, and to bring him down the next evening if possible. It was a tea-meeting, and his comrades put in a "pass" for him and kept it in their charge, and endeavoured to do the same for their comrade; but he slipped away into one of those public-houses always so conveniently

near, and he was missing at the meeting until late, when he came to ask "who had his pass?" His comrades were successful in getting him inside. The room was prettily decorated, and the singing seemed to interest him; but he pleaded so to be in a dark corner where no one could see a man who was half intoxicated. That was the last time Scott had ever such a request to make. The next evening he came to sign the pledge, which ever since he has kept. He left for Egypt brave for Temperance, and happy in God's forgiving love. When the war was over, he came to tell us of how he had been spared: "Only a scratch on my forehead," he said, "and I thank God for it; I am a better man for being called up in the Reserve;" and a few days ago I heard of him still bravely doing right.'

The friend who invited Scott from the street has sent the following account of his adventure, and the recent testimony of my late daughter to his continued stability: 'During the time of your ministry in Winchester, Miss Wesley was always urging me to do some work for the Lord, and my first response was wonderfully blessed. I went out one evening with Mrs. Payne to bring to the St. Peter's Street School-room any soldier we could meet. We found this man, Scott, under the influence of drink — invited him in; and he became deeply impressed by the words so beautifully spoken for the Saviour by Miss Wesley.' The extract of my dear daughter's relating to the faithfulness of this convert is:—'I heard yesterday from Scott, whom you brought to the meeting *rather queer*, before going to Egypt. He is doing bravely, but is out of work just now. He is true to his pledge

and to Christ.' It is a pleasure to add that this reformed soldier had several interviews with his benefactress during her last illness. May he be faithful unto death!

This unique case aids me in recalling another quite as illustrative of the pleasant skill which so admirably and instantly served her. On her way to an evening public service she was met by a number of soldiers, who were partially inebriated, and who very good-humouredly said: 'Will you go a walk with us, Miss?' 'Oh, yes!' was the instant reply. We can imagine how the men would be taken aback. 'But,' she instantly added, 'as gentlemen, you will allow the lady to choose the walk?' 'Yes, Miss,' they at once rejoined. 'Then I am going to the Methodist Chapel, and shall be glad for you to accompany me,' was her answer. They were so adroitly and pleasantly caught in their own net that they yielded, and she gladly conducted them to the House of God. Surely they could never forget that service; and we will hope that some truth was lodged in their memory and hearts like leaven in the meal.

My difficulty lies in selecting from the many cases of undoubted success which God gave to us in this garrison; but one more shall be added exactly as it was left by Miss Wesley, and as it has since been confirmed by Sergeant Prangnell himself.

'Among those who came home after fourteen years' service in India (and received a public reception into the city), and after brave work done in Afghanistan, was a sergeant who was by all admitted to be one of the most moral soldiers in Her Majesty's army—strict, yet kind—and a firm foe to anything wrong; but he

was practically infidel. Very quiet about his convictions; but said "he only cared to live a moral life, and then afterwards it did not matter."

'For some years while in India, a lady who works most effectively among soldiers (Miss Herdman), had been writing to him at the request of his brothers. Those letters had been a great help to him. If you have friends away in army or civil life, *write to them.*

'The sergeant came sometimes to chapel, and a Christian lady noticed the brave bronzed soldier—she spoke to him each time he came—and one day at last ventured to ask him to the meetings for soldiers which were held each evening. He came, as he said, because a lady asked him. He thought: "If a lady troubled to ask an old Indian soldier who could not be a very good man to come to the meetings, there must be some earnestness there, and he would come and see." He came regularly when *off* duty. The Christian workers agreed not to mention to him how they were longing to know he was trusting in Jesus instead of himself, but just to pray for him. Prayer was answered, and almost without any human aid, the sergeant came slowly out of darkness into light. "How could I have been in the dark all these years," he said. It was soon whispered among his men: "Our sergeant is different," and the charm of his holy life (so changed now—still careful to do right, but for love's sake), has already led his comrades to long to follow their sergeant to heaven.' Such was Miss Wesley's record of this true conversion.

Now we have the sergeant's own *testimony*:—

'I arrived in Winchester early in 1882, after spending a number of years abroad. I had been a Wesleyan in name for many years, but not in spirit. Miss Wesley was the first to hold out

the right hand of Christian fellowship to me, and she never relaxed her earnest entreaties, until she led me right into the clear noonday light and liberty of God's love. I attribute my conversion, as far as human agency was concerned, entirely to her.

In a home missionary meeting at Warrington, Lancashire, early in the present year, the death of Miss Wesley was deeply regretted. I took the opportunity of responding to the mention of Miss Wesley and her work, and by the minister's permission I rose and testified to the everlasting value of that departed one—of her never-to-be-forgotten work amongst our soldiers and others, and that it was by her that I was led to a clear knowledge of God's saving power. My testimony was received by seven or eight ministers and a large congregation with joy and gladness. —T. P. November 11th, 1886.'

After having honourably spent so many years in his country's service he has now an excellent wife, a happy home, a good position in one of our volunteer corps, and the prospect of doing good in the Church and the world.

Miss Wesley had her disappointments as well as her successes, and keenly did she feel their bitterness. Only those who have experienced them can tell the disappointments attendant on Christian toil among soldiers, where the dangers are so numerous, the changes so frequent, and the helps so few. After you have succeeded by persevering toil in effecting the moral recovery of men, hoping to see them improving under your own influence, and to have the benefit of their example and effort among their comrades, and then to hear that they are ordered away to distant stations, with but little hope of ever seeing them again, is a trial, which, though painful, may be borne because duty demands it; and by being scattered abroad, Christian soldiers may be made extensively useful.

After having by great personal sacrifice and the most determined effort won a desperado in folly and sin from the ranks of the enemy, and had the joy of witnessing his changed life, and indulging the hope of seeing him who was a curse becoming a great blessing to his associates, and then for a relapse to take place which utterly defeats your expectation; this is a calamity which wrings the soul of a Christian labourer with anguish. We have had cases in which a number of adverse influences have effectually combined to lead to the apostacy of some of the most hopeful. Here is an extraordinary case of conversion given in a letter which, among many others, gave us much joy and hope at the close of the year 1882.

'For weeks we have had meetings—or rather months—ever since the war, and nearly every night there have been blessed cases of conversion in our midst. This week a young soldier, who plays the harmonium at our soldiers' meetings, came to Jesus. He was a wandering boy, and had never written even to tell his mother that he was in the army. He wrote on Monday to ask her forgiveness, and on Wednesday, in our little meeting, before his comrades, he sobbed aloud the sinners' only plea: "God be merciful to me." He is a well-educated young man, and I believe will be outright for Christ. Other stories would take me hours to tell, but you will rejoice with us I know. Salvation has indeed come to our little hallowed room.' This young man had led a life of gaiety and was the wit and soul of one of the saloons, at which he held the lucrative post of pianist. For a time he halted between the soldiers' meeting and the gaudy and noisy saloon; the latter seeming to have the stronger attraction for him. Miss Wesley feeling

the need of a soldier musician to take charge of the harmonium, prayed one night with great power that this young man might return to give this help. Two nights after that prayer he walked into the room uninvited, took his post at the instrument, renounced worldly pleasures, and kept his position as an able helper as long as the meetings were held. After our removal he fell away gradually, and my daughter gives in another letter *the reversal* of the wondrous change which had given her so much joy:—'My heart is sadly distressed this morning: one of our Winchester soldiers has deserted—he was one of the lights of our garrison—my chief helper in the work there. I have now to tell his dear mother the sad news. I can scarcely bear it; and how much more bitter will be her sorrow. I feel discouraged this morning, so much of my care and anxiety seems wasted. I can only go to the Comforter with this new and unexpected sadness.' My dear daughter's was the sorrow of disappointed benevolence, but not of despair, either of this once hopeful young man, or of others. Her sorrow did not lessen her efforts; for in the same letter, which was written while on a visit to 'The Yarrells,' Poole, she gives the following account of her work on her way thither: 'I had glorious meetings at Winchester on my way here. I spent two days there, and I shall never forget the overwhelming power we felt in our meetings. The attendance of soldiers was grand. I am hoping to have a Sunday there again on my way home.' By this glorious success, which is recorded in the very next sentence to this instance of relapse, it would seem that our great Commander had determined that His undaunted servant should not faint at the

standard, though the unfaithful one had deserted it, and that she should yet be inspired with hope of the wanderer's return.

Letter writing was Miss Wesley's delight, but also her danger, for she thereby imperilled her health. One morning at three o'clock, when her father implored her to retire to rest, she replied: 'My dear father, these letters must be finished, or they cannot go by the mails, and the poor fellows cannot have them.' Her convictions as to duty were so deep, strong and sacred, that she acted them out, and it only made us sad when we interfered with them.

In war times she examined the lists of the wounded, and selected the names of those she knew for the purpose of writing to them; her words of comfort to the bereaved friends of the slain were felt to be very precious; whilst those who escaped were led by her letters to thankfulness and devotedness to God.

A letter written to a wounded soldier was returned, as we suppose, on account of his death; yet we give it as a specimen of her tender letters to those on the battle-field:

'WINCHESTER, *Feb. 25th, 1881.*

'DEAR FRIEND FOR JESUS' SAKE,

'You will not remember me, but I remember you and your poor comrade, Merry, very well indeed; and when I saw your name among the list of our wounded soldiers, I felt I must send you the little message enclosed. I want you to "look to Jesus" very often: that is, I want you to pray to Him. I wonder if you are trying to love Jesus, or if in the hurry and bustle of battle you have forgotten your Saviour, but He does not forget you.

'Jesus is very near to you, though you cannot see Him. You will need a kind and loving friend in a foreign land and while suffering. Tell Jesus all about your needs, and He will help you.

'You have been brave soldiers for your Queen and old England; but I want you to be a brave soldier for Jesus if your life is spared; and while your other dear comrades have been called to die, God has spared you! Do consecrate your life to Jesus! Tell Him that from henceforth, whether you live or die, you will be a Christian. Will you read a little chapter in Isaiah xii.? I like the two first verses; and while you read I want you to feel that God's anger is turned away from you, and that He does comfort you. I wish I could come and see you and your poor sick comrades; but you are so far away. I pray for you very often, as I used to do in Gravesend; and if at any time you can write, I shall be so pleased to hear. I think you belong to Colour-Sergeant Overton's Company? I remember seeing you with him in Gravesend. Were you with poor Merry when he died?

'May God bless you, and make you a brave soldier for Him! Jesus is worth fighting for. 'Tis only noble to be good. I shall not forget to ask God to be with you in the hospital.

'Shall we meet in our Father's house above?

'I am, your friend for the Saviour's sake,

'ELIZABETH A. WESLEY.'

Miss Wesley's other work in Winchester embraced the following:—A children's class, a young women's Bible-class, a large Tract district, a Band of Hope of a hundred children, Temperance work among soldiers and civilians, inducing many hundreds to take the pledge and be true to it, and evangelistic effort among the lowest and most deeply fallen.

Only a few of the incidents of her toil can be given. At work among the slums one evening, a number of slum-Arabs were rudely grasping her tracts, when a stronger lad coming by said: 'If you annoy that lady, I'll knock you down.' Her own story, as given to a friend, was this: 'The city is very wicked. I went to give few tracts away the other Sunday night, and I was so besieged by the poor wretched children that I scarcely

know if I should have kept my ground (literally), if it had not been for the gallant efforts of a sweep lad, who defended me bravely. He asked the boys if they had forgotten their manners. So sarcastic the poor boy's remark seemed. I could not wonder when I looked at their homes and their wretched mothers. The old, old story seemed very welcome to them.'

One evening, at the beginning of a series of evangelistic services, the roughs savagely followed our Mission band on their march through the streets, mistaking them for the Salvation Army. The howling, and yelling, and threatening on reaching the chapel was so frightful as to strike the missioner pale with fear; and very glad was he to find himself within the sanctuary. But no sooner did Lizzie hear the mob, than she exclaimed: 'Now, Papa, here they are!—throw open the doors!—just the characters we want! let us go among them and get them in!' We walked down the steps, went right into the mob, and gave them the kindest invitation we could express in words. The appearance of a lady on the scene; her moving so calmly among them; her words of welcome—'Now, my friends, come in; we are holding these services specially for you! We will give you comfortable seats: do come in;' quite disarmed and silenced them, if they were not won. They looked into the lighted chapel—the existence of which some of them hardly knew before—their pent-up rage was quelled, their missiles fell: a few of the men entered, with a number of the youths, and the rest of the crowd quietly dispersed. Some of the youths came to the other meetings, became scholars in the Sunday-school; and we had reason to hope that much good was done.

We were alarmed one spring morning on hearing the wild screams of a neighbour's servant, and on looking out, it was too evident that the poor girl's clothes had caught fire, and in her fright she had ran to the street, and was all in flames. Dear Lizzie was soon on the spot, giving help, and talking to her of Jesus, till a cab could be obtained, when she took the charred girl to the hospital, and did not leave her till she had led her to the Saviour. Her mother and dear ones came in time to hear from her dying lips that Jesus had saved her.

Lizzie's account of this fatal accident, and the part she was called to play in it, was sent to a friend; it illustrates her readiness to make the best of all events. 'Last week was almost given up to a neighbour in bitter trouble. Her maid was fearfully burnt. I did not get to her in time to put out the fire, but I was in time to tell her of Jesus. I laid the poor burned face on my arm,—such a sight I hope never to see again—and soothed the poor dying one as best I could. I took her up to the hospital, and she died in the evening very blessedly trusting in Jesus.' She made this tragical event the theme of a striking paper which was read in the service on the following Sabbath evening as a message to the young girls of the city of Winchester.

We could tell of her toilsome efforts, accompanied by her father, for the recovery of missing, and it was feared, fallen girls, sometimes involving a long search through the city, with the aid of the police, who were always ready to help us, and who were delighted by success.

We cannot close the narrative of Miss Wesley's

career in Winchester without giving two testimonies to it from her helpers. The first is from the young lady who volunteered her services.

'My first acquaintance with Miss Wesley was thus made. One spring day I remember a young lady, with a sweet, pleasant face, coming to me and making a few simple inquiries about a former attendant at the Wesleyan Church, of which I presently learned her father was minister. I cannot tell what it was in her that attracted me so much, except that there was an indefinable charm of manner which, from that time until the last days of our friendship on earth, I always felt. I wished to know more of her, and on the following Sunday, although I had not decided to become a Wesleyan, I went to their church; the name of Wesley also having a great attraction for me. From that time I constantly attended there, became a member, and gradually fell into the work with her. Some of our happiest times were when we could get the class or school-room, filled with soldiers, over whom she had a wonderful influence, and to whom she would talk, as I never heard anyone else talk, in a simple, earnest, gracious way, so entirely free from the set phrases and stiffness of manner which some ladies who speak on religion assume.

'The secret of her great influence over them lay, I think, in her love and sympathy for them, which made itself felt in everything she said and did regarding them. On one occasion I remember her saying, as she often did, that she hoped to meet all of them in heaven. One replied, "Ah, Miss, I know *you* would let us in if you were there." She knew most of the histories of those with whom she came in contact, as well as their several cares and anxieties. It often surprised me that she, with her purity of heart, should understand, as she apparently did, their temptations, and feel so much pity for their weaknesses. Once, when the Reserves were ordered out to Egypt, we had several happy meetings, and many went away feeling better for them. In their letters to her afterwards, they spoke of the peace of mind and heart they had received there, and which remained with them through the hot conflict of battle and long, dreary marches which they were called upon to endure. The more degraded they were, the more compassion she had for them. I

have known her go into a barrack-room, where a soldier and his wife were having a drunken fight, and separate them, kneeling and praying with them. She could touch their hearts when they were hardened to every other influence. It was the same with the roughest boys, those that no one else could manage yielded and softened to her. The soldiers used to say that one of their greatest treats was to have a letter from her, which they carefully kept. Her letters were always charming, thoroughly characteristic, full of graceful ideas, and tastefully worded, as well as sympathetic and kind. Her heart was so large that it seemed to have a special place for all she knew. It might be truly said of her, "Love smote the chord of self, which, trembling, passed in music out of sight." It was almost amusing in walking down the street, to notice how frequently she stopped to speak to some one, generally the poor and lowly, and to watch their faces light up at the word of encouragement and gracious smile she would be sure to give them.

'I cannot say all that I should like in her praise; but her memory will remain with me unto the end of my life as one of earth's noblest and purest lives—a life in which there was no guile or thought of self, and as such resembling the Master's more than any I have ever known.'

'*August 3rd, 1886.*' 'LOUIE ROBERTS.

The other testimony is from a volunteer helper in her military services, a young man named R. T. Walker.

'My first introduction to Miss Wesley was on Easter Monday, 1881, when she was one of a party that left Winchester to attend the anniversary of the Village Chapel of Durley. We all enjoyed the hilarity of the ten miles journey, not excepting Miss Wesley, for a sunnier nature never existed. But she made the holiday a time of earnest work, employing the young men in distributing tracts and leaflets, a good stock of which she took care to have with her, and keeping up a pleasant rivalry between us, so that no passer by was overlooked, and the villages and hamlets had a good supply as we travelled on. I can never forget the journey; much real work was done, and it was so managed as to make it a time

of real enjoyment. This was the beginning of many bright and happy days of work in which I was privileged to share. A meeting held some time after left a lasting impression on my mind. It was during the Militia training; and at the close we were solemnly asked to promise her that, by God's help, we would meet her in heaven. The promise was made, and very soon those who had promised were scattered. One of her favourite rules was to have a certain hour at night, generally about ten o'clock, to pray for soldiers who had promised to kneel down by their cot-side to ask God's blessing, and to show that they were decidedly on the Lord's side. Many a timid soldier of Christ must have been helped by the recollection that many prayers were being offered for him at that time. Passages of Scripture, lines of hymns, and other sentiments were often given as mottoes—the well-worn one being, *Christ for me*. When the attendance had fallen off, it was a successful and favourite method for her to get a promise from each to try and bring one comrade with him at the next meeting. The moments of our walk with her from the Chapel to her home were occupied by obtaining help in reading, singing, &c., for the next meeting. She could not lose a moment, and she always had a word of advice, solace, encouragement, or whatever was needed for every one. I remember calling on business one Saturday morning, and she reverently knelt down and implored God's blessing on the work of the Mission band to be done in the country villages on the following day, and I took it as a proof of her interest in *all* Christian work. When we received tidings of the death of any of our men, or of their being wounded, the pointed question was put to *us* whether we should have been ready had it been us? One young fellow who gave his heart to God before he left us was seized with illness in Egypt, and died in a few hours. On her last Sabbath in Winton between the morning and afternoon service, she visited the Rifle guard-room, gave papers and books to the prisoners, and a few earnest and parting words.

'R. T. WALKER.'

On her father's last call at the orderly-room, the officer in command cordially thanked him for his services, and expressed his deep regret that he was

required to remove from the scene of his successful toils; and on meeting Lizzie a day or two afterwards, he said to her: 'Miss Wesley, we are all very sorry you are leaving us. I thank you for your self-denying attentions to our soldiers, their wives, and children. There is no one in these barracks who will not sadly miss you.'

On an evening to be remembered at the end of August, 1883, a large company of friends gathered in the school-room to say 'Good-bye' to us, and dear Lizzie looked on them for the last time: her father presiding. Her farewell words linger with us still, though four years have fled since they were uttered, and the speaker's voice is silent. There was the same smile upon her face—bright, but like the light of sunset—and the same tones, but it was too evident they were parting ones, though not having lost their sweetness. Struggling with deep emotion, she addressed the soldiers first, and began with a pleasant remark which at once identified herself with them from choice and gained their attention:

'The Wesleys are either fighting men or parsons. I belong to your minister and to you.

'When I came among your comrades I found so many were not free men. They would say they *were* free men if asked, belonging to the British army — that they were enlisted—not pressed; but there were hidden chains about them—so strong. You will remember the famous smith of olden time, who ignorantly employed himself in forging link by link his own chains; and so I found your comrades bound by their own chains; and by God's assistance I have tried to help to set them free. Only Jesus can really break the prisoner's chains, but if I have helped *one* English soldier to break off the fetters of sinful habit, I shall thank God with a glad heart—a weak hand very *often*, but it may have done something.

'Are *you* free?

'1. Are you bound by the chain of drunkenness? "We are free," I know some hearts are saying. It was a struggle, but you are no longer slaves.

'2. "Hallowed be Thy name," the sweet old prayer. "Swear not at all," the plain old command. Are you free from the habit of profanity? "Nearly so," say some. "Quite free," others answer.

'3. Evil companions. Out in the town, or in barracks—even there to a certain extent you can choose your associates. What of the town? Is Winchester city the better for your living in it or worse? I am ashamed of some of the companions our soldiers choose, and the red hot flush comes to my cheek when I see their so-called friends. Are you free? It used to be that civilians shunned you—the brave soldiers who might any moment be called to fight for them. It is not quite so bad now. A soldier stands on his own merits in the barracks, in the church, in the lodge, or in business matters. Be straight, truthful, polite, pay your debts, and you will win your way in the town if you *are* "only a soldier."

'4. Do you pray? Are you free to kneel down in your room? or are you enslaved by fear, or shame?

'I would like here to thank our soldiers, as the representatives of those who are absent too, for their kindness and courtesy to me. Six years in two garrison towns, and in intimate association with British soldiers, have taught me how they can treat a lady. Our Queen could not have had kinder treatment, or more loyal loving service. I would ask you to treat every woman as you have treated me, and for the sake of your mother and of every good woman you have ever known, avoid the bad and sinful, except to lead them to Jesus.

'Now, dear friends, where are your sins? On yourself individually, or on your Saviour? Oh! take your burden to Jesus.

'To my civilian friends I would say: These three happy years it has been easy to work, for I have had your loving sympathy and help. Sunday-school, Church, Temperance, and Garrison duty—all you have shared and lightened. My heart thanks you, and especially my helpers in my soldiers' work. Let me beg of you to be kind to the tiresome restless boys; they will be teachers in the school soon; and be sure take care of the girls. Give a

kindly welcome to our soldiers, a seat and book in Chapel, a hand-shake sometimes, and a word about home. Come to the meeting for them, read and sing for them; put a few bright flowers on the table sometimes, and most of all, tell them of Jesus, a soldier's best Friend.'

At the close of this address two unexpected, but very pleasing incidents occurred: First, The children of the Band of Hope presented Miss Wesley with a beautifully illuminated address. Secondly: The Church-class presented her with their photographs in a group; both were elegantly framed. These presentations were intensely gratifying to her, and she touchingly acknowledged them, assuring her young friends that she should ever love them and feel deeply interested in their welfare.

The following *is a copy* of the address with the motto text:—

'CHILDREN'S MEETING.

'"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

'WESLEYAN CHAPEL, WINCHESTER.

'*August 27th, 1883.*

'DEAR MISS WESLEY,

'We thank you very much for the nice meetings you have provided and kept up for us during the three years you have been here.

'We are very sorry that you are leaving us, we shall miss you more than we can tell, but we hope the meetings will be continued and that some day we may again see you with us.

'We will all love the Saviour so that we may get to heaven of which you have so often told us, there to meet to part no more.

'With love from

'THE CHILDREN ATTENDING THE MEETINGS.'

CHAPTER VIII.

Hounslow, Middlesex.

HOUNSLOW was now opened to us as the last field of our united toil. The effects of forty-four years of unstinted ministerial labour rendered it desirable for me to seek partial retirement; and no sooner was my wish known, than the offer was made me of the chaplaincy to the Wesleyan troops of the garrison at this place. The letter containing the proposal was scanned by dear Lizzie's quick eye, her heart instinctively responded to it, and my own was in unison; and, immediate decision being required, the offer was at once accepted.

Without delay we visited Hounslow to take a house; but at the beginning of our search she warmly said: 'Now, Papa! let us go and see the chapel;' and, quickly inspecting it and its adjuncts, she exclaimed, with a flash of delight in her eye, 'Capital premises for work, Papa!'

When anticipating our removal from Winchester at the end of 1882, Lizzie wrote to a young lady friend of hers as follows:—'My life has been more even and uneventful this year; *work* has been its chief feature—very happy too, on which I have felt our Father's smile. The year has only had a few big cares for me,

and our Father has always been my burden-bearer, so that with strong faith I can wait the dawning of the new year.

'Where shall be our home next Christmas is still a mystery; but God will guide. I dread the thought of going away from our garrison work. I shall feel as though half my life-joy has gone; but I do not think much about this forecast; God will always give us work to do.'

Without losing a day, the writer was introduced to the commanding officer (Colonel Kent), who received me as a Christian gentleman; and, on being informed of my daughter's interest in our soldiers, said: 'There is plenty of scope for Miss Wesley here, and I hope you will feel that you and your daughter have free access to the garrison at any time.'

We had never before been stationed among the cavalry; but, in addition to the several infantry corps at Hounslow, it was the depôt of the Hussars; Kneller Hall, our far-famed Military School of Music, and Hampton Court were also included in the range of my chaplaincy. This station was a large recruiting centre also.

It enabled us to plunge into our work with full patronage that our last commandant (Colonel Montgomery), with his thoughtful kindness, had written to his friend (Colonel Philips), the colonel of the 4th Hussars, informing him of our work among the men and their families at Winchester, expressing his sorrow at parting with us, and asking him to do anything he could to aid us.

Our work was promptly begun by inviting the soldiers to the church, to which only a few men had

been usually marched on Sunday mornings. We did not at the beginning commit the blunder of waiting for the men to come to us, but going to them with a few kind words, we succeeded; and to the voluntary service in the evening they came at once in large numbers, not a few of them hearing the word aright, and getting saved.

The barracks being a considerable distance from the chapel, the War Office sanction was obtained for holding a separate service, and our first parade service was held in the Barracks' School church, Dec. 16th, 1883, our theme being 'Jesus only.' From this time our parade service increased in its attendance and deepened in interest; the men felt it to be their own, and greatly enjoyed it; they threw great energy into the singing, and read each alternate verse of the lessons. Miss Wesley entered very heartily into her work.

A New Year's entertainment for soldiers and their families, and to which the police and railway-guards came by special invitation, was a most enjoyable occasion, and greatly widened our influence: military people, including a number of the Kneller Hall Band, civilians, and our young friends all combined to make it a complete success.

All classes now became one in heart, prayer, and effort; the ministers were intensely earnest, and the most blessed results were soon visible; hardly a Sabbath passing without souls being saved, so that the gallery of the chapel which had not been previously occupied was opened, and on Sunday evenings well filled, a large number of soldiers being present.

A series of Monday evening meetings was com-

menced for both soldiers and civilians, which were seasons of great blessing to those who attended. Here is Lizzie's record of one in her incidents of our Hounslow work:

'*Monday, March* 31*st*, 1884.—A glorious meeting; a specially holy influence.'

As young women sometimes gave recitations and sang selections of music when we met to enjoy a social evening, and assisted in preparing and serving tea, and rendered help at our missions, Miss Wesley was very anxious that their bearing should be modest and discreet in the presence of soldiers, and that all efforts to benefit them should be so thoroughly genuine as to elicit nothing but commendation.

A letter which she wrote to a young woman whose deportment was thought to be capable of improvement was so characteristic of her that it is here given:

'HOUNSLOW, *February 7th, 1883.*

'I wanted the last night of our mission to thank you for your help, dear, and also the other friends; but was unable to do so.

'It was the Lord's work; and I know He will accept this gift of song which you laid on His altar.

'I wished also to say how some one remarked the quiet, modest, Christian manner of the dear girls who were helping us at our mission.

'That remark was a great comfort to me. I always like as many young folk as can come to our meetings, but I am always so anxious that their influence should be holy and good; such as the influence of a gentle Christian *lady* should be, no matter what position in life; every dear girl who tries to do God's work among soldiers or any young men, should always act and speak like a Christian lady.

'I believe, dear child, that the Lord is laying His hand on you for His service. Keep very near to Him in prayer and

through His book. Be very careful of what friends you choose; let the giddy, thoughtless girls go by; choose for your truest, closest friends only those who love the Lord. I do not mean mournful, melancholy people; but bright, happy girls who are trying to serve Jesus.

'Do you really feel yet that you belong to Jesus? Is He your King? Have you given yourself *entirely* to Him? *If* you can get time to answer me these questions I should be so glad; I am so anxious about you. I scarcely know why, but I feel as though you wanted some Christian help just now in your early womanhood; and if I can help you at any time in leading a life of consecration and holiness, I shall be so glad. Have you learned any of Miss Havergal's hymns yet? There is one I should like you to tell to our soldiers: "I could not do without Thee;" and there are others so beautiful! Have you a short, earnest, religious message you could give us on Monday? But do pray about it, that God may give you words all *for* His glory. Asking God to make you *His very own*, and to make your womanhood holy, and true, and good. Believe me to be,

'One who loves you for His sake,

'ELIZABETH A. WESLEY.'

Our own home was sometimes called to supply an enquiry-room for those who were awakened, and who came to us to ask, 'What must we do to be saved?' Miss Wesley has recorded some cases of interest:

'A student announced his text one Sunday evening: "God be merciful to me a sinner," and a railway-guard said: "That text choked me. I could not get beyond the text all through the sermon." He decided for Christ and joined the Church.

'While I was putting fresh flowers in the vases and trying to make our soldiers' prayer-room bright and home like, a young soldier came up and said: "I want to tell you that it is all right now, the matter is quite settled." I wondered for a moment to what he referred, and looked to see if he had upon his arm the first stripe

of promotion. "It was last night after the meeting. I have been so miserable a long time, but it is all right now, I have found Jesus."

'"I have had a bright day," said a fine, tall dragoon guard on Monday night. A few nights before, when our soldiers were asked to repeat a verse of a hymn or Scripture just telling their own heart's need, he chose, "I am coming to the Cross;" and referring to it on Sunday, he said: "I am still singing the old hymn, only *I have come* to the Cross now."'

At one of the meetings a soldier said: 'I was a wanderer from Jesus. I loved Him years ago, but I was far away when I came to these meetings. I have been wanting the old peace to come back again; it came on Tuesday. I was marker at the "butts," for the rifle practice, and I was behind the screen, but still very near the bullets that were flying all about me. I thought, suppose I should be hit, as others have been, and suppose I should die. The thought was not a pleasant one. Still the balls kept whizzing by, and still I felt miserable and sad. I knew I was not ready to die. I lifted up my heart to God, and there He saved me, and when the day's firing was over I came back to barracks a pardoned sinner. I am not afraid of any stray shots now.'

A letter written at this time to one of her school-fellows, in reply to a birthday letter, will tell how work of all kinds was opening up to her—how fully absorbed and happy she was in it—and with what varied success God was cheering her.

'HAMPTON HOUSE, HOUNSLOW, *April 15th, 1884.*

'ANNIE, DEAR OLD FRIEND.—The oldest nearly that I have. Your birthday wishes did me good; the postman brought me a

budget, but not one too many. I think I am as much a child as ever about birthday letters. I do so love to have them. If one half the wishes are realised, what a grand year I shall have; more I mean it to be *for Jesus;* every day I mean, if possible, to do some little thing just out of pure love to Him. Will you try too, dear? There is so much to be done, we ought to be willing. The way is opening up here for work very blessedly; we have had mission services for our soldiers, and a large increase in the attendance at our meetings, and some souls won for Jesus. Next week I hold my first meeting in barracks for our soldiers' wives. I expect the meeting will be a large one. I feel anxious about it, but I am learning to leave my anxieties more with God. He can carry them for me, *and He does.* You would find what comfort and strength He gives if you only gave yourself to Him fully; why not?

'We have had a quiet Easter. Father is in Berkshire and Swindon. He is not getting quite used to being without a Circuit yet. Father and mother have both been to visit dear Winchester. Mamma seems better, but she is soon overdone and can only bear for life to go on very smoothly. How is your own dear mother? I shall always remember her face, bless her. How swiftly the years have gone!

'I went to one of Mr. Moody's meetings a few days ago. His subject was "Ye must be born again," and Mr. Sankey sang so sweetly. It is a great help to hear them speak and sing only *for* Jesus.

'How are you getting on at the chapel? Who lives in our old house? Do you ever hear of F. C., of Leasingham? I suppose Mr. Myddleton does not often get to Sleaford now. A number of other questions I often think I would like to ask, and so often I say to myself, I wish I could write to Annie, but I have to be content with sending a prayer-thought up to God for you, dear. One of the most serious problems of my life just now is when to get time to write the letters that *must be written*, and when to mend the clothes that *must* be mended. I am anxious also to get some things made, because it is such a saving of expense to make dresses at home, but I am sadly afraid the summer will go by if I wait *for leisure.* How does your school prosper? I suppose you are having Easter holidays and will be very glad of rest. Well dearie, "we shall have all eternity to rest in," so if our work

is for God as well as for the poor perishing present, it will bring its own quiet reward of rest and peace in God's home. I get so little time for reading, can only get a few snatches. I scarcely ever look at a novel. Those sort of books have very much lost their charm for me. I am so glad, it is better for me I know.

'This is only a wee little note, Annie, dear, but it brings the true love of your old friend LIZZIE.

'Do you still have your old bedroom upstairs?

'Keep looking upward.'

When any great event occurred in war times we endeavoured to turn it to some good account. We remember hearing of an officer passing our school-room after the battle of El-Teb and the relief of Tokar, and seeing a placard headed 'British Victory, Three Days' Thanksgiving Mission,' he remarked: 'Well, but the victory was not brought about by the Methodists.' No! but we could rejoice in the triumph; we could pray for the wounded and bereaved; we could take the character which General Graham gave of his men, and remark on it with good effect. 'The General especially commends the absence of all crime on the part of the troops. He is proud to command them. They deserve well of their country.' Our celebration of the victory told well; our faithful friends gave us efficient help, but the effect was all the greater with the enthusiasm of my heroic daughter diffused throughout it.

Several extracts from a letter to a friend dated April 29th, 1884, state how fully her time was filled up, and the success which crowned her efforts, both among the soldiers and their wives:—

* * * * * *

'I do not get so anxious and careworn about my work as I used to do. Jesus helps me wonderfully here among these wild, rough soldiers; four of them this

week have come to fight under the colours of the Cross so bravely; and we had twenty-four of our soldiers' wives at our first meeting for them in barracks last week; and the work here I was half afraid to begin is so joyous and glad, because the Lord is teaching me the secret of His love, and all He tells me to do I am trying to do *for Jesus' sake.*'

* * * * * *

'I can only add "Good-night," all the household are asleep; it is late, and I have yet a poor sick boy to write to who is lying in a lonely distant hospital, far away from his friends, and all who love him,—except Jesus—He is a soldier's truest friend, for He is always near in trouble. Poor Gordon! What will he do? What a hero he is! And what a Government to guide him!

She well knew from experience how to adapt her efforts to soldiers' wives and children, as well as to the soldiers themselves. She dealt with needy and afflictive cases simply as requiring assistance, and took the most prompt and effectual mode of administering it; and without asking to what religious denomination they belonged.

The writer recollects a fresh regiment coming in; and, taking his nominal roll and turning out into the barracks-road on the Sunday evening, he introduced himself to the men whom he met, and invited them to the service. On the Monday, taking his list of declared Wesleyans, he visited their quarters at the barracks, calling at a room and finding only the wife and children at home, gave them a welcome to Hounslow; he produced his roll and said: 'It appears your husband is one of my men—is *that* your name?' She replied, 'That *is* my name! and I wouldn't

change my religion for the best man that ever lived.' My reply was: 'My good woman, we do not want people to change their religion; we only want their religion to change them.' She was an Irish Roman Catholic. But she calmed down very soon, and gave me some useful information respecting my men. One of her interesting children excited my pity: a sweet, sharp little girl, but a cripple from weakness, and requiring immediate attention. My dear Lizzie's first interview with this woman quite won her regard. She became deeply interested in her afflicted child; obtained various appliances for her, took her to one of the London hospitals, and followed up the case till the little weakling became bright, strong, and active. When the regiment removed, that woman's tears and thanks to the 'dear lady' touched many hearts.

A letter received from an exemplary soldier's wife of the same regiment, dated September 28th, 1885, gives information respecting the little girl and her parents too pleasing to be omitted.

'Mrs. Kerr wishes to be kindly remembered to you and to tell you that Dolly is getting strong, and her legs are becoming quite straight; and Mr. Kerr is very steady. Mrs. Kerr says she has every reason to bless the late Miss Wesley, as she was the one who by her gentleness and lovingkindness led her husband to take the pledge, and was the means of making her home and her family quite happy and comfortable.

'My husband and Arthur send their respects. We are trying to bring some of them to Jesus, and the memory of her who is in heaven will prompt us to do more, though we have much to discourage.'

It was a great advantage to have access to the

Metropolitan hospitals, and to have generous friends to help us in securing for our soldiers' wives and children the most skilful treatment and the most invigorating support; but the cases brought to my daughter much anxious toil.

In cottages outside the garrison distress often appealed to Miss Wesley's sympathy, arising out of imprudent marriages 'off the strength of the regiment;' but she could only regard them as cases needing help; to deny them assistance was, to her, simply an impossibility.

The ordinary weekly programme of Miss Wesley's garrison-work included a women's meeting, the visitation of married quarters, hospital visitation, Tract distribution, invitations to particular meetings and to voluntary services, Temperance work, and efforts for the young; each day had its mission, in the performance of which four miles had to be walked. When she was implored to spare herself and spread her efforts over a longer space, her reply was: '*I must* work, Papa; for others *will not* work.'

In the Temperance enterprise she was honoured of God—hundreds being led to take the pledge; and the movement she originated at the barracks having merged into the efforts of the National Temperance League.

Her love for children was remarkable. One case may be given:—

A bright, affectionate, clever boy, whose parents belonged to the 3rd Queen's Hussars, and whose home was one of comfort, attracted the attention of Miss Wesley, and she soon employed him in taking charge of the parade-service books; he took the Blue

Ribbon pledge, and became a valuable little helper. The regiment was partly removed to York. My daughter's interest in him led her to write to him and to his mother after they left us. The boy's reply was very satisfactory. These letters were read by his Sunday-school superintendent, and deeply affected him. After Lizzie's decease he sent me copies of her letters. Here is, first, the letter of Arthur's school-superintendent:

'CHELMSFORD HOUSE, YORK,
'*August 12th, 1885.*

'DEAR SIR,

'You will perhaps excuse a stranger sending you a few lines to give expression to his sincere sorrow at the great loss you have been called upon to sustain in the death of Miss Wesley. I only knew of her through Arthur Williams, who is a scholar in the Sunday-school of which I am one of the superintendents, and he is also a member of my Junior Society Class. He let me read some of the letters he had received from her, and I can assure you I was deeply touched by perusing them, and I felt that they did me good.

'I am glad to tell you that I believe Arthur has been truly converted. You know what a warm-hearted boy he is, and it is a great pleasure to see how earnest he is in good things, and to give him all the help and encouragement I can. I hope the seed sown in his heart by Miss Wesley may bring forth fruit throughout the whole of his life, and that he may be a true soldier of the Cross.

'With sympathy and kind regards, believe me, dear Sir,
'Yours very truly,
'The Rev. Samuel Wesley.' 'JAMES SHILLITO.

In the letter from the superintendent which accompanied the copies of my daughter's correspondence he says respecting Arthur: 'I am happy to say that Arthur still continues a happy Christian boy, and will, I hope, grow up to be a useful man.'

A letter, addressed by Miss Wesley to Arthur's mother, manifests the interest she felt in our soldiers' families after they had left us :—

'The Manor, Lichfield, Hants,
'*September 29th, 1884.*

'My Dear Mrs. Williams,

'I was so pleased to hear from you and dear Arthur; we thought of you that first Sunday in the new home. It must have seemed very lonely and strange, but it is wonderful how quickly we get used to our surroundings, and soon feel happy, even in a strange land. The home is where our dear ones are, and if we have them we can be happy anywhere.

'In the midst of this letter a messenger came to call me away to Winchester in great haste. There was to be a farewell tea-meeting for the 2nd Battalion King's R. Rifles and other meetings. We had a very happy and holy time. Before I came here I also spent a week in holding meetings every evening, and many of our soldier lads found Jesus waiting to save and to pardon. Some of the dear wives are going to Cyprus, after long years of absence from their husbands.

'At the meeting on Monday we asked all who were loving Jesus to hold up their hands, so that we could tell those who were on the Lord's side. Amongst the many who held up their hands was one, whose wife by his side, was not a Christian. I shall not easily forget the earnestness with which he prayed for her. The next evening the dear wife was seeking Jesus. How blessed is the home in which all are loving Jesus!

'Mrs. Cook is much better. I called to see her several times, and she was so glad to hear of you. Mrs. Woodward was better also. I feel so anxious about her. I think now, if some one visited her when she gets to York, that she would go to chapel, and perhaps become a Christian woman. Mr. Woodward's friends are all members of a Congregational Chapel. Will you mention the case to a Scripture-reader? I am sure Mrs. Woodward is anxious to lead a better, happier life, and I do pray very earnestly for her.

'How is your good husband? Tell him to do all the good he

can among our erring lads. We outside the camp will do all we can to lead them to Jesus, but much a comrade can do that we can never touch.

'O the blessedness of letting our light shine for Jesus! This is a very rambling letter, written at odd times. I am so sorry you have gone; it is not pleasant to see all new faces in the old homes, and I shall miss the welcome you always gave. The Lord bless you and yours, dear Mrs. Williams, is the prayer of

'Yours sincerely in His love,

'ELIZABETH A. WESLEY.

The following letter was written by Miss Wesley to the boy under the same date as the foregoing:—

'DEAR ARTHUR,

'Your bonnie little letter was very welcome. I am sure you will like York better than Hounslow. But you will find it a very cold place in the winter. There is generally plenty of skating and sliding and all other winterly pleasures in the north of England, and that I am sure you will enjoy very much. I am so glad you have found out a nice Sunday-school. We all miss your loving face and kind help, but you will find some work to do for Jesus in York.

'Try always to wear Christ's uniform: whenever other boys want you to do anything wrong, ask this question, would this please Jesus? I have not yet found out any nice boys in married quarters. The children all seem very young.

'Fifty of the 15th Hussars have gone to join the Camel Corps for Egypt. How strange it will seem for them to ride camels instead of their beautiful horses.

'I am staying now at a large country house which is full of visitors. They nearly all laugh at my blue ribbon, but I do not mind their fun and teasing. We must all keep true to our colours. The country is so pretty, we have downs and hills all round us, and a number of birds and hares and rabbits, which the gentlemen are busy shooting. The blackberries and nuts are here in abundance, and all manner of pretty things are growing in the hedges.

'I must close this hasty note, dear Arthur, asking God to bless you. I am, Yours sincerely,

'E. A. WESLEY.'

An extract from Arthur's letter will prove interesting:

'YORK, *November 10th, 1884.*

'DEAR MISS WESLEY,

'I received your welcome letter and was very glad to hear that you were in good health.

* * * * *

'Please tell Mr. Foster that I am in a Band of Hope here, and they are very pleased to see that I have the medal.

'I have taken several children to the Sunday-school that have never been before. I try to do all I can for Jesus, and will always ask His help to guide and keep me in the right path.

'I remain, Your affectionate friend,

'ARTHUR E. WILLIAMS.'

The number and diversity of her engagements during the last few months of her life seemed to place all her resources in requisition, and to develop untried and almost unknown stores, and make them all useful with a power so wondrous to herself as to leave not the shadow of a doubt on her own mind that she was doing God's work.

In the month of May, 1884, Miss Wesley enjoyed the privilege of spending an afternoon with Miss Eliza Wesley, grand-daughter of the Rev. Charles Wesley, M.A., the poet of Methodism. It was to her a source of much pleasure, and writing to a young lady friend of hers, under date of May 28th, 1884, she says: 'I saw the Rev. John Wesley's great-niece on Saturday, May 25th; she is a bonnie Christian lady, as much a Methodist as a Churchwoman, though her grand-father was the poet of Methodism, Charles Wesley, who wrote

so many hymns.' (6,500.) Miss Eliza Wesley is the same age as Queen Victoria; she is descended from the rector of Epworth. Miss Elizabeth A. Wesley is descended from a brother of the rector of Epworth.

A cousin of mine, the late Thomas Wesley, Esq., of Halifax, Nova Scotia, the only relative of my father's I ever knew, came over to England a few years ago to try and trace the family links connecting him with the rector of Epworth. He obtained some valuable facts from church registers, and old persons who knew his ancestors, but unfortunately the papers got mislaid or lost after his death. His son-in-law, D. O'Donnel, Esq., sent me a beautiful portrait of my daughter Lizzie some months since, on receiving which her father expressed his emotions and reflections in the following lines :—

'In silent tones those speaking eyes
Have often thrilled my soul;
And told of heavenly mysteries,
Seen only near the goal.

'Was not thy race too swiftly run?
Could'st thou not "rest awhile?"
Our answer is thy Lord's "well done;"
With thee we'll share His smile.'

A brother of mine, Mr. Thomas Wesley, of Cradley Heath, near Brierly Hill, Staffordshire, has a son named Charles Wesley, a young man of good education and excellent natural abilities, who was ordained and received into full Connexion by the Primitive Methodist Conference, Queensland, Australia, in the spring of 1887, on which occasion he gave a stirring address. He has already been very useful, and gives promise of taking a prominent position in that Church. *See* p. 191.

Among the incidents of her Hounslow work, Lizzie records having gone down to Tilbury Docks on May 10th, 1884, to see a private soldier, just released from prison, set sail for Canada. But the care and labour which preceded that record, through long years, for the recovery of that man, may not be told. Twenty of his letters are now before me; and one of them says that he had received letters enough from Miss Wesley to fill a volume. She had visited him in hospital and often in prison—he had, under the influence of his unfailing friend, given such proof of penitence and reformation as to lead to a remission of several months of his sentence—she, with his chaplain, had obtained outfit and passage for him to Canada. He thus writes about Lizzie's kindness:—

'Her last words to me on leaving England were: "Never forget your prayers. Never mix up with bad companions. Keep away from drink. Let your friends be God-fearing people. Read your Bible as often as you can; and never forget that your friends in England are praying for you. Be strong in the Lord; take Him as your Father; and never do anything without first asking Him to guide you. Good-bye in every sense of the word; and may God bless you and keep you."'

As she stood on board that steam ship and bade adieu to the soldier who had given her so much anxiety, she glanced across the Thames to the scene of her first efforts among the military, and distinctly saw the old fort house where General Gordon used to live, and the old garden in which his little street-Arabs used to work; and three weeks afterwards she once more visited Gravesend. It was Whit Sunday, (June 1st,

1884,) and the anniversary of the Sunday-school, the services of which were conducted by her father. After seven years' absence, the visit was mutually anticipated with delight, and the expectations it awakened were fully realised. She met her girls on the previous Saturday evening in the "dear old room," which had for them such hallowed associations. On the Sabbath, previous memories of the past, the gracious influences of the present, and glimpses and foretastes of the future, mingled, and made the sanctuary again to us "the house of God, and the gate of Heaven." After the evening service we gathered for testimony and prayer, and Lizzie testified so sweetly to the faithfulness of Jesus and the blessedness of His service, which she had so often realised in that place, and experienced increasingly through the intervening years, that many others followed in the same sweet strain; and prayers so closely resembling the Redeemer's own intercession were offered, that we were not surprised to hear again and again of the speedy answers which God graciously gave to them. One young person found peace through believing while Lizzie was giving her testimony.

That last Sabbath at Gravesend was one of enduring joy, which she remembered to the end of her days. She thus refers to it in her letter to the penitent soldier in Canada :—

'I spent last Sunday in Gravesend. My father preached there to crowded congregations—the Lord's power was felt—and some were seeking Jesus. I was so glad to be among the young people there whom I had known long ago. Four of my dear girls had died, leaving a blessed testimony that they were going to be with Jesus in heaven. Whitsuntide is always a time

of great temptation; but many of our brave soldiers have stood firmly. It is only the daily clinging to Christ that can keep us even in the right path.'

Before leaving Gravesend she paid her last visit to one of her dearest correspondents and most devoted Christian workers residing at Cobham, who writes: 'Her last visit to our home was not without its mission; never shall I forget her look of love, and her bright eyes filling with tears as she came to greet me; her kneeling by my side as of yore, and her expressions of love in prayer. She then said to me—"Emma, I should love to see some of your young people and have a word of prayer with them." I took her to the homes of some of them, and in her own sweet way she read to us the 91st Psalm, made beautiful remarks which never could be forgotten, and prayed with us all. The influences of that well-remembered visit are widely diffused, and in practical force now. Since I gave my heart to God, my ambition has always been that my life should be as near dear Lizzie's as I could make it.'

A lady of kindred spirit, familiar with Christian effort, has given a valuable testimony to an important department of Miss Wesley's toil — her work among women, which, though so young, she prosecuted with much success at Brentford, Hounslow barracks, Heston, and in other places. Her devoted friend has also delicately sketched her kindly, social, womanly qualities, and her natural and cultivated taste, which, with her other characteristics, would have eminently qualified her to sustain other relations of life, and to adorn and make happy a home of her own:

'"Will you come and give an address at our women's meeting in Brentford?" we asked Miss Wesley, about four years since. She replied "How can I speak to women, to mothers, I, who am so young and inexperienced!" "Speak to us from your woman's heart and you will do us good," was our answer. She came, and none of us will ever forget the influence of her loving presence and heart to heart discourse, on that evening and two others; the only time she was able to spare to us. She began with Ruskin's words, about the "queenly power of woman," and said: "As I have been sitting here, I seemed to see a halo of the glory of your womanhood resting on the head of each one here, and I pray that every one of you may lay that crown at Jesu's feet." Thus she won our hearts: and when her sweet soul passed away to the "Homeland," our little company gave of their pence, that a picture of her might be placed in the home of the dear bereaved parents of their beloved friend, to tell of their love and gratitude.

'Wherever she went, "all hearts perforce moved to her." What was the power? Not alone her sweet face, gentle bearing, and tender voice; her ready wit and cheery laugh; neither was it in her unflagging energy and perseverance. The secret of her power lay in her sanctified true womanliness—in being the "help-meet" to all whom she came near in her life's journey.

'It was this true-womanliness which kept her safe and high above all evil; so that wherever she went,—in the street or alley, in the camp or barrack-ground, she was met with esteem and reverence. Would that all we women counted ourselves so sacred and our name so precious, that, in full consecration of soul and body, we walked this earth of ours, clad in the white raiment of heart and life purity; doing our Master's bidding,—not so much in the Christian service of active toil, as in the surpassing beauty of a divine sanctity of life, thus making for those who are round and about our path, "trust in all things high, come easy!"

'In dear Lizzie Wesley was no narrow asceticism, but a full, high-souled, large-hearted capacity of enjoyment. She loved life and the beauty of all the good which "Our Father" has set us in. Art, in all its varied forms, had power to sway her, whilst intellectual and social pleasures came with sweet seductive force.

She held too, in leal-hearted devotion, that to dwell and reign supreme in some one heart and life, is a woman's crown of rejoicing; but it would seem that a gleam of "the river" so soon to be crossed and the glory beyond had early caught her vision; so, as she journeyed onward, with an almost divine self-abnegation, she gave out of the largess of her love all kindly, gracious words and smiles, and helpful deeds to the young and hopeful, to the weary, toil-worn, sin-stained travellers along the way, making for the same bourne, gladly content to wait, until, within the golden gates of the city of God, at the "marriage supper of the Lamb," and crowned with her triple coronal "of righteousness,' "of life," and "of glory," she should attain life's full fruition. ("LILLIE.")'

On Friday, July 4th, we began a month's mission among the militia (4th Batt. Middlesex Regt.) encamped a thousand strong, on Hounslow Heath, under the command of Colonel Aikman. This was one of the most formidable tasks of our brave worker's life—it involved the greatest sacrifice, and was crowned with corresponding results.

The commandant at our first interview very courteously acceded to our wishes, expressed his pleasure to my daughter on having heard of her good work, and in every way facilitated our enterprise. Every night for a month, and twice on each Sabbath, was Miss Wesley found on that bleak spot, with the Christian ladies, the earnest clergy, the Nonconformist ministers, the retired godly officers, and the zealous laymen of the neighbourhood marshalled around her as willing helpers; the men in camp listening with rapt attention to the 'wonderful words of life,' or a Temperance address: their energetic song every now and then pealing across the Heath whose very name turned some of us pale in our boyhood. The preventive influence of

this mission was soon apparent. Numbers of men who had formerly thronged the public-houses were kept on the heath as by a spell—they wore the blue ribbon—and enjoyed the services. At the end of a fortnight, we wrote to the Colonel in praise of the orderliness and good conduct of the men; he had them drawn up in a square, read our letters to them, and said, 'You see what a character you have to sustain, I am much pleased, and I hope you will act like men to the end of your training.' Residents near the Heath who had dreaded the coming up of the militia in past years informed us that there had hardly been a depredation committed. The pledge was administered and the blue ribbon pinned on every evening; some of the ringleaders in all fun, mischief, and vice were the first to sign, and my daughter had the joy to hear afterwards that several of these whose wickedness may not be mentioned had been true to their pledge. Miss Wesley lingered on the field, and no power of persuasion could induce her to leave the Heath even when the evenings were damp and cold, so long as there was any hope of benefiting the men. It was exhilarating in a high degree to look on the motley crowd gathered on the Sabbath when the relatives of the men came in from London; and each Sunday service was a success which called forth our heart-felt thanks.

There were cases of men who, to the surprise of all who knew them, were reformed and saved. Here is one which was given me, at my request, by one who is now living at Hounslow:—

'I am from London, and was brought up in an ungodly home. I do not remember attending a place of worship in my life. Love of drink and bad company

were driving me fast to ruin. I have drank myself drunk, and drank myself sober again, and sold my coat from my back for drink. Having lost a good situation I joined the militia, and was in the band. I was up for my third year's training on Hounslow Heath, and seeing a harmonium being conveyed to the end of the tents, I followed it, and found to my surprise that Miss Wesley, yourself, and other ministers with friends were then beginning a mission for the militia. I was one of the first to sign the pledge. I kept from the town, attended all the services—as did many more—and became a changed man. But at Christmas I went to London, got with my old mates, and fell into my old sin. I was very wretched, came to your house, and confessed that I had fallen. You and Miss Wesley prayed with me and for me, I started again, renewed my pledge, and by God's help have stood ever since. By the next training I had learnt a fresh trade, saved a little money, and bought myself out. I have married a good young woman, our home is happy, and I hope to be faithful to death. Miss Wesley was the means of saving me from going to hell through a drunkard's grave.'

That month's mission was a marvellous triumph of skilful evangelism, moral courage, and spiritual power; and the amazed witnesses of it were obliged to exclaim, 'Well! we see what a girl can do.' It was nothing less than a bold attack on many points of 'Outcast London;' for the men were chiefly from the East End. One in camp stated that he did not think there was a single tent that our girl-hero did not enter for conversation, advice, and the circulation of healthy literature. What an advantage it was to have free access to a thousand men at once, to avail ourselves of *such* a

mission room, under full official sanction, and with the full benefit of their greatly improved manners and exterior. Everything depended, under God, on adaptation; but Miss Wesley so suited herself to these rough surroundings, that the men almost worshipped her. It was not by coming down to their level; she won them by making them feel that in the full sense of the term, she was their *friend*. It was in the early part of 1887 that a veteran servant of Christ visited a much frequented lodging-house of Hounslow, and offering a tract to an ex-soldier, the man said, 'I've read that;' another was offered, and the same reply was given. 'I've read that too, Miss Wesley gave me them both on our Heath.' 'Did you know Miss Wesley?' enquired the man of God. The instant and earnest reply was 'I should think I did know her, I shall never forget her: she was every inch a soldier.'

Our last meeting prior to the disbanding of the militia presented a scene which memory will not let die. The last hymn had been sung, the last beautiful melodies and solos of the ladies had died away, and now came Miss Wesley's parting address. It was short, though it took a wide range. These are extracts from it:—

'If the home is made, and wife and little ones are there, be loving and kind.' 'Watch the tear rolling off Mr. B——'s face on to that of the new little baby.' Then she adds, 'Be gentle. Strong like a lion, as a man should be, loving and gentle as a child, as Jesus was.' She closed by expressing the wish that we might meet in heaven; and under the influence of that last good wish, we parted.

It was very pleasing to Miss Wesley to receive the

best thanks of the Colonel for our services which, he assured us, met with his hearty approval, and were of great service to his men. He hoped to welcome us into his camp again, and to have the pleasure of rendering us all the help in his power. We were always cheered by kindly and gentlemanly treatment from military officers.

It was enough to oblige the most supine religious professor either to renounce the name of 'servant,' or *do something*, to witness the willingness with which she responded to the double call for her services among the soldiers at Winchester; in the month of September, once as she was on her way to her friends at Lichfield, and again a few days after her first campaign among them, when the 2nd 60th Rifles were suddenly ordered to Egypt, and she was fetched back from Lichfield to give them a farewell address, at a large meeting. She gives an account of these remarkable meetings in her letter previously given, and addressed to a soldier's wife of the 3rd Queen's Hussars. Nine impassioned addresses did she give at these large gatherings.

The friend at whose house she was entertained during her stay at Winchester says, 'I brought a commercial traveller to supper one evening, and Miss Wesley came in after a heavy day's work too tired to eat. After my friend had left, she said, "Do you know I feel I have not done right in letting that young man go without speaking to him about his soul:" for he was about to sail for Australia. So she wrote a letter and asked me to take it to his hotel in the morning for him to open and read when he was on the water, and I have every reason to believe that letter made a lasting impression on him for his good.'

Addresses at large Temperance meetings at Staines and Feltham were the next addition to her ordinary duties, and they were reported to have been of a high order, yet very popular. On the morning of the Feltham meeting she had been visiting one of the London hospitals.

Then came her enormous Christmas and New Year's correspondence, which she did so effectively and completely as seriously to tax her energies, and deprive herself of sleep and rest. It would seem as though she had a presentiment that it was her last epistolary effort at Christmastide, for she seemed to remember every friend, every soldier, and every child. We wrote side by side: there was a surprising glow, freshness, and beauty in her letters: those of them to children especially were little gems, and as she was dashing them off with an admirable but exhausting vivacity, my fears were getting relieved by the hope that the effort was coming to an end, when in came a long list of soldiers' names and addresses, from an over-worked chaplain, with the request that she would write to them. This excited my serious apprehensions, but she tried to calm my fears, and with full heart and hope addressed herself to the task, and completed it.

The Hounslow New Year's Tea for the soldiers and their wives was held January 13th, 1885, and, with the crowded meeting afterwards, was a time of great social and religious enjoyment. The highest enthusiasm was expressed as the audience listened to the thrilling addresses of the Rev. A. M'Aulay and the Rev. R. W. Allen, our special visitors on this occasion. This festival was rendered very memorable by the presence of that eminently zealous and successful worker for

Christ, the late Mrs. M'Aulay. That lady was deeply impressed with the importance of Lizzie's work, and they were truly kindred spirits. The soldiers called for their friend Miss Wesley, and she at once responded. Colonel Young expressed the general feeling when he said in his speech, 'I never enjoyed a meeting so thoroughly in my life, and never was more profited by one.'

A week after this there came the Naval and Military Convention at Sloane Terrace Chapel, Chelsea, on January 20th. We had anticipated this gathering with high expectations, and had spared no effort to secure a good attendance.

The writer intended being present, but severe indisposition prevented. This was a bitter disappointment to my daughter, but God helped her, and she was equal to the emergency. She escorted the men to Chelsea, entered heartily into the services, and returned with her charge at a late hour, the Convention having formed quite a new era in their history.

Next she was officially requested to give a report of the Chelsea Convention. A smile played on her pale face as she read the letter conveying the request; a pile of written letters lay before her, directed envelopes were waiting for many more, and, pausing for a time, she took up her pen, and struck off the scenes and experiences of the meeting with such naturalness and graphic power, that our Aldershot chaplain wrote in his next letter to her, 'I am sending a copy of your well-written paper on our meeting to all the subscribers to our Homes.' We give it just as it appeared in the Christian Journal.

THE NAVAL AND MILITARY GATHERING AT SLOANE TERRACE CHAPEL, CHELSEA.

THE AFTER MEETING.

'The room beneath the Sloane Terrace Wesleyan Chapel was a bright and happy place on a recent Tuesday evening, where soldiers and sailors gathered after the Convention to greet each other and to live over again God-given victories by land and sea. Kindly hands had prettily decorated the hall with flags and laurels, and sunny faces welcomed the guests everywhere.

'After long marches from Aldershot Camp and Portsmouth Docks, not to mention Woolwich, Chatham Common and Hounslow Heath, no one was sorry to hear the "fall-in" for tea—real teapot tea—with ham sandwiches and roast beef of Merrie England, and all other good things, provided by generous friends. Afterwards there was hearty singing of John Cennick's well-known lines, "We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food." In other days and in other lands how often had those voices joined in the same simple, thankful song!

'"In half an hour the lovefeast will be held in this room," announced Mr. Allen, and in the interval old friends and new, comrades and shipmates, met again in the chapel, where in the afternoon they had knelt in solemn prayer at God's altar, and, "in remembrance" of Christ's love, had vowed to stand by His colours till death.

'God keep you faithful, brave bluejackets, and bring you safe to the desired haven! God help you, soldier-brother, where smoke and fire is thickest; there is work for you to do!

'"This blessed chapel," said one young sergeant of a Line regiment, "I shall never forget this place." Here, for the first time, he had openly confessed Christ, who had lately said to him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." "For three years I have lived away from my Saviour," said another sergeant of the same regiment, just home from India; "but He is in my heart now. I could not help coming back to Christ to-day." "This is *my* chapel," said a young Grenadier Guardsman, who came to know Christ first at Kneller Hall; "I always get comfort and help here." Precious memories of Sloane Terrace Chapel will linger in

many hearts. In "log" and "small book" January 20th, 1885, will be a red-letter day.

'"Stand up, stand up for Jesus!" was the first hymn for the family gathering, and it was sung in right hearty fashion; every word seemed a holy inspiration to "lift high His royal banner against unnumbered foes." Then came words of prayer for all in the meeting and for absent friends and comrades "in peril on the sea" or on the desert battle-field, so far away from home and dear ones.

'Mr. Allen, in earnest words, told how he and the Army and Navy Committee had so often wished a meeting like this could be arranged to promote God's work, especially among Wesleyan sailors and soldiers, and now that the desire of his heart had been so gloriously realised he could almost say with Simeon of olden time, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace;" but, unless God very distinctly reveals it to us, we think we cannot spare the enthusiastic, self-denying chaplain yet, and in tower and camp or prison cell, long, long may his voice be heard telling of Jesus, the tender loving Saviour! Mr. Allen specially commended to the meeting's consideration the new translation of the President's glorious battle-cry, "Salvation in every barrack-room."

'Major J. Smith, who never loses *esprit de corps*, declared he was still as ready to go to the front as in days gone by; and then touchingly retold tales of "Jack's" devotion to his soldier-brother in the dark, sad Crimea, and how bravely, without a grumble, the troops were landed by their friends of the sister Service to face, in England's honour, England's bitter foe; and so in the battle against sin the gallant officer urged comrades of the red and blue to stand firm for Christ, "shoulder to shoulder."

'On the platform were Mr. Spoor and Mr. Horton, and other chaplains and ministers; but the speeches, by order, came from the floor of the house, and eager lips began to witness for Jesus. "I am a gunner in the Artillery," said one true soldier of the Cross. "I was once the only Christian, to my knowledge, in a garrison of three thousand troops. I felt so helpless to win my comrades, that I prayed God for help in my loneliness. While I thus prayed I remembered there was a Tract Society in London, and I thought I would write and tell the managers how I longed

to work among my comrades; that I had no tracts, and was a poor man with wife and children, and no money to buy tracts. A minister signed the letter, and then there came one pound's worth of tracts. Praise the Lord! I then went into the rooms with a glad heart. Soon souls were saved, and the Lord sent an officer to us who greatly cheered us, and our little band went forward daily increasing." "When the Lord saved me," said another, "he saved the wildest young soldier in the service. Read Acts ix., that's all about me; but I'm saved now, through the blood of the Lamb. A comrade on the barrack-square shouted to me, 'Frank, take care of yourself;' but I answered back, 'No, no, I cannot;' but I have committed myself into the hands of God, and He will keep me safe for ever."

'"One a day!" merrily told out another; "speak to one a day about Jesus. 'One a day,' that's my motto." A veteran and officer of the Rifle Brigade, who had just obtained his commission, said it was all through his being a Christian that he had succeeded in gaining it. He would have failed but for God in whom he had trusted.

'The time passed too quickly. It is impossible to describe the fervour and life of the meeting while the sailor's hymn, "Pull for the shore," was being sung. And then, before the sailor friends ventured to the *Vernon*, the *Hecla*, the *Excellent*, and the *Triumph*, they gave heart-stirring testimonies of how near God had come to them on stormy seas, and that above the waves of sorrow and sin they had heard their Captain's voice whispering, "Peace, be still."

'"I'm one year old to-day," said a young man-o'-war's-man, "Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away!" "Go on, mate!" "Hallelujah!" "Glory," were exclamations that came in glad chorus from all parts of the room. As we were shaking hands with our sailor friends, wishing them "fair winds," "God-speed the ship," one dear lad of the *Triumph* asked special prayer for himself and mates, as next week they would be sailing away to the South Pacific. The *Triumph*, commissioned only on January 1st, is already a flagship for Christ.

'We sang, as our bluejackets left us—

'"All the storms will soon be over,
And we'll anchor in the harbour."

'Major Thomson, of Hounslow Barracks, a brave worker for Jesus, gave as his experience: "I'm a soldier bound for glory. I'm a soldier going home;" and urged all Christian workers in the army to keep "toiling on," for the Master was watching, and He would give grace and glory. Then Mr. White, A.S.R., and others gave red-hot words. Some told of the table covered with green baize in the prayer-room at North Camp, around which they had first met for prayer, and of mission-halls, and chapels, and churches, all sacred spots, where earnest workers had led them to Jesus.

'"We could keep on all night like this," we heard a soldier say to his comrade; but Mr. R. M. Spoor sounded "last post" by reminding his soldier-lads that Aldershot must be reached that night, and as we, too, did not want to "overstay our pass," we said "Good night" to everybody, and, with a quiet, reverent heart, went back to our duty, feeling that it was good to be there, and singing with renewed vigour—

'"To Queen, to country, but, O, most to Thee!
My life I give, who gave Thy life for me."

'*Hounslow Heath.*' 'E. A. W.

On the 20th of February, the Grenadier Guards embarked at Gravesend to the Soudan; a farewell tea was prepared for them in exquisite style on the previous evening at Windsor, and Miss Wesley was urged to attend the meeting which was held, and give a parting address. She had great reluctance in speaking at large gatherings, and never ascended a platform; but considering the object, she could not refuse. She had mentally prepared an address, which all went from her, but God gave her at the right moment the right thoughts and words she required, and they were well received. Many soldiers and civilians, chaplains, and other ministers who were present, have borne testimony to the appropriateness of this farewell address, and the tearful eyes told of the influence which accompanied

it. It was another tax on her declining energies; but she felt herself moving in her own sphere, and could leave all results with God. It gave her the opportunity of a more intimate acquaintance with Mrs. M'Aulay, and of spending a few profitable hours at her godly home, preparatory to their meeting in the better land, which came so soon afterwards.

The Rev. William Jackson, who so nobly offered to become chaplain to the Suakin and Berber expedition, when giving an account of his voyage and work, mentioned especially the blessed influence of the Windsor farewell meeting on the men, and the powerful effect which the valedictory words exerted on himself. He writes: 'Before embarking it was my privilege to attend at Windsor a meeting of Wesleyan soldiers about to go to the Soudan. The earnest, loving, parting words of the various speakers, of whom Miss Wesley was one, begot in me deep sympathy with the soldier, and led to the solemn promise that I would stick to our men through all difficulties, which promise, continually kept in mind, proved a strong incentive to duty.'

On Friday morning, February 21st, Miss Wesley returned from Finsbury Park, and resumed her usual duties; and on the Saturday she journeyed to Winchester to fulfil an engagement which had been for some time made, to conduct, with her father, a mission there. Her father had clung to the hope of accompanying her, but he was too unwell, and a student from Richmond took his place, aided by Miss Wesley. Just before starting to Winchester, a cheering letter arrived from one of her Gravesend converts, Joel Austin, which is here given, with Miss Wesley's reply:—

'STOTFOLD, HERTS, *January 31st, 1885.*

'MY DEAR FRIEND.

'I have had it in my mind to write you many times since I received your last letter in December, 1879, at which time I was in Chatham hospital; but though I have not written you, I have often read in the "Recorder" of your continuous work among soldiers, and to-day, after reading of your address at the New Year's entertainment at Hounslow, I have resolved to write to you.

'Your last letter is now before me, which has been read and re-read many times, yet it is as comforting as when I first received it.

'I left the service on the 18th December, 1879, and for some months after I was a complete invalid. About that time my brother John arrived at Sheerness in *The Opal*, so that he was enabled to conduct me home. Since then he also has been invalided, and now we are living within twenty yards of each other. We are, I am glad to say, both of us in fair health, and best of all, the blessing of our Father in heaven is resting upon us: both of us are in receipt of good pensions, considering that we had not served our full term, and both held the rank of colour-sergeant at the time of discharge. I am sure it will greatly cheer you to hear so much of our welfare.

'But greater still will be your joy to hear that we are both holding on to the Cross, and to Him who has been our Guard and Guide through life. We are both of us at work in the Sunday-school here, John having the select class of boys, and I the first boys' Bible-class.

'I am sure I need not tell you the joy and delight there is in such work, for you have had a long experience of it; but I must say, though at times it seems as if nothing good results therefrom, yet we have the promise of God that if the seed be faithfully sown, the harvest shall assuredly follow.

'I have often thought about you, and wished you had been nearer to us, for this reason in particular, we can never get our female teachers to address the school, and I thought if Miss Wesley was only here, she would encourage them by her example.

'Our prayer is that God will continue to bless you in your

Christian work, and that your crown may be decked with many precious jewels; and that we each may be counted worthy, through the blood of the Lamb, to sit down with Christ in His kingdom.

'Hoping to hear from you shortly, and with Christian love to you all, in which John joins.

'Believe me to remain,

'Yours in the cleft of the Rock,

'JOEL AUSTIN.'

With what power do the cases of these two brothers recommend heart and life religion to our soldiers! There are three things which genuine religion secures, and which, as certainly in the army as elsewhere, lead on to each other: good character, good conduct, good reward. The following is Miss Wesley's reply:—

'HAMPTON HOUSE, HOUNSLOW,

'*February 13th, 1885.*

'Your letter came like a bit of summer sunshine, dear friend Sergt. Austin. It was worth waiting six years for a letter that brought such glad news. Praise the Lord that you and your dear brother are hiding in the cleft of the Rock! It did rejoice my heart to know that you still are sheltered there. Life's storms must come; but oh! the bliss and satisfaction to know that you are resting on Jesus—the Rock which cannot move. Very often I have thought of you and your brother, and wondered where you were living. Miss Terry has often also asked for news of you. And so *The Opal* and *The Juno* are left for ever, and you are both living near each other in the old dear English homes. It must be sweet to rest in happy England. We often hear from Major T——h, he is living at Southampton, retired now; he is quietly working for Jesus. Sergt. P——s is still very true for Jesus at Chatham. The Lord's work is prospering at Gravesend. I and my father were there in the summer, and we had a glorious Sunday. Sergt. W——d and *many, many* old friends welcomed us; but nearly all new faces at Milton Barracks. Oh! that we may

meet the old friends in the glory land. Mr. and Mrs. M——y are still there; Miss M——y is married, and little Miss C——k suddenly has gone to be with Jesus; she was found one morning asleep in Him when the maid went to call her. We talked often of you and the other dear comrades, who had met with us in those dear rooms at Peacock St. I often think of the glad evening when your burden of sin and sorrow rolled away: what a glorious thing for you that the blessed sense of sins forgiven ever came to your heart! and now we rejoice to hear that you are working for Jesus. What an honour to win souls for Him.

'Some of your Bible-class boys may join the army, or go elsewhere; may they witness for Jesus. Many of our Winchester lads are wounded, and already some sleep in that far away desert land. Some have died with a bright hope of eternal life. Feb. 22nd I join in ten days' mission for soldiers at Winchester. Do pray for me then; I shall have to speak every day and sometimes twice. Here we are busy every day. This is a difficult depôt, but the Lord is greatly blessing us. My father preaches in barracks every Sunday morning, and the congregation has trebled in eighteen months. But for the last three weeks he has been weak and tired, and unable to do duty; but I hope he will soon get better. My mother is wonderfully bright and well. They both send Christian love to you and yours. They were rejoiced to hear that you were still so busy in the Lord's work.

'This letter I commenced days ago, but I had to lay it aside to write for Egypt, and also to send "God speed" messages to many other friends ordered to the front. Pray for them, plead for them, that their souls may be saved to the uttermost, and that they may win other souls for Jesus. We had a glorious meeting in London of Wesleyan Christian soldiers and sailors. It was grand to hear them witness for Jesus. I have written an account in the new Wesleyan paper, "The Christian Journal," for Feb. 11th; I would send you the paper if I had a spare copy.

'There is a glorious work on *The Triumph*. Now twenty souls there for Jesus. Oh! the joy of being able to sing:—

"Not my own, but saved by Jesus;
Not my own, my time and talent;
Freely all to Him I bring,

To be used in joyful service,
For the glory of my King."

'"The Lord bless you" is still the prayer of your old friend in the same blessed service.

'ELIZABETH A. WESLEY.'

It is a joy to me which words fail to express, that this letter from a faithful ex-soldier convert, whose pen to her had been silent for six years, should have reached Miss Wesley, to cheer her as she was entering on the last great work of her life.

Into the 'sunshine' of this letter she threw, as with prophetic touch, the shaded words—how true! 'Life's storms must come': and they were then gathering around her.

Before closing this chapter, the author thinks it desirable to make this separate record of his brothers and sisters who are still living, namely:

The Rev. John Wesley, who has been for thirty years a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, and who is now stationed at Trenton, Wayne County, Michigan; Mr. Thomas Wesley, Cradley Heath, Staffordshire (see page 171); Mr. Joseph Wesley, in business trading as 'Wesley and Sons,' at Adrian, Michigan, America; Sarah, widow of the late Mr. William Hewitt, of Birmingham; and Elizabeth, widow of the late Mr. Thomas Hewitt, of Birmingham. Some others died years ago.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WINCHESTER MISSION.

By the Rev. Ralph W. G. Hunter.

'THE first time I ever saw Miss Wesley was shortly after I came to Winchester, in September, 1884. She was then on a visit to her father's old Circuit, and I was only informed of her arrival in the city whilst I was waiting in the vestry, previous to the service, one Sunday morning. It was an announcement for which I was quite unprepared, and my interest was instantly aroused. Ever since my arrival at Winchester, her name had been constantly on the lips of the people; Miss Wesley was everywhere the favourite topic with my new friends. Her life and work amongst them had, in a manner and to a degree unknown to me in all my previous experience impressed the imagination, and aroused the affections, of the good and loyal Methodists of old Winchester. Her character, drawn with various skill by my many informants, aided by the photographer's art, was already engraven on my mind, just as if I had seen her in a vision of angels, or as if I had known her in the common ways and loving ministries of her daily life. When she entered the chapel, I knew in a moment it was Miss Wesley, as she was always so reverently called.

'One of the Winchester leaders, when taking me to one of my country appointments as guide, had spoken of a certain charm—I think he used the word "fascination,"—of presence and manner in Miss Wesley, as being an element—though a subordinate one—in her extraordinary influence over the soldiers. When I saw her, I knew that the instinct of my companion in that afternoon journey had not failed him. Other and better opportunities which I had of seeing her, only tended to confirm this judgment. The beneficent Creator who had endowed her with such rich and womanly sympathies, had made her face a fair and pleasant one for the eye to behold. In its general outline there was quite a recognisable likeness to the well-known features of the greatest of her race—John Wesley. Her countenance shone with what can best be described as spiritual light—radiant, and healthy in expression as her own cheerful, unconstrained piety. Her hair was of that poetic colour so dear to the young artists of the Grosvenor Gallery. To me it suggested the *nimbus* of glory encircling the heads of the saints in the old pictures. In her dress she did not affect the plainness of the ladies of the stricter sort in the Society of Friends, nor of the mothers of early Methodism. Her outward adornment was just what we could wish for in our wives and daughters, and was absolutely devoid of any suggestion of vanity or even self-consciousness. It was simply the outward and visible sign of good taste; and was as natural to her as her love of flowers, music, and soldiers. Elizabeth Ann Wesley was not an ordinary woman. She was a saint; yet she had nothing of the nun in her composition. In her rich nature all the elements were mixed.

In her we have a conspicuous illustration of the divine use of the human in Christian character and work. She was made for the eye and the ear, or she would not have found her way to the heart and conscience as she did. Without art or purpose, there was that in her which, together with a higher influence, commanded a hearing for the heavenly truth, which it was the passion and the beauty of her life to exhibit.

'On the Monday morning she came with some friends to see us in our new home—to her, the old home of many happy hours, and where, in the little front garden, still grew the ferns and flowers of her planting.

'About this time public feeling, in regard to the imperative duty of rescuing the hero Gordon, who was then shut up in Khartoum, ran very high, and the memory of the unfortunate Egyptian expedition will not have passed out of mind. Large numbers of troops were ordered abroad, and many of our Wesleyan soldiers in the Winchester garrison had to go. It was arranged to hold a farewell tea-meeting, and, as many of those who were about to leave were Miss Wesley's "lads," it was proposed to send to Lichfield, where she was visiting, to ask her to come and say a few parting words. The whole matter was arranged hurriedly, the notice was very short—only a few hours—but Miss Wesley came. The meeting would not be forgotten by many a brave fellow who went to fight—perhaps to die—in the Soudan.

'This was the second of Miss Wesley's visits to Winchester during my time. There was another—and the last.

'It had been decided at a leaders' meeting to hold a week of mission services for civilians and soldiers at

Winchester, in the spring of 1885, and an effort to procure the appointment of the district missionary having failed, it was arranged that the Circuit minister should conduct them, and that Miss Wesley should be invited to co-operate with him; not only for the service she could so well render, but because her mere presence would prove such a powerful attraction to the soldiers. In conveying the request of the friends, I intimated that we did not wish her to trouble too much about the mission, that what we chiefly wanted was her "bright, sunshiny presence" amongst us. It was also resolved that the Rev. Samuel Wesley, whose quarterly appointments to the Winchester pulpit were always anticipated with so much pleasure, should be asked to preach the sermons on the Sunday commencing the mission week.

'Mr. Wesley's health prevented him being present: it was a mutual disappointment.

'Miss Wesley readily consented and threw herself into the preparations for the mission with the utmost enthusiasm. All her wishes as to the methods which should be adopted in order to interest the soldiers were met, and everything was done which, as far as we could see, would ensure the success of the services.

'A supply was obtained from Richmond College for Mr. Wesley, in the person of the Rev. A. H. Bestall, but the venerable garrison chaplain did not lose his personal interest in the mission. In a letter he sent to me, he remarks:—

* * * * * *

'"Lizzie was very much exhausted, having had very heavy work before Christmas and New Year's Day, and my illness had greatly affected her. A lady

had an interview with her on the Sunday before (22nd Feb.) to whom she said: 'I know not how I am going to get through this mission next week, but I am anticipating it so!' Her friend said in reply: 'You look so ill and exhausted, you ought to have the doctor.' She said: 'Bless you! say nothing about it, or they won't let me leave.' Yet she plodded on at the barracks here, and attended the meetings for soldiers, and meetings for young people, and for Temperance, resolved to leave all her work finished up, just as if she were about to close *all* with the mission, though we little thought what the issue would be: she was writing letters and preparing for her next day's journey till three o'clock on the Saturday morning, and had hardly taken any food.

'"Her mind had been painfully exercised for some weeks, by one of the saddest cases that had ever interested her. A private soldier of aristocratic descent, superior powers, liberal education, and who had passed through the training of a commissioned officer, after having recklessly spent an immense fortune, had become an utter wreck, was invalided and dismissed the service.* There was hardly anything left in his character to inspire hope or justify exertion, yet Lizzie did not despair of his recovery, and arranged for him

* One of our foremost workers among the lapsed masses so despaired of this hardened profligate as to say one day to Miss Wesley: 'It is useless to try to win Mr. B—— to goodness.' But with intense feeling she instantly replied, in words which expressed the grand motto of her life, and which the startled listener publicly declared after her decease he could never forget: 'I WILL NEVER GIVE UP ANY MAN SO LONG AS CHRIST HAS NOT GIVEN HIM UP.'—*The Author.*

with his friends to go abroad, and up to the night before she left, was making all the necessary purchases for his voyage.

'"Under these circumstances she left for the mission, and almost entirely without preparation."

'A letter addressed to Mrs. Etheridge, the lady with whom she was going to stay, will show the spirit in which she entered on her work:

'HAMPTON HOUSE, HOUNSLOW,
'*Feb. 9th, 1885.*

'I shall love to come to you, dear Mrs. Etheridge, at "the mission," and it is *very kind* of you to so lovingly ask me.

'Only, may I ask that you will not let me disturb you in any way. Please never wait *five minutes* for me at breakfast, dinner, tea or supper, and please do not let me inconvenience you in any way by day or night. I shall be as happy as a lark anywhere in your home. I shall be so glad to have your loving help in the mission; we can trudge out to see the dear people together, especially we must cheer up sisters R.

'I hope I am getting ready in heart for "the mission," but head preparation is almost impossible. I am hurried about here and everywhere.

'I have just sent off letters to poor wounded *Rifles* in the desert land, who once, day after day, met with us in our precious Peter Street; and now I have to go and see a young sergeant's wife who is very ill, and comfort another whose husband died, after only a moment's warning, on Friday.

'The work here is going on quietly, but very blessedly. So earnestly some are seeking Christ; meetings every night lately, but Saturday, and then we go to Blue-Ribbon meetings; to-night we are expecting a glorious time.

'One young soldier was saved last week in a barrack room, while three fights were going on.

'I am sure we shall have a time of blessing at "the mission." *We must* claim God's promises for our very own. I am specially anxious about the meeting for women, do let us pray much about that. My father is much better; I hope to come with him on the

Saturday afternoon. Will there be a prayer-meeting on the evening of Saturday?

'It will be a pleasure to work with Mr. Hunter, and won't it be beautiful to be once more with my own true Winchester friends. Tell dear Mr. Etheridge this new vestry will be splendid for the Society-class.

'Mother is so bright and well, she is so delighted to hear of your success in your brave work for the chapel, Rebie told me too, bravo! There are good times coming for Winchester Methodism, and you are helping to bring them nearer by plenty of *light* at the chapel door, amongst other things. By the new gas lamps we shall be able to take down names and addresses of any who rush out of the prayer-meetings, afraid lest they should be converted. How are the darlings?

'God bless you and yours and "the mission," and Mr. Walker and all the brave workers, to whom we all send truest love. In His love, dear friend, Always yours,

'LIZZIE WESLEY.'

'It is necessary to explain one or two references in the above letter, by mentioning the fact that a chapel improvement scheme had just been successfully carried out, including the erection of a new vestry, putting up new gas lamps at the front entrance, and other needed alterations.

'A line announcing the time of her arrival was received on Friday, February 20th.

'"Just home from Windsor, a farewell meeting for the Guards last night. Already I am feeling the missionary spirit, but am rather tired to-day."

'The following has been communicated by Mrs. Edmeades.

'"Miss Wesley came to Winchester on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 21st, and on her entering the house we were struck with her worn, tired appearance. On questioning her as to what she had eaten that day

she said; 'Nothing yet, but I am going to make a good tea after I have been down to see the vestry.' We tried to persuade her to have something to eat first, but she was so anxious to get down to St. Peter Street that we went. She was very delighted with the new vestry, and after examining it thoroughly she said: 'Do let us have a word of prayer, to thank God for this beautiful room.' So we all knelt down, while she prayed in her simple, sweet way. Then we came home and had tea, and afterwards she spent about an hour in preparing for the next day. After that we walked with her down to Mr. Etheridge's. On the way she called on several friends, and invited some soldiers to the services to be held during the week."

'Up to this time she had always been regarded in the popular estimation as being endowed with more than average powers of vitality and endurance. Alas! the event proved that her spirit was far in advance of her real strength. It burned with such celestial ardour, that it would have worn out a frame of more than common hardness. As it was, before this mission was entered upon, long continued and excessive exertions had so thoroughly undermined her constitution; and though her real weakness was not known to us, yet as she did not seem to be in her usual health, she was strongly advised to make her own part in the work of the coming week as light as possible.

'The Rev. A. H. Bestall, who accompanied Miss Wesley to Winchester, has, at Mr. Wesley's request, supplied the following account of the journey, and the opening of the mission:—

'My acquaintance with Miss Wesley will always be a green spot in my memory; and in days to come, when wearied and cast

down, I shall be able to refresh myself by thinking of her truly beautiful character.

'It fell to my lot in the order of Providence, to open a series of Evangelistic services at *Winchester*, on Sunday, February 22nd, 1885, of which Miss Wesley was the central figure. I met her at Waterloo Station on the afternoon of the previous day, and we had scarcely steamed out of the terminus before our talk was turned to spiritual things. She carried in her hand a small basket, which I found to be filled with religious pamphlets, tracts, &c.

'I was intensely struck with her cheery nature, completely saturated, as it was, by heavenly influence, and long before we reached our destination, my fears as to "to-morrow's work" were all dispelled, and hopeful expectations filled their place, as she exclaimed: "We are about the dear Master's work, you know! We shall have a glorious time!"

'Our kind friends, the Edmeades, met us, and after a little rest, we went, in company with Mr. and Miss Edmeades, to see the newly-erected vestry. Miss Wesley seemed delighted; and after looking round at the texts upon the walls, she said: "This is lovely! Do let us have a word of prayer:" and down we knelt, while prayer was offered, that the new building might be sanctified by the salvation of souls on the coming day. On our way through the old city every friend's house we passed was a signal for a pause, and when my companion spoke to its inmates every little circle seemed to be lighted up by her presence, and delight at seeing her sat upon every face.

'The Sunday's work began at seven in the morning. Miss Wesley, although strongly advised to spare herself for efforts later in the day, was one of the company bowed at the throne of grace at that early hour. During the morning service she sat with the children, and scarcely let a member of the congregation leave the chapel without a cheery word of greeting.

'In the afternoon she held a Mothers' Meeting in the vestry, and the Spirit's power was manifested in the bringing back of some poor straying pilgrims into the way that leadeth unto life.

'During the early part of the evening service she was busy inviting passers-by to enter the chapel. Soldiers were specially her mark, and as a result of her personal invitations many seats

were filled with "red-coats" of the British army. In the prayer-meeting the power of conviction was present, and to our joy penitents began to enter the "Inquiry Room." The soldiers nearly all remained from the preaching service, and many of these sought the Saviour, and found Him with rejoicing. Shortly before the close of the day's work Miss Wesley spoke a few words to the troops present. I never shall forget the influence that rested upon all, while she held us in rapt attention by her chaste and sweetly flowing eloquence. I felt I was listening to a soul that held peculiarly blessed intercourse with the eternal world, for with perfect naturalness, as though she knew the road by heart, she led us up the paths of Zion's Hill to see Zion's King.

'I left her for college on the next day. I met her often after the mission; but I never saw her except busily engaged for Christ. Hundreds of soldiers live to-day to speak their gratitude to God for Lizzie Wesley's life and work. Her success can best be explained by what she once told me was her heart's motto: "Jesus Only!" I never met a mortal who displayed so much of the *im*mortal. Her toil was of the *angel* character, among whose ranks none did more perfect service in the world of light, than did she in this world of sinners. Truly she was a rival of St. Paul! For her to live was Christ, and her death was but her *everlasting gain!*

'A. H. BESTALL.'

'It would be impossible for any one person to gather up into a connected narrative all the self-imposed and loving labours of that last week. Had she been amongst strangers it might have been different. The calls would have been fewer, and her life more retired and quiet; but amongst people who adored her, to whom a visit, a word, a smile, came like a revelation from heaven, it was difficult to find a moment altogether free from work. Sick people to whom she had ministered in earlier days were asking to see their old friend, Miss Wesley, and she must go. No one must be neglected; every one must be seen.

Meals were sometimes missed, and often hardly touched, but, though frequent endeavours were made to protect her from herself, no one, as yet, suspected the fearful drain all this was making on her vital energies.

'On the Monday evening, in her address, which was full of inimitable touches, charming surprises of freshness of expression, loving, womanly frankness and directness of allusion to soldier-life, she said: "I have given my *life* for you—in a very peculiar sense, I am *yours*."

'No stroke of any orator I have heard ever thrilled a sympathising audience more powerfully, than did the simple utterance of this English girl thrill the soldier congregation to whom it was so sincerely spoken.

'In a letter to her father, which is full of instructions respecting the outfit of the unfortunate soldier referred to in Mr. Wesley's letter to myself, she thus describes the work:—

'"The barracks here seem on fire. Last night the chapel full: three parts soldiers. Tuesday night so many soldiers were weeping and praying, that it was impossible to count them or to take their names. The chapel looks every night a blaze of scarlet. Two hundred soldiers are invited to tea for Friday."

'It was a great privilege, and, to me, quite a lesson in army work, to watch her method in the garrison, where we used to meet by appointment. It was something to see her, as she went from room to room, toiling up and down the endless staircases of the old king's palace. Her perfect tact, which anyone might study, and which was so unstudied and instinctive, her sympathetic flexibility of mind, her intuitive

perception of what it was best to say in every fresh situation, her amazing courage in carrying the attack into the most unlikely and difficult quarters; her daring, never faltering, ever womanly, ever charming in her fixed resolve to secure the victory at every point; the ease, at which I could not at times help smiling, with which—when inviting to the services—she vanquished objections and excuses, and captured the objectors—all these are before me as I write.

'I think I can see her now with her *vade mecum*, the inevitable basket, filled with her little books and illustrated papers for the barrack rooms, with card texts and mottoes, which she fixed up herself over the chimney-pieces where they might be always seen, with her beautiful scrap and picture books, which she had put together with her own hands for the children, with leaflets announcing the services, for general distribution, and bunches of violets, lavender-bags, and oranges for the sick in the wards of the hospital. I well remember the excitement her visits always produced in the garrison, how the men crowded at the windows as she passed along, or gathered round in interested, respectful groups, as she paused to give her invitations.

'Night after night the vestry was full of penitents, and the meetings were generally protracted to a late hour.

'It was one of the grandest and most inspiring sights I have ever witnessed, to see these soldiers marching up the aisles of the chapel to the inquiry room in long lines—single file—whilst the building rang with the rousing strains of martial mission music.

'God grant that much fruit of that week's work may appear in the Great Day!

'It was during this visit to Winchester that Miss Wesley met—for the first time and the last—Mrs. Josephine Butler, who, I think, has been rightly described as one of the three greatest Englishwomen of the century. Mrs. Butler's genius is of that high and human order, that, if she had chosen to have followed in the steps of Jane Austen or George Eliot, she would have taken rank amongst the women who are immortal in the literature of imagination. She is all the greater because she has consecrated her rare gifts to the noble work of saving some, and rescuing others, of her sex from the vast sisterhood of sin and misery. It was when the whole matter in reference to Miss Wesley's visit to Winchester was in course of arrangement, that Mrs. Butler expressed to me a wish to give a tea to the soldiers in our schoolroom, if we would lend it to her for the purpose, adding that, if her idea could be carried out, very likely Canon Butler would be present. It was out of this proposal that the tea and great public meeting of Friday, February 27th, 1885, had its origin; and not only several hundred soldiers, but many of the officials, members, and friends of the Society enjoyed Mrs. Butler's generous and catholic hospitality. Miss Wesley entered into this arrangement most heartily. She called on Canon and Mrs. Butler more than once during the week, and was warmly received and cheered by them.

'The meeting had been much talked of in soldier circles. Miss Wesley's presence in the city, the reports of our services, and Mrs. Butler's general invitation, had stirred the whole garrison, and nearly all the

soldiers who were off duty (saving those who were Roman Catholics) came, the red-coated men of the Hampshire regiment—as so many of the rifles had left—predominating. The gallery at the west end of the building was one "blaze of scarlet," and the room in every part was packed, chiefly with soldiers. On the right of the gallery aud facing the larger portion of the audience, was the little group from the Cathedral Close, Mrs. Butler and her friends. Not far away was the mission choir, whilst skirting the sides of the room, right and left, and to the rear of the large company, was a sprinkling of civilians. The spectacle is deeply impressed on my mind, owing to the tragic interest with which it will for ever be associated, presenting, as it did, in a living picture, the last brilliant effort of Miss Wesley's life.

'The programme for the evening, drawn up by my wish by Mrs. Butler, and preserved with other mementoes of the week, lies on the table before me as I write. After one or two had spoken came her own address, rich with tender, faithful, motherly counsels to the young men around her, and pointed with personal references of the most touching character. Miss Wesley followed shortly after, but, in order to preserve the sequence of events, I will here quote from a letter which I have since received from a lady, who was with her nearly the whole of the evening :—

'"At the great soldiers' meeting she was very ill. After the men had finished their tea I missed her, and going up into the chapel, I found her looking dreadfully white. She said : 'I am so glad you've come, do feel my heart.' I put my ear to her side and was horrified to hear it flutter. I begged her not to take

any part in the meeting. She replied, 'Oh, I must, but will you ask the kind friends to leave me for five minutes in the vestry, and I shall be all right again.' We left her, and she soon came out looking so calm and happy. I said, 'Do you feel better?' She said, 'Yes, better, but do pray for me.'

'Entering the crowded room she said to her friend, "I should like to die here—in this meeting. O! the joy I feel; I never felt like I do to-night."

'Just before she began to speak she said that the pain in her side was awful. However, what she felt was not visible, for when her name was mentioned she answered to the call with a sweet and serious radiance of expression, as if she were about to enter upon the supreme moment of her life—as a queen who goes to her bridals. She took up her position half-way up the children's gallery and surrounded, on every side, by the soldiers. Resting one hand on the pillar to her left, she advanced the other, holding in it the military attestation paper. As we think of her, standing up there under the lights, and in full view of so many who would hear her for the last time—with one step in eternity—we have before us a situation touched with suggestions of almost infinite beauty and pathos.

'As soon as she commenced to speak, every one was struck with the strength and penetrating quality of her voice, as compared with what it had been when heard in the chapel on the previous evenings, clear, musical, sympathetic, inflected, and modulated perfectly, as she passed from playful banter to serious counsel, and from serious counsel to pathetic earnest entreaty.

'Ready-witted at all times, her mind seemed, that evening, to act under extraordinary inspiration and—

as is sometimes said—she did with the meeting what she liked. Laughter, tears, and loud amens responded to the light touches of her gentle rhetoric. Who would have thought, as the smiles and murmurs of approval passed round, that death's hand was upon her—that this was almost the last unnatural effort of exhausted nature,—that the amount of vital force she gave away that night, in her generous love for the British army, was all she had—the last frail support on which hung her precious life.

'She took for her text the soldiers' attestation paper. "Soldiers," she asked, "What is the first question on this paper?"

'Here she failed to elicit the correct answer. Attempt after attempt was made, but not one hit the mark. It should, however, be admitted, that the ordeal through which a raw recruit has to pass, when these questions are asked, is a trying one, and is enough to make a strong man nervous. It is, in some cases, so confusing that even young men of Methodist training do not always manage to declare themselves "Wesleyans." We cannot, therefore, wonder that Miss Wesley's auditors should have failed to extract from their recollections of that bewildering examination the precise order in which the questions were originally put. At length, when one soldier shot a reply even more hopelessly wide of the mark than the rest, she extinguished him in her own characteristic good-natured way.

'"It is quite clear," she said, "that you don't know anything at all about it." General laughter and cheers greeted this unexpected and vivacious rejoinder. Friends who had heard Miss Wesley several times, declared to me afterwards that they had never known

her to so thoroughly command an audience; to me, who had only had a few opportunities of hearing her, it was quite her finest effort. Was she not like the Hebrew champion, endued with special strength in this almost her final testimony for the Master?

'"The first question," she went on, is "What is your name?"

'This was made the subject of pointed spiritual application, as were many other questions which were susceptible of such treatment, and which were all handled with great dexterity and spiritual power. She then called upon them in the most impressive manner to follow her in their voluntary oath of allegiance to the Queen, applying it to their sworn fealty to the King of kings. Audibly and slowly they repeated after her each word of the oath. It was a solemn engagement for life; and they closed with the prayer for Divine aid that they might be faithful unto death, all joining in the words: "So help me God."

'This effort left her much exhausted, though how much she really suffered was known only to herself—so brightly and bravely did she pass it off. However, to use her words after the crash, "It was the last straw." She used to say, when she lay helplessly waiting for the summons that, "she wished she had died then."

'On Saturday she made several calls. Friends came in at tea time and she talked and prayed with them. It was a time of sweet communion at Mr. Etheridge's house. She went to the piano and sang several songs with great feeling, amongst which there was one which will never be forgotten by those who heard it:—

'GOOD NIGHT.

'Sleep on, beloved, sleep, and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast:
We love thee well; but Jesus loves thee best.
Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

'Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep;
Thine is a perfect rest, secure, and deep.
Good-night!

'Until the shadows from this earth are cast;
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last;
Until the twilight gloom be over-past.
Good-night!

'Until the Easter glory lights the skies;
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly guise.
Good-night!

'Until made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
And He shall bring that golden crown of thine.
Good-night!

'Only "good-night" beloved—not "farewell!"
A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union, indivisible.
Good-night!

'Until we meet again before His throne
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own;
Until we know even as we are known.
Good-night!'

'On Sunday she went to the early morning prayer-meeting and to both the public services; she also addressed the children in the afternoon, and came to the prayer-meeting previous to the evening service. She seemed to me to be quieter than before, but there

was a somewhat general reaction after the great excitement of the meeting on the Friday. She found time to make calls between the services, and she scarcely partook of food all day.

'We had a long prayer-meeting at the close of the Sunday evening service. I was with her at supper afterwards at Mr. Etheridge's house; others were there, mostly her young friends, whom she always liked to have around her. She came in late, for it seemed impossible for her to get away from the chapel, there were so many to speak to, penitents to be encouraged, and friends to whom she had so many things to say. When she left the chapel that night it was for the last time.

'She did not say much that evening, but seemed happy. It was the last gathering, and the last supper, and the room was full. The old songs of the mission, her favourite battle-hymns, were sung over again. After prayer, we parted. I did not see her again until everything was changed.

'On my return home late on Monday evening from a distant village, where I had been conducting a mission service, I was alarmed and distressed to hear that Miss Wesley had been taken suddenly ill. I gathered the following particulars:—

'She had retired at a late hour, but was unable to lie down and rest. She informed a young friend who spent the night with her, and who was astonished to find Miss Wesley in such a weak state of health, that she had been unable to do so for months. She had not mentioned this to her friends before, lest it might lead them to place some restraint upon her work. The discovery came too late to prevent the disaster which so many have lamented.

'Mrs Edmeades has supplied me with a short account of the collapse which took place that (Monday) afternoon. "On the Monday Mr. Etheridge invited me to go with them for a drive, which I did. I thought Miss Wesley was looking very ill when we started, but she tried to laugh away my fears; she spoke to several persons on the road, giving them little books, and a few kind words. When we reached Avington Park she saw some snow-drops, and her first thought was of the soldiers at home, so she stopped and gathered a quantity. About half-way home she suddenly said to me: 'I am so glad you are with me, dear Mrs. Edmeades, I feel as though I shall die before I reach home.' She several times told me how near and how precious Jesus was to her. She begged me not to leave her, and I did not until she had seen a doctor, who told her that she must discontinue all work and that she must be got home at once. This was a terrible disappointment to her, but she cheerfully submitted."

'The following letter was received from Mrs. Butler during the day:

'*Monday, March 2nd, 1885.*

'MY DEAR MISS WESLEY,

'I should have dearly loved to see you again, perhaps you may be able to join our little prayer union to-morrow at eleven before you leave. I am so glad to have met you, and if in any way God will use me to strengthen some of the dear Christian soldiers you leave behind here, I shall be so happy, I am an old worker, however, and much worn out, my activity is not great now, but thank God, He gives me greater and more numerous victories of faith now that I cannot work so hard.

'May He abundantly bless you in all your labours.

'Yours most truly in Him,

'JOSEPHINE E. BUTLER.'

'It was arranged, in accordance with Miss Wesley's wish, to hold an informal farewell meeting that evening, when she would address a few last words of counsel to the soldiers who had given in their names during the previous week. Several friends had promised to assist. On her return from the drive that afternoon, ill though she was, she declared her intention to be present, but was positively forbidden by her doctor, who said that to go would be almost certain death. It was a great trial to forego her intention, but she yielded to the entreaties of her friends, and wrote the following message in pencil, and asked good Mr Etheridge to take it with him to the meeting, and read it to the soldiers :—

'Miss Wesley's Last Message.

'My Dear Friends,

'I am very sorry I cannot be with you to-night, but Jesus will come.

'Open the door of your hearts and let Him in. Let Jesus live in your hearts *always*. Perhaps I may never see you again, but will you meet me in heaven?

'You promised to bear true allegiance to Christ and to obey all His orders. Let this be your daily prayer "So help me God." I like that little word so, it means, so help me God as only Thou canst. God so loved the world that whosoever believeth on Him hath everlasting life.

'I am so glad to have known you all. We will thank God for our happy meetings. Keep true to Jesus, dear friends who have just found salvation. Pray very much. Read your Bible often.

'And you, dear fellow-workers, go on in the Lord's strength. He is always lovingly watching your toil.

'And you, who do not know Jesus and who said when I asked you to serve Him "not to-night," come now. He will save you just now. I am praying for you. Will you pray for me?

'Your friend for Jesus' sake,

'Elizabeth A. Wesley.

'Take always "Christ for me" as the motto of your life.'

'Great was the sorrow with which the sad news, and these loving words, were received. Next day the house where she laid was besieged with inquirers, amongst whom were many soldiers. Some of them in tears, asking—poor fellows—what could not be granted, that they might only see her.

'I have said, perhaps, too much, and yet not enough if all were written that could be. A veil must be drawn over much of the sorrow that we felt. It is not meet that a life of such starry brightness should be obscured by our regrets. So I will now simply record the circumstance, that I saw her lying at Mr. Etheridge's that day, like an angel that had drooped her wing, still talking about her soldiers, and thinking lovingly of her friends, after whom she inquired, mentioning them by name.

'The same friend from whom I have quoted before writes:—

'"Her one desire was that I should take her home, which I did on Wednesday the 4th of March. She had got so weak that she had to be carried over the line on to the opposite platform, but ill as she was she spoke a word for Jesus at every opportunity. The journey was a very trying one, and the shaking of the train made the pain almost unbearable. To quiet herself she repeated over and over again, all the way home, the words of that beautiful hymn 'Not my own.'"'

'It has been a mournful duty, this which has fallen to me. Sometimes we are inclined to ask whether a life so valuable, might not have been spared longer to the Church, yet if it had been in human power to have restrained her zeal, who would have dared to have done so? especially as no one knew but herself how ill she

really was. No one could have stopped her in that sacred mission to which she was firmly convinced she had been divinely called. We may now think of, and praise God for, the beauty of her life. She was our queen of workers, a true daughter of Zion, our pride and our joy, and she was a Wesley—most precious therefore to us.

'By her death she has paid the debt we owe the soldiers of the British army. They have died for us, she has died for them. She has died that they may not die a far sadder death than hers. Let us who remain learn the great lesson which her life bequeaths. If we are not called upon to die, as she died, let us, at least, so live and work for them that they may "live also," and when they die they may die a death as bright and glorious as was hers.'

CHAPTER X.

Hounslow—Closing Scenes.

THE master-passion of our prostrate toiler had lost none of its strength, and on the Sabbath morn after her return home, Major Thomson read to the soldiers at their parade service, and at her request, a short stirring address which she had pencilled whilst suffering acute pain. These expressions of her heart were as follows:

'To Major Thomson.

'Please tell my soldier friends to-morrow what a glorious "Mission" we had at Winchester, every night many soldiers were seeking Christ—250 from barracks at last meeting, many of whom, when asked, bravely stood up for Jesus. I am praying for our own soldiers at Hounslow, that they may decide also to be on the Lord's side.

'From one who gives her life to win them for Christ.

'Elizabeth A. Wesley.'

From the time Miss Wesley was brought home, ill and helpless, to the close of her life, five months elapsed; but she could hardly have been more fully bent on finishing her work, and resigning all into the hands of God. Two of her significant records, though extracts, were intended to express her resolves and experiences at the times they were made.

The first of these, from George Eliot's writings, was

made when the term of our service at Winchester was closing :—

'I ask for nothing through the rest of my life but that I might be devoted to God's work, without swerving in search of pleasure, either to the right hand or the left. It has often been a hard struggle, but God has been with me.

'Winchester, Sunday, August 5th, 1883.'

The second entry was made eight months after our location in Hounslow, and it was most expressive in its application to her :—

'We have all eternity to rest in. (Arnaud.)

'Hounslow, Good Friday, 1884.'

She was then in the full sweep of her work, and it was prosecuted with all possible energy, till eternity was entered. She never seemed to need thoughts of rest to cheer her toil—the labour was to her so sweet in itself. *Heaven* was to her as a 'rest' of ceaseless and untiring activity.

One day, when enjoying the luxury of hasty toil, she asked me to copy for her immediate use those paradoxical lines of Whittier's, which so forcefully expressed her own sentiments as to Christian labour, and its more than golden harvest :—

'Self-ease is pain ; the only rest
Is labour for a worthy end ;
A toil that gains by what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears, while sowing outward fields,
The harvest song of inward peace.'

We had toiled together for nearly twenty years as only a father and daughter could ; there had been a

delightful oneness between us; we had both fallen at the post of duty, and in the midst of many hard-won victories; and now, by an inscrutable Providence, we were separated from each other.

My medical attendant had advised change of air, and two days after the shock occasioned by seeing my daughter brought home hopelessly invalided, it had been arranged for me to leave home for 'The Yarrells,' Dorset. It was a relief to me that on my way a few days were to be spent with one of my Winchester friends; there an alarming illness arrested me, which for some days placed my life in great danger, and necessitated a month's careful nursing, at the expiration of which the doctor's permission was given for me to return to Hounslow. Accompanied by my helpful wife, whose fortitude never forsook her; escorted by the son of my kind host; and under the care of God, I reached my home safely.

All that loving care and medical skill could perform had been done for us *both* during our absence from each other, and it was a glad meeting; but though my stricken child had not lost her brightness, she bore the marks of extreme suffering and weakness, and none but herself could have much hope of her resuming work.

The little rallying power left her began to assert its existence, and she slowly gained strength enough to leave her room and come down stairs. This small improvement brought back hope, but it was not without its danger, for as every little bit of strength returned she felt that it must be *used*. We were anxious that it should be *nursed* and *fed* that it might grow to vigour, and then be employed in active service. But

objects of her concern came—opportunities of benefiting them were presented; her miscalculated power was used to exhaustion—and relapse followed.

After rallying from one of these she received the doctor very brightly and said; 'Now I wish you to give me your decided opinion of my case.' He at once informed her she was suffering from organic, chronic heart disease, and that there was no hope of cure. 'Shall I be able to WORK?' she inquired, 'for I have known persons who have had heart disease, and have lived long and been equal to considerable effort.' 'You will not be able to take military work again,' was the answer. Thus, 'half her life joy' was gone at a stroke, and the keenly felt loss was instantly visible in an almost mortal paleness, but not a word could she speak. 'Surely! Doctor, I can take my class of girls?' was the next inquiry. After a brief explanation of the mode of conducting it, the reply was, 'No—I fear not—the singing would be injurious—and you could not bear the excitement and strain. All work must be given up for a long time, and absolute rest taken.' Her sorrow had now grown to irrepressible anguish, and as soon as tears and words came to her relief, she exclaimed, 'Oh!—then I would rather die; for life to me without *work* would be intolerable: I could not bear to be useless. I *did* think, doctor, that I *might* have had my class!' She had no dread of death; and only desired life for the good of others. With painful reluctance she gave up her class-book—felt that she was no longer the leader of the girls around whom her heart had become entwined—and that her life was reduced almost to a blank.

One question yet remained for solution at the

doctor's next visit, and it was hopefully put—'May I *write*—doctor?' 'Yes' was the reply, 'it will employ and interest you, and in moderation, it will not hurt you.' This permission lighted up her face with the old gladness, she felt that she had not lost touch with the objects of her solicitude, and that she had still an important means of doing good left. Seven communications left for the post that night—the arrears of her correspondence were overtaken—and she continued the use of her pen and pencil till her right hand forgot its cunning. Encouraged by her little returning strength, she snatched every opportunity of speaking a word for Christ, whatever might be the penalty the interview involved. She kept control over her favourite Monday night meeting and made arrangements for it —continued the supply of tracts and flowers for the sick wards at the hospital—sent a written loving message to the men at their Sunday morning service —and now and then a book and special message to some particular soldier. As in the light of eternity, she scrutinised her work; and declared that she had done it *all* for Jesus, while she rested on Him *alone* for salvation.

The reading of a tract on 'Converse with Christ' produced a profound solemnity of mind, and led her to deep searching of heart, which continued for some time. This treatise contended for the possibility of being very religious—busy all day about God's matters —giving time, and money, and thought to Him—and yet having no converse with Him: it represented a busy worker getting wrong altogether for the want of conversation with Christ, and waking up in the judgment to see his work all crumble away, and he and

the Saviour strangers to each other. The result of the frequent reading of this tractate was the discovery that she had *not* substituted toil in the place of communion with Christ; yet it led to more intimate converse with Him.

Her last birthday brought her, as usual, many letters; and her reply to one of these, which she wrote to a fellow-worker, will now be read with interest. She sank from exhaustion before it was finished, and had to rally again ere she could resume it.

Last letter to Emma Snoad.

'Hounslow, *May 24th, 1885.*

'Emma, Dear Old Friend,

'Among my birthday letters I sought for yours most eagerly. I thought, though Emma does not know it, her letter will comfort me more than any of the others, because she and I have kindred feelings, both *tired* workers laid aside to rest awhile. I knew it *would* come—but oh I am so sorry to find you are still so weak; and in your beautiful Cobham, with all its country glory, surely sickness cannot come there, one might dream as they lived in its loveliness. But the shadow falls often where least expected, and always where the sunshine is the brightest. Mine came in this way—Our "Mission" in Winchester to the soldiers was so blessed that it was continued a few days longer, and on the last Monday morning I was quite obliged to give up and be ill, though all the week I had been feeling very overdone. The doctor came and said it was what he had expected for months, I had a weak little frame which was never able to do the work I had given it,—heart disease I had already very badly, and slight inflammation of the lungs. No more work must I do for long months, and much I must give up entirely. A friend of ours brought me home, father was just recovering from a long illness. Mrs. Edmeades took him back to Winchester, and there he was taken very ill again.

'Poor mother nursed me bravely with a sad heart, occasionally going over to see dear father. I have had one serious relapse, but

now I feel stronger, still a prisoner to the house. The kindness of friends here, and the tender sympathy of our officers and soldiers, have endeared them to us so much, and it is very hard to feel we must leave them and our *work*. This is hardest of all; I began to write this letter last Sunday, but I was tired and I put it away so carefully that I lost it!

'Father is better to-day and has gone to chapel, but while these cold winds are here I must not go out. Our ministers' "House of Rest," at Colwyn Bay, Wales, has been offered us for September, but our going is uncertain; we must have our holiday sooner it seems, and then what we shall do afterwards only God can tell us. Whatever He chooses for us we will accept, perhaps father may get strong enough for another year here, then I could do odd "bits" of work. We have now 600 extra young soldiers here; a grand field is opening up.

'Mr. Collier is so kind, he is constantly trying to do something to help us all. Mr. Ingram also comes over to cheer us, but for weeks I was not allowed to see anyone. Richmond students very often do father's duty in barracks. How many interruptions I have had in this chat. Last Whit-Sunday what a glorious time we had at Gravesend. Perhaps, dear, we loved our work *too* much it is possible, and Jesus wanted us to talk and commune with Him, without the hurry and bustle. I like so much—Nov. 1884, Girls' Magazine, "Father's Slippers,"—do you remember?

'The girl was so busy working them for his birthday, and when he wanted her to be with him, "Voice and Heart," she was too busy . . . "He asks for an hour's communion, our voice and our heart, but we are so full of our little working, we seldom his presence see;" and yet I am sure I came closest to Jesus in my work. This working for souls seems such a glad excuse for talking to Him. Do you feel this, Emma? Satan has been so busy with me, temptations of all sorts, *mental*. . . . I so loved to have that sunny glimpse of you last year. Did you go to the May meetings? I do so hope you already feel stronger, dear child. How I should love to be near you for help and comfort, we could cheer each other now, as we never did before.

'Always loving you,

'And always your friend,

'LIZZIE.'

This letter wants no comment: it is a message from the border-land—heaven.

The next letter is the last she wrote to her unsaved school-fellow, and with a persistence which death only could exhaust, she sought to charm her to Jesus. Another breakdown and complete failure of memory testified to her intense concern for the salvation of *one* soul in this final effort.

Last letter to Annie G——.

'HOUNSLOW, *May 24th, 1885.*

* * * * * *

'I was so glad, dear Annie, to have your letter on April 2nd; I was quietly lying in bed, and had plenty of time to dream over the past, and wish it had been oh! so much better and wiser, more *heart* devotion to God.

'When death's dark robe comes so near that we can almost hear the rustle, how small every other living thing seems, but God-like living. Life for a happy eternity is the only living worth the name.

'My darling friend, how I have longed for you to know Jesus. Are you getting nearer to Him? I thought so often of you when I was ill, and I promised Jesus that if I was able to write again, I would once more tell you of His love for you.

'Do you not want *Jesus*, Annie? He wants *you* I am sure. *Come to Him*, He calls you, Annie.

'I suppose . . . It is now Monday evening and I know not what I was saying next, when I was tired and laid aside my letter.

'We are very uncertain about remaining here, but God will guide. I must hastily close now; I would like to come with the letter, Annie.

'Mother's love to your mother and to you all. Ever your friend,

'LIZZIE.

'I was so glad to get my birthday letter, dear.'

On reading this closing letter and calling to mind the effort by which it was preceded, one cannot help exclaiming, 'How much easier it must be to yield to the influences which are brought to bear upon us for our salvation than to resist them all and be lost!'

On Sunday, May 31st, dear Lizzie attended the morning service at the chapel; it was a Sunday-school sermon, and the Rev. S. F. Collier preached. We tried to dissuade her from making the effort, she looked so ill, but it was of no avail, for she said she felt so much better, and had fully resolved once more to join in public worship. The friends were as glad as they were surprised to see her; but all, except herself, felt that it would be the last time; and so it proved. She enjoyed the service; and it was a joy to her that it was on behalf of an institution in which she had been for so many years so deeply interested.

On her way home, though much exhausted by the effort, she saw a group of people of a class which always excited her interest standing, as usual, around the lodging house, and with all her old zeal she was soon in the midst of them, giving them the best advice and distributing tracts. Any other Christian worker might have received insult, but she dared to do her duty; they yielded to her irresistible influence, and treated her with the greatest respect.

She closed the day by gaining access to soldiers in the street and inviting them to the evening service, which she was unable to attend herself. A lady friend who accompanied her, informed me that she had difficulty in getting her away from them, and she was afraid of the effect of the earnest entreaty on herself.

On the following morning, Monday, June 1st, a lady

took her in her carriage to the barracks. The arrangement had been made without our knowledge, and under the same conviction that she *must* go. She had by a great effort provided herself with flowers for the sick, and flowers in pots for the hospital wards. With her former delight, she visited the wards, talked and prayed with the men in a way that they assured me they could never forget, gave them flowers and books, and with reluctance left for ever the scene of her toil. The doctor, the hospital sergeant and the lady who kindly accompanied her, fearing the consequences, pressed her to leave, but before doing so, she invited the soldiers who gathered around her to attend the meeting always held for them on the Monday evening, promising to be there if they would comply.

The Monday evening came and found her extremely weak, but no persuasion could prevent her from making the attempt. She pleaded the promise she had made to the men; and evidently feeling that if she did not avail herself of that opportunity she would never have another, she walked to the schoolroom, taking flowers with her. Her little strength failed, and she would have fallen, but her wonderful courage sustained her, and assisted by friends, she entered the room. It was a solemn scene. She gave to those who were there her kindly recognition, offered a short but powerful prayer, and then, with heart-breaking and heart-thrilling pathos, and beseeching importunity, she implored the soldiers to fly to Jesus, and make Him their friend. She paused . . . and closed with the words: 'I can do no more: I have consecrated my *life* for you.' So it proved. The scene was touching, sublime, grand! The angels might have paused in their flight to

behold it. She took her farewell of the place in which she had spent so many happy evenings, and never entered it again. As she left the schoolroom, she saw a gathering of soldiers on the other side of the street, and though almost in a fainting state, by the help of a soldier she reached them, gained their attention, gave them words of invitation to the Saviour, and besought them to accept of His offers. Then, leaning on the arm of Major Thomson, she reached home. Such was her last public work.

Another serious relapse followed this strain on her strength; and the frequent calls of soldiers and friends rendered it impossible for her to rally. Yet she still clung to her work, kept up communication with the military, and provided for their entertainment and spiritual improvement. One of her earnest messages sent at this time to the men at their Sunday service will show what careful provision she made for them, and how conscious she was of her rapidly failing strength.

'HAMPTON HOUSE, *June 8th, 1885.*

'MY DEAR FRIENDS,

'To-morrow night four friends from London are coming to sing and speak for Jesus, they have beautiful voices and you will thoroughly enjoy their singing. The meeting begins at seven o'clock, Bell Road, Wesleyan schoolroom. Will you come? Some I know, are going to Aldershot to-morrow, may God bless them in the camp, and protect them from danger and sin. We would advise especially any of the recruits of 5th Batt. Royal Fusiliers, to find out the Wesleyan Soldiers' Home, Grosvenor Road, Aldershot, where they will have a hearty welcome. The home is always open. Those who remain in the barracks we earnestly invite to come to the schoolroom to-morrow night, and will you bring at least one comrade with you?

'Months ago I could come among you and talk to you about the meetings; but sometimes I fear I shall never have strength again

to run up the high stone steps, and in and out the passage, *asking everybody to come to the meetings.* Will you do this to-morrow for my sake, just to help me? I will pray for you all, and ask God to help you to serve Him faithfully, as you do your Queen and country.

'Sometimes I fear you forget your best Friend, you are half ashamed to wear Christ's uniform, or to join His colours; but in a hundred years from now, Queen Victoria's colours will be nothing to you, and to belong to Christ's army will be everything. Dear friends of the King's Hussars, are you true to God? Is He your King? When He comes to meet you all at the judgment throne, will He claim you as His soldiers? God knows those of you who belong to Him.

'And you friends of the Fusiliers, with the brave royal blue, the proud grenade and the bonnie rose of England, let the traditions of duty done so nobly at Alma and Inkerman give you courage to stand up for Jesus in the barrack room, or on the square, and not to be afraid of a comrade's laugh when you are trying to fight for right.

'We do not have many of our Middlesex Regiment friends at this pleasant morning service, but to those who are here to-day I would like to tell of one soldier who came to see us yesterday, after years of foreign service, one who was "recommended" for his courage and bravery during the Egyptian and other campaigns. One Sunday night, nine years ago, we found him in a little prayer-meeting weeping bitterly over his sins, and asking, "Can God forgive me who am such a black sinner?"

'Jesus answered "Yes." He washed that sinner's heart white in His precious blood, and to-day that brave sergeant is happy in sins forgiven. You know how soon the pure white facings get soiled, and then you have to be busy with the pipe-clay again. Some people's religion is like that, soon rubbed off; get the right sort of religion. Let this be your heart-felt prayer, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." Honours won bravely at Albuera and Vittoria will never be a passport to heaven. This only password will admit you there, "The precious blood of Christ." For His sake,

'Believe me to be your friend,

'ELIZABETH A. WESLEY.'

Corporal B—— and his comrade were passing one afternoon when dear Lizzie was very ill; she caught sight of them, and beckoned them in. On my naming very seriously the doctor's strict prohibition, she said, in the most imploring tones which no one could deny, 'Oh! papa, *do* let me see them. I will be so quiet, and it will not hurt me.' They entered; and after she had talked very nicely to the corporal, she addressed herself in her own sweet way to the young private soldier, and said: 'Were you ever *ill?*' 'Yes, Miss,' was the reply. '*Very ill?*' 'Yes, Miss.' 'How did things appear to you then? Had you religion?' 'No, Miss.' 'Did you not feel very serious and concerned?' 'I did, but it passed away.' 'Well—*I* am *very ill;* and they say I shall not get better; and if I had all to do now, it would not be done. Besides, I am not allowed to work now; and seeing you is an unexpected opportunity of saying a few words, for which I am thankful. Ah! you will be ill again some day. You will need the Saviour then. Promise me you will seek the Saviour.' She prayed with him—pinned the bit of blue on his tunic—and then, praying with the deepest feeling that he might be true, they parted. He was deeply impressed; and no wonder. She was a mere shadow in appearance; but the earnest feeling which trembled in these solemn words came from a spirit which was looking within the veil, and pluming its wings for flight. Who could deny the fainting and faithful heroine this opportunity of lifting the blood-stained banner of the Cross before this young soldier, and beseeching him to enlist under it, by becoming a believer in the Crucified One? Few ever estimated opportunities of doing good more highly or more

gladly availed herself of them; but she now learned the value of an opportunity of speaking a word for Christ, as we all shall some day, when they were all closing for ever, and when the first flash of eternity was upon her. There is a lesson forcefully taught us in this touching expression of the thankfulness for this unexpected opportunity which she so eagerly snatched of speaking only a few words for Jesus.

It would be strange if the life of such a worker *for Christ* and *against Satan* could close without severe attacks from the enemy whose ranks she had so greatly thinned. She had them; and they were some of the most fiery darts of the wicked one that pierced her. Placing her case in contrast with that of others, she was tempted to reflect on the Divine character from the arrangements of His providence. She said to me: 'Papa! I am doing the Lord's work, I never loved it more than now, it never seemed so necessary or so hopeful as now. He has required me to be zealous; all my zeal is from Him; and while the servants of Satan are spared and strong to serve the enemy of God and man, here am I sinking in the midst of my beloved work. What a mystery it is! I am afraid we have not been sufficiently devoted. There must have been something defective in us or in our work, or it would not have been so abruptly closed.' So far from grudging any personal trial, weariness, or sacrifice, she was charging herself with defective doings; the idea of 'resting awhile' she could not entertain. As though she saw the sun slowly going down while it was yet day, she pushed on with her work—plied her pen—arranged with her father for the coming up of the militia—put in tasteful order a profusion of

flowers sent her for the soldiers—made pretty scrap-books for children—worked beautiful articles for friends who had shown her kindnesses—in fact, did everything, however minute, that came to hand. Having fully improved the present, she could consistently hope as to the future. Nor did she despair yet of the restoration of enough health and strength to see a Soldiers' Home founded in Hounslow, if not to take charge of it; and she fondly dreamed of other projects. There was a pleasure which the selfish know not in the very *dreams* of her cheerful benevolence.

Her correspondence will give the best history of this suffering portion of her life.

Several letters from that God-honoured woman, the late Elizabeth M'Aulay, were of great service to her; and we give an extract from one which tended greatly to calm the mental perplexity which she had disclosed to her.

'BUCKINGHAM HOUSE, FINSBURY PARK,
'*June 24th, 1885.*

'MY DEAR SUFFERING FRIEND,

* * * * *

'"In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His Presence saved them." Do you believe this? If a fuller salvation be secured by this affliction for yourself, and a greater glory brought to Him who *understands every* thing, will you not rather say, "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt"?

* * * * *

'Why should we be surprised at any lie the devil tells? You know Him who says he was a liar from the beginning. My precious child, your faith and hope must be in God. The why and the wherefore of much evil that is in the world is shrouded in deepest mystery. But all is not evil that appears such. Your Master said a long while ago—"Come ye yourselves *apart* and

rest awhile," and you said—"No thank you, dearest Lord, I can go on yet;" and so in sheer compassion He *drew* you *aside*, and laid *you* down, and as He did to His ancient prophets, He has *put bands upon* you that you cannot rise. Now, darling, will you be quiet till He choose to loose them? He knows every separate youth, and all his history, and all his probabilities, and possibilities, and yet He says: "Sit still, My daughter, until thou know how the matter will fall." Trust His wisdom as you do His love.

* * * * *

'Believe me, your very affectionate friend,

'ELIZABETH M'AULAY.'

A letter has been sent me by a tried young lady friend which my unresting daughter wrote her a few days earlier.

'HOUNSLOW, *June 14th, 1885.*

'MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

'This afternoon I have been allowed to have three soldier friends to tea, wandering boys, and this has given me a pleasant Sunday: twice I have gone to chapel, but I find it excites me to see the people.

'Once only a lady friend drove me to the hospital in her brougham with cushions and every care, but I could not bear it very well and had a serious relapse. The doctors thought I could not recover, as lungs and heart were so weak. The latter I shall always have weak and diseased. This makes me feel sad sometimes; but I am learning to accept it as God's will; He knows best.

'I hope rest will give me at least strength to do quiet work. I am so sorry not to be able to go into the camp on the Heath. We shall have 1600 militia there soon.

'Since I have been ill every one has been so kind to me, of all ranks. I have especially noticed that the roughest have been so gentle and kind, by flowers and by letters, and messages, a quiet few minutes' talk: they have given me such true sympathy. I think God has let my weak ill health keep them in their

struggles after Him : they have been so much more ready to hear of God.

'I try to find all the sunshine, but sometimes I get sad, especially about dear father, but he seems much better, and preached to our soldiers last Sunday. We are all going away for a change of air soon—dear mother has kept up so bravely, but she often looks so tired.

'Last Monday several friends of mine came and sang and recited and talked to our soldiers at their meeting. There was a large attendance, but one little worker had to stay patiently at home.

'So many other things I would like to say, dearie, but I must not : only one loving message—Lean hard on Jesus. He loves you, and can carry us and our burdens.

'"I always go to Jesus,
No matter when or where,
I seek His gracious presence,
I'm sure to find Him there,
In times of joy and sorrow,
Whate'er my need may be,
I always go to Jesus,
And Jesus comes to me."

'The future will be all right, dear friend. Keep trusting.

'With truest love, yours affectionately,

'LIZZIE WESLEY.'

Yet another letter from her unresting brain and tired hand, written to her esteemed friend who entertained her during her last effort at Winchester, is worthy of preservation. It was accompanied by a pretty present which her busy fingers had worked. She had exquisite taste in the execution of all kinds of needlework and works of art; and her many friends who keep these ornaments as sacred, and call them their 'gems,' wonder how she could find time to produce them. It will not be deemed out of place,

especially by our fair readers, to state that Miss Wesley was as efficient in the useful and domestic departments as she was skilful in the production of what was beautiful and ornamental.

'HOUNSLOW, *June, 1885.*

'These little forget-me-not flowers bring my truest love to you, dear kind friend. I enjoyed working them so much; but mother's fingers made the cushion. Please let it lie on your toilet table as a wee little reminder of a tired girl to whom you gave up your own nice room. Now the east winds are going I shall soon get stronger. I have already had two tiny walks, and to-day I was going out to luncheon, but it has been raining. Father had just gone to Major Thomson's quite brightly, he looks so much better. I fear I cannot help him as much as I did; but we must leave all the anxious future in wiser hands than ours.

'General and Mrs. K——, and many other officers have called lately, all hoping we shall stay; and best of all, these poor London waifs at the barracks give us their constant sympathy.

'I would like to live and die in my old beloved work, if it had been God's will. There is so much work waiting to be done among our soldiers here, and the militia are beginning to camp out; but I must not want to work if God says—"Rest!"

'Dr. W—— said the other day, "You must never sing again much, and not at all for months." So I remembered the last time I sang—it was that morning in the "sermon room" when Mr. E——, senr., came in, and we sang that precious hymn, "Not my own." I *felt* that Jesus came so near that morning, and God Himself accepted the *sacrifice* we *all* made.

'I little thought then that the gift God wanted *from me* was my precious work; but even yet I believe He will give me renewed strength to do odd bits of work. It was a great trial to give up my class-book (of my girls' class) last week. I thought I might have kept on my class.

'So many other things I want to say, but I feel tired—so can only kiss you—"Good-night" dear. Ever yours lovingly,

'LIZZIE WESLEY.

'We hope to go away soon—I am going to Kew first to see how I can manage. The change will do father so much good.

'Give my love to Mrs. S——, tell her I shall perhaps see her in Lincolnshire soon, and if not, in the glory land.

'P.S.—Post time: but just a wee message to Mr. E——.

'I am downstairs to-day—have had tea in a respectable way with everybody else: not upstairs tea now.

'Father was so cheered by your letter this morning; it came just at the right time.

'I was wondering last Sunday morning at 12.30, whether *you* have any new members?

'I can do nothing now but pray for you busy workers. I do hope the Reserves coming up will be "a means of grace" as they were to us *before*.

'Do please ask Mr. Hunter to let them have meetings in the little room nightly. G—— if he is up, will work well; and if Mrs. E—— and Mrs. S—— bless them both—will go and do Lizzie Wesley's old work—aided by the other lady-workers—there will be glorious times. You gentlemen will not mind—will you—going without the nice puddings for supper? Our love to you both. Yes! I do hope for more happy days in your home—so bright and glad.'

What a power for good still was this dear girl's pen! And she wielded it with her '*might*' as long as she could grasp it.

One of her bitterest disappointments yet awaited her. Lizzie had set her heart on securing a Soldiers' Institute. She hoped we might combine with it a mission-room for civilians. But in this desirable object no one gave her sympathy, they rather chilled her hopes. Yet she clung to it. She depended much on the advice of a friend, a former resident in Hounslow, and on his visit to their house she opened her mind to him on the subject. When the subject had been fully considered, he replied: 'Neither you, nor your father, nor the Hounslow friends can attempt

anything of the kind.' Dear Lizzie's face turned pale: her sorrow and disappointment were intense, and she said to her father, 'Well; I suppose I must give it up.' She never again mentioned the subject.

It was painfully evident that Lizzie's strength was fast failing, and that the sufferer's symptoms were daily becoming more serious; so it was resolved after other proposals which seemed hopeful had failed, to take her to Ramsgate as the resort she could reach with the least effort, and hoping that its bracing air might exert a restorative influence. We had esteemed friends there who knew her early work, and who strongly wished to take charge of her. She left with her anxious mother and her kind host on Thursday, June 25th, and though she was sad on leaving me very ill, yet she was like herself — calm — trustful — and brightened up, as though determined to allow hope to do its best. She prepared before leaving home for opportunities of Christian work, carefully selected a large number of very suitable books, leaflets, and tracts, and delighted in the prospect of using them during her stay. Though tired by her ride to the station and her walk to the railway carriage, yet before the train started she gave a tract to a soldier on the platform, and a book to a porter, with a few earnest words. The guard at the end of the journey also had religious conversation with her before they parted, and received a well-known book from her, entitled 'Heaven and How to Get There.'

Ungenial weather set in, the east wind continued, all external influences proved inauspicious, and after spending nine restless days and sleepless nights, and without once being able to leave the house, she came

home with diminished strength. Now all our hopes seemed gone even of partial recovery. The few weeks left of her life, though spent in languor and pain, had no tinge of gloom or melancholy in them. Her only sorrow arose from her life being apparently cut short with such a grand future opening before her, as we had all hoped, both of toil and triumph.

It was most touching, as we surveyed the tracts generous friends had sent us for the militia, to hear her say with the old sparkle in her eye, 'Papa! we must select and keep a few of each as specimens for the future.'* Her nights were the saddest portions of her illness, preceded as they were by wearisome wasting days. In the sleepless night-watch she said: 'Very different nights, mother, to what I used to have: instead of weariness in writing letters, languor in suffering and pain: unable to write a letter: going to bed at ten o'clock, and long night-watches.'

She wished me to record two extracts for her; they were the last entries made at her request, and adapted to her state. The first was the sentiment of Fenelon's: 'How rare it is to find a soul still enough to hear God speak;' and the second some sweet lines which had soothed her when she was tired, restless, and longing for sleep:—

'Lay Thy hand upon me
When I fall asleep;

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* A parcel of illustrated periodicals sent to her to help her in her work by George J. Stevenson, M.A., of London, when she was at Winchester, elicited from her in reply, 'Are all these books for me to give away without anything to pay for them?' such was the openness and honesty of her heart.

Through the silent hours,
Close beside me keep,
Calm my spirit's chafing,
Restless with long care;
Murmurs melt in silence
When Thy *hand* is there.'

In the quiet of the sick chamber, she listened to the tranquillising voice of Jehovah, saying, 'Be still, and know that I am God'; then all her fears and apprehensions were hushed.

A suffering neighbour of ours has just sent me her testimony to the kindness of my daughter; and her husband also adds his brief account of the change he has experienced through her instrumentality.

'Miss Wesley's great kindness to me I can never forget,—it was so different to ordinary human kindness. She obtained admittance for me into a London hospital, that I might have the best treatment. She travelled with me, saw me comfortably there, and her conversation through the journey so cheered me that it very much broke the trial of leaving, for a time, my family. I have often said she was an angel upon earth: and she was the means of drawing me closer to God. I inclose a consoling letter which she sent me, and which I often read now with very great profit. Her good and kind wishes for me and mine have since been granted.

"HAMPTON HOUSE, HOUNSLOW,
"*Christmastide, 1884.*

"I AM so glad to hear, dear Mrs. Andrews, that you are better, and so happy at the hospital. I knew you would be. All will be right if you only trust in Jesus.

"'Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,

Trusting Him whate'er befal,
Trusting Jesus—that is all.'

"Mr. Andrews called to tell me how you were getting on; but we were just getting ready for a concert for our soldiers, and I did not get time to ask him many questions about you.

"The dear children are well.

"You will miss the dear home faces, but you will soon be with them all again.

"I hope this coming year will be a beautiful year for you and yours—a year given to Jesus.

"Ask Him to live in your home, and to be the sunshine of the place.

"How good Jesus is! and so willing to live in our hearts if we only ask Him.

"This is a loving little message, sent in great haste by,

"Yours in His love,

"ELIZABETH A. WESLEY."'

The testimony of this good woman's husband is equally decisive.

'I have reason to thank our Heavenly Father for bringing me to know Miss Wesley. She was the means of my conversion to God. I shall never forget the influence she, without knowing it, exerted on me the first time I saw her at her own home; it was her great kindness to my wife which led to that interview, and when the dear young lady was leaving home for the last time, hoping to be benefited by the change, she sent by her father messages of kindness, and pretty scrap-books which she had made for our children. No one with any heart at all could refuse her.'

Not willing to give up without testing for herself what strength she had left, our sinking one resolved on making one more effort, and on Saturday afternoon, July 25th, she expressed a strong wish to get down-

stairs, assigning as her reason that she could not gather strength in her own room. By a great effort, and very slowly, her strong will enabled her to descend the steps; but her exhaustion was so great that she evidently felt she was down for the last time. A friend was mentioned who would carefully carry her back, and she said with a look of great seriousness, as though the shadow of death had fallen upon her, 'I should like to be carried by a private soldier.' It was by a calm and slow step that her apartment was once more reached.

On the Sunday evening, July 26th, a lady friend sat with the invalid, that her tired mother might rest a little. While seated at the landing window, and enjoying the cooler air there, Lizzie calmly said to her friend, 'I feel that my work on earth is done, and that this will be my last Sabbath. I am sure, from my own feelings, that this state of things cannot last long. It seems strange that I should be taken away so early, but I feel that it is *right,* and I must leave it all. How kind God is! I have such loving thoughts of God. How kind it is of friends to sympathise with me and minister to my wants. Many who are ill as I am have not my comforts and friends, and I feel so thankful for all.'

During the last week of her life she suffered much, had excessive languor, hardly any sleep, with total loss of appetite, but it was all borne without a murmur, and with brightness and cheerfulness.

On Monday, July 27th, two esteemed friends from Winchester paid her their last visit. She was in a state of extreme exhaustion, but on seeing each separately, her face was lighted up with feeling and

delight. Mr. Edmeades said her smile was worth taking a journey to witness: he never could forget the heavenly expression of her countenance. It was more beautiful than he ever expected to see on earth, and could hardly need much alteration to appear in heaven.

Her father, on entering her room each morning, found her with her Bible, and gave her the passage of Scripture and the verse of a hymn which he had just read to aid his own devotions from the Morning and Evening Monitor which she had used when a school-girl, and then prayed with her. She could only bear a few quiet words. The hymn (358 Wesley's) she often read, and it became such a favourite with her. She smiled as her father remarked to her how different the hymn was to her accustomed mode of procedure when she made Christian work in a sinful world such a luxury, and went into it with such a swing, reading the verse:—

'From the world of sin, and noise,
And hurry, I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe:
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in Thy presence move,
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of Thy love.'

If ever there was a devout soul in this busy, noisy world Miss Wesley's was one; but her devotion was unselfish: it often found time for converse with God when others were sleeping, and it so strengthened the mainspring of obedience as to impel her to go about doing good. But she now felt that her active life was

at an end. She was looking calmly into eternity, and expecting soon to enter it: and the sentiments of the above hymn were felt to be in perfect harmony with her experience.

Saturday, August 1st, was her last day. She had had a weary sleepless night, and seemed worn out, but patience had her perfect work, and her fortitude never forsook her. She fully expected this would be her dying day, and knew that with all that tender love and watchful care and human skill could do, death would be no shadow, but a reality; yet she thoughtfully, slowly, and calmly walked through the valley attended by her Saviour, and fearing no evil. Her parents were not aware of the premonitory words which she had spoken to her friend on the Sabbath, and were hoping she might stay with them a little longer.

In the morning of the day the Rev. S. F. Collier paid her his last visit, and on entering her room offered an exclamatory prayer, 'May God bless you!' to which she instantly replied, 'He *does* bless me: He is *very, very* near now.' He prayed, and commended the dying saint to God, and on leaving asked if Mrs. Young should again attend her? and she replied, 'I fear she is tired, and I should not like to weary her.' She was to the last so tenderly thoughtful of others. Mrs. Young soon, with her unfailing kindness, came, and as she entered her chamber she looked up with an unearthly expression, and exclaimed, 'I *do* love Him. They're coming!' She then conversed with her friend freely, and said, 'I've not been well for years, and feeling that my time was short, I was anxious to do all I could.' To her father, who remarked: How very graciously God *completes* the preparation of His loved ones

at last, she replied, with an expressive smile, and in enigmatical language which she knew would elicit inquiry: 'Ah! He doesn't love me as I love Him. Her father said, as she expected, 'That requires some explanation, Lizzie.' She then most impressively placed herself in contrast with the Great Supreme, and said, with deep humility, 'When God looks on me He beholds a crooked, gnarled, imperfect thing; but when I look on Him!'—she paused reverently, but added no more. 'Ah,' replied her father, 'I see your meaning now, you speak of the love of complacency.' She bowed assent, and was evidently glad that I had caught her partially and purposely hidden meaning; but she was suffering too much for further remark. Hers was love for an absolutely perfect Being; but God's love for her was Divine love for an imperfect child; and between the two—the thought had instantly struck her, that there could only be contrast without comparison. Seeing her father sad in prospect of separation from her, she said, 'You can do better without me than I could do without you. I shall be there to welcome you, and it won't be long.' Several times she said, 'I would rather go *now* than live such a life as I am told I must live with heart-disease—a life without work. Oh! I would rather go now.' So the last morning passed.

In the afternoon, she quoted, with deep emotion, the verse of Charles Wesley's:

> 'Me for Thine own Thou lov'st to take,
> In time and in eternity;
> Thou never, never wilt forsake
> A helpless worm that trusts in Thee.'

She was reminded by her mother that those were some of the last words of her beloved cousin who died young and were now his epitaph. Her smile betokened her that she remembered it. The pain from which she had long suffered being very acute, she looked up, and with a simplicity so tender, she offered the following prayer: 'Please, Jesus, give me five minutes' freedom from pain.' The prayer was instantly answered, the pain left her, and never returned.

In the evening her mother asked, 'Whom should you like to see?' She immediately replied, 'None but Jesus.' Her mother informed her that her dear cousin had arrived from Raunds, and after she had given her a loving and cheerful recognition, she looked into her face with a heavenly smile, and said: 'Jesus saves me *now*'! A little later on, as though she had caught the strain from one of her meetings, she said with energy, 'Tell them to sing it over again! Jesus saves me *now*!' She thought of friends who had been very kind to her, and sent loving thanks to them, not forgetting any. She remarked how worn Mr. Collier looked in the midst of his toil, and sent kind words to him, and added: 'He must remember that "underneath are the everlasting arms."' She then summoned all her strength to give utterance to her favourite watchwords, and exclaimed: 'Jesus only!' Her mind seemed to be in heaven, which she was so near entering, and looking intently at her mother, she said, 'I shall see *some* soldiers in heaven.' Her thankful and yet sad expression, with the emphasis she laid on the word 'some,' told that the good hope she had of 'some' had more than justified all her toil and sacrifice. After another pause, she resumed her

illumined aspect, and quoted the self-renouncing line: 'Just as I am, without one plea.' All present now felt that the last conflict was nearly over; but the solemn stillness of the scene was again broken by the last question which the sufferer put to a Christian lady who was watching her: 'How long do you think it will *probably* be now?' 'You will be from earth to heaven in a moment!' her dear friend replied. 'That is not what I mean,' said dear Lizzie. 'How long will it be before the *end* comes?' '*Very soon now*,' her friend replied. It was evident that the departing one had a purpose in putting this last question, which was soon disclosed. She wished to send a last message to particular friends. Feeling herself just within the heavenly portal, and anxious in death that a family to whom she was strongly attached, and in whose welfare she had taken a deep interest, should follow her, she again looked up into her mother's face, and mentioning the names of three of its esteemed members, said in connection with each: 'Tell —— to meet me in heaven.' Her strength failing, she could not stay to mention the other names, and added, 'Tell *all the rest* to meet me in heaven.' Yet one more request remained; and thinking of those for whom eight years of her life had been spent, she said in tones which we wish could peal through the British Army, 'TELL ALL THE SOLDIERS TO MEET ME IN HEAVEN.' Her Lord still delaying His coming, she devoutly and solemnly said, 'Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly.' Her last words were reserved for God, and were the expression of her filial acquiescence in all her heavenly Father's allotment, notwithstanding she was being removed from the field so early. With a perfectly

resigned spirit, she faintly whispered, 'Thy will be done;' and having uttered these words, she calmly and beautifully passed away from earth, and entered into rest at ten o'clock on Saturday night, August 1st, 1885, in the thirty-third year of her age.

'Was not thy race too swiftly run?
Could'st not thou "rest awhile"?
Our answer is thy Lord's, "Well done";
With thee we'll share His smile.'

Life is not to be measured by the space which elapses, but by the materials with which the space is filled up. Measured by its deeds, Lizzie Wesley's was a long life. Her earthly course consisted of the same number of years as the Saviour's; and it may yet be seen also that the most important works of it were crowded into its last three years.

It was a remarkable coincidence that the month's mission on Hounslow Heath during the training of the 3rd and 4th Battalions of the Middlesex Regiments (Militia), which my daughter hoped to enjoy, closed with her life. The following extract from the report in *The British Flag* will be read with mournful interest.

'At the opening service, Sunday, July 5th, a large number of soldiers and their friends were present, who listened with deep attention to the address delivered. One face was missed from the assembly, that of Miss Wesley, a soldiers' true friend, and a lady well known, loved, and respected by all ranks in the barracks at Hounslow. During the meeting, hopes were expressed that God would give her strength to enable her to be at some of the gatherings later on, but it was willed otherwise. The Lord had deter-

mined to take her to Himself; and the same day that the militia were disbanded and returned to their homes, the disembodied spirit of that dear worker was called to the bright and better home above. Her heart was much set on this mission, and the Lord permitted her to live to the close, and finish the work He had given her to do.'

The sorrow occasioned by the death of one so bright, good, and unselfish, and who had been so actively and entirely devoted to the interests of others was deep, and widely felt. The event made many hearts and homes of the town and neighbourhood sad, and as soon as it became known, the public expression of mourning testified that a public loss had been painfully experienced. Hundreds of condoling letters were gratefully received by the bereaved parents; and wreaths in numbers of much delicacy and beauty, with some, not less divine, though twined of more simple flowers, were sent to garland the shrine of their loved one. The many that gazed on the placid countenance in death could not forget the calmness and sweetness of its expression, while the dear memories she has left in their hearts live on.

As a lady friend, who gave my dear Lizzie cheering help, looked on her loved form for the last time, as it lay in the bedroom, she returned home and wrote the following lines, hoping to stimulate others to do more for Christ and a perishing world:—

'ELIZABETH A. WESLEY.

'To-day there are sore-riven hearts and tear-stained faces in a desolate home in our midst, and the wail of sorrow has gone forth to many another home, and barrack-room, and camp-ground, for there has passed from amongst us a young and

beautiful life. With the Christ-love in her heart, the joy-smile on her lip, the light of heaven in her eye, and its own welcome in her sweet and cheery voice, she went in and out, day after day, for many a year doing her Divine Master's bidding; never faltering, though often worn and weary; and now, with an "Even so, come, Lord Jesus," she has obeyed this last behest, and has gone to join the "martyr-throng," for sweet Lizzie Wesley, the soldiers' friend, has literally "died for the truth." Some few months since, when her father urged her not to work so hard, she replied, "I must, father, I must; because others will not work;" and so from early morn till often far beyond midnight (when *she* forgot the hours in writing to many a lone soldier away on the battlefield or in the fiercer conflict of garrison life), she spent her life's strength for others' weal. There in the death-chamber, cold and still, with the lilies and roses (love's offerings) around her, giving out a fragrance sweet and pure as her own life, she rests; and through the solemn hush one hears, "I must, father, I must; because others will not work." Shall not this cry, as a battle-cry, go forth amongst us and stir up many a Christian laggard to duty and privilege? There are noble workers falling around us day by day because "the labourers are few." Are those who are left to wear out their lives in agony of wrestling and toil because their fellows—children of the same Father—brethren of the same "Elder Brother," who gave His life for them—and "heirs of the same promise," will sit at ease in Zion? Let the sweet voice of her who, "being dead yet speaketh," come into many a heart and say (as was her wont), "Work for the dear Master's sake," then (as you obey) shall you know the true heart of life and wear life's crown of rejoicing, and some day hear a still sweeter voice say, "Well done, good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." ("LILLIE.")'

The burial of the mortal remains of Miss Wesley presented a scene as beautiful in its sadness as her life was bright in its gladness. Rarely has such an interment of a young lady been witnessed, or a more impressive tribute paid to character and worth. Her

death was announced in orders at the barracks, and all soldiers not on duty, who wished to attend the funeral of their friend, were allowed passes. We were informed by the men that the sad announcement in every room produced soldierly sorrow, silent and deep, quite unusual there. Long ago Miss Wesley had expressed the wish to sleep surrounded by her relatives, in the grave-yard connected with the Wesleyan Chapel, Raunds, Northamptonshire, and that desire was held sacred. The early hour at which the memorial service was held at Hounslow before leaving for the distant place of sepulture, did not prevent the military and civilian friends of the departed from gathering in large numbers, to pay the last mark of respect to her memory. Soldiers, officers, and other friends formed a procession of mourners, and followed the hearse to the chapel. The coffin, bearing many wreaths of beautiful flowers, was borne into the sanctuary by six soldiers of the Royal Fusiliers, and placed on a platform in front of the pulpit, the large audience rising as the loved remains entered.

The hymns selected for the occasion were bright and sweet enough for the heavenly choir; but that morning, so much of earth's sadness *would* mingle with them, that, instead of being sung out, they were like music trembling on the harp-strings. The burial service was read by the Revs. B. Burrows and S. F. Collier; but such was the emotion produced by the scene and the circumstances, that they could often only command a whispered utterance. The Rev. J. Ingram, having known Miss Wesley from her girlhood, gave the address. He caught inspiration enough to rise above his own feelings; and as he sketched, from his own knowledge, the

character and toils of the departed one, the audience listened with intense attention, and serious interest. When the closing scene of her life was given and some of her last sweet words, the heart-felt sorrow could no longer be concealed or repressed. The following simple words were spoken with deep feeling: 'This earth is poorer since Lizzie Wesley left it; and heaven is richer since her ransomed spirit entered there,' they bowed with grief the stalwart soldiers; as they did the girls of dear Lizzie's Bible-class, who had all gathered in the orchestra; and the hearts of the whole assembly yielded to their melting touch. Six soldiers of the King's Own Hussars bore the coffin from the dais to the hearse, the plaintive tones of the 'Dead March' in Saul blending in sad unison with the sorrow of all hearts. The deceased was followed to the end of the town by many friends of all classes, and a company of Hussars, a company of Fusiliers, and the soldiers from Kneller Hall, with officers, who formed line and saluted as the corpse left the town; friends, to show their respect for the departed, followed the bereaved parents and the saintly dead to Willesden. On reaching Raunds, the numerous and respected relatives of the departed followed all that was mortal of their loved one to the last resting place, where the burial service was impressively conducted by the Revs. J. W. Millward and S. F. Collier. A very able and appropriate sermon was preached in the evening by the Rev. S. F. Collier from the words—'Be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.' (Heb. vi. 12.) And there, with the scenes of her early joys near, she rests, 'Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.'

Her tomb bears the following inscription :

In Loving Memory

OF

ELIZABETH ANN WESLEY,

DAUGHTER OF

THE REV. SAMUEL AND ANN WESLEY,

WHO DIED IN GREAT PEACE,

AT HOUNSLOW, AUGUST 1ST, 1885,

AGED 33 YEARS.

MISS WESLEY WAS EARLY CONSECRATED TO GOD; HER LIFE WAS ONE OF UNSPARING TOIL AND GREAT USEFULNESS, AMONG SOLDIERS, CIVILIANS, AND THE YOUNG; AND HER DEATH WAS BEAUTIFULLY TRIUMPHANT.

'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament ; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.' (Daniel xii. 9.)

Very marked respect was paid to the memory of the deceased on the Sabbath following the interment, by the memorial services which were held, and the obituaries which were read in the places of worship of towns in which she was known, and by the touching references which were made by ministers of various denominations to her beautiful and useful life, and the public loss which had been sustained by her early death.

The following is a report which was given of the memorial service held at Winchester :—

'A memorial service, having reference to the death of Miss Wesley, was held in St. Peter-street chapel, Winchester, on Sunday morning, August 16th. The preacher was the resident minister, the Rev. R. W. G. Hunter. A very large congregation, composed of civilians and soldiers, attended. Amongst the former were members of the Church of England and of the various Nonconformist Churches in the city. Many were in mourning out of respect for the deceased. The solemn draping of the pulpit was relieved by wreaths of immortelles. Flowers had been sent from Canon Butler's, in the cathedral close, for the same purpose. The congregation were deeply affected throughout the entire service. After the preacher had spoken of the general work of Miss Wesley among civilians, he expatiated on the exquisite and irresistible tact and sympathy she had shown in her abundant labours among the soldiers. Mr. Hunter referred to the affectionate nature of Lizzie Wesley, her tenacity in keeping up her many friendships, her humility and sweetness of spirit, her simplicity, naturalness and directness, her brightness, cheeriness, and hopefulness, and the pure, fresh, healthy character of her piety. He concluded by a special appeal to the soldiers present.

'The following descriptive lines by Mr. Hunter are too precious to be lost :—

'"She has gone whispering words of evangel
To the last, with her spirit-touched lips ;
She has gone, like a glorious angel,
Who suffers a moment's eclipse.

"Like a star breaking forth—from death's shadow
She has passed to those heaven-clear skies,
Could the sad see her stand in her beauty,
With love's deathless light in her eyes,

"Could it be she would point them to Jesus,
She'd come back for them now if she dare,
For her heart still beats for her soldiers,
And she longs to see all of them there."'

The next Sunday evening service at Hounslow

Wesleyan chapel, after the departed one's burial, was conducted by the Rev. B. Burrows, who preached a sermon adapted to the solemn occasion, of great power, and accompanied by a divine unction, which all seemed to feel. In the large congregation there were a hundred soldiers, and as there was no prayer-meeting announced, on account of the oppressive heat, the military, who were deeply impressed, gathered in front of the chapel, and inquired, 'Can we not have a prayer-meeting?' The reply was, 'Oh, yes!' and fifty men remained to pray in the school-room, eight of whom found forgiveness and peace with God. The good work continued to spread, till the men said, 'Miss Wesley is missed everywhere, but her influence is felt all around, and it seems as if her death would be the means of saving more than her life.' Thirty gave in their names to join Major Thomson's class. To make the best of the religious awakening, we held a series of special services, at which a large number of recruits became saved, and many of them resolved to enter the same regiment that they might be true comrades in their religious life.

Thus the death of Miss Wesley was the means of developing seed which had long been sown, and led to results which it was delightful for us to witness, and which, we have reason to hope, gave a deeper swell of joy in heaven.

These blessed fruits of that now resting one's patient toil have not yet ceased, but are often appearing in one form or other. Since these memorials were begun, many instances of her success have been divinely sent to cheer me in my work, and as if to express God's approval of it.

We were informed in August last, by a lady who is doing noble work for Christ in Secunderabad, that a private soldier with whom my daughter had taken great pains, and one of the last to whom she wrote, had died in hospital, assuring his chaplain that he was trusting in Jesus, and that Christ was with him then.

A pleasing letter reached me in February, 1887, from a lance-corporal of one of our West Indian regiments, testifying to Miss Wesley's beneficial influence, and expressing the wish that Africa and the whole world could be led to embrace the religion that made him so happy.

The wife of one of our non-commissioned officers who saw very much of my daughter's goodness and zeal, and who cherishes a loving memory of her, called only a few days since to assure us that she has now entered on the service of the same Saviour.

The deep interest which Miss Wesley took in the young, and the charm she threw around goodness and usefulness before them, deepens the conviction that the beneficial results of her labours will continue to grow.

Here is a simple letter from a cavalry soldier's boy, who has been mentioned in the narrative of our Hounslow work; his letter came to soothe us a few days after my dear daughter's burial:

'CAVALRY BARRACKS, YORK, *Aug. 12th, 1885.*

'DEAR SIR,

'We are very sorry to hear of the death of Miss Wesley, and were taken by surprise, as we had not heard that she was ill.

'You will know that the Wesleyan Conference has just been held in Newcastle, and I had a newspaper ready to send to Miss Wesley, when we received the information of her death.

'I am sure it will be a very great sorrow to you, and all in our regiment who knew her are very sorry.

'If ever I go to Raunds, I shall seek out her grave; but I know she is not there, it is only her body: she is, we are sure, with her dear Saviour, whom she loved so well.

'I shall always prize the little book she gave me, and the letters she sent me.

'You will like to hear that I have given my heart to God, and I am trying to love and serve Him, and I mean to be one of His soldiers as long as I live, and I hope to meet you and Miss Wesley in heaven.

'My father and mother join me in regards and love to you.

'I am, yours faithfully,

'ARTHUR E. WILLIAMS.'

May we not hope that this memorial, as a call from the tomb, will be even more persuasive than was the living voice in urging the young, first, to consecrate themselves to God; then, in the light and freshness of life's fair morning, to enter the field of Christian toil; and having entered it, to lay down the implement of labour only at the grave?

The example portrayed in these pages should have the double effect of summoning new workers, and arousing old ones. The life of self-denying toil led by Miss Wesley powerfully enforces the study of the Saviour's example for close imitation and daily converse with Christ as the means of acquiring power to copy the Christian's model. The practical question which she placed in several parts of her room so that it might catch the eye was, 'What would Jesus do?' And in connection with this inquiry, there was the statement 'For even Christ pleased not Himself.' (Rom. xv. 3.) Miss Havergal's consecration hymn was always at her bed's head, and she carried it out, in all its entirety, every day. It was Christ-like for our determined toiler to resolve on *finishing* her work at any cost, and

when it was done, and she had fallen so early, and her parting words fell on our ears and on our hearts, 'I've not been well for years; and knowing that my time would be short, I was anxious to do all I could,' we could not but think of the startling declaration, 'If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His.'

My energetic and catholic-spirited fellow chaplain, the Rev. Alfred Ernest Bull, Vicar of St. Paul's, Hounslow, gave the following remarks on my daughter's character and work in his fraternal letters of sympathy after her death: 'I cannot adequately express to you my admiration for that noble character. She was indeed a burning and a shining light. Many have wished that she had been more mindful of her bodily health and that she had not so thoroughly overtaxed her strength, but she has fallen in a good cause. In her love for souls she laboured like one ready to die for the name of the Lord Jesus. How unspeakably blessed she must now be!

'It is not for us to blame her for her unceasing work in the Master's name. Would to God that the Church had many more such heroines and heroes, willing to sacrifice even life itself to pluck sinners as brands from the burning. The Church needs it, the time requires it.

'No doubt she laboured under the directing influences of the Holy Spirit, who fired her soul with such love to Christ as no waters could quench.'

Miss Wesley felt very early and deeply that she had her own life-work to do, and that no one else could do it. And is not this true as to every one? On the busy stage of this world *where* is the mere spectator to be found? As soon as my daughter saw that her special

work was among a particular class, she sought and obtained every possible qualification for it, and did it so heartily as to have the only reward she sought, the Divine approval and the good of those for whom she toiled and so early died. An amazing amount of energy is now concentrated on particular classes. The soldier is not now, as formerly, neglected. 'The worse man, the better soldier,' is a sentiment which is now indignantly denied, instead of pleaded in excuse of neglect. My unselfish daughter never thought of living in these Memorials; nor had she any hope of her father living to produce them. But if this task of paternal love should succeed in multiplying the true friends of our soldiers and sailors, and in prompting them to seek their highest good as their special work, we shall rejoice together in that world where the elements of war will have no existence, and victors in the Christian warfare shall sit down with Christ upon His throne.

These Memorials cannot be closed without a few kindly parting words to soldiers. Some of you, dear friends, who never knew Miss Wesley personally, have heard of her intense regard for you, and her constant concern for your salvation; and our surprise is that you have no anxiety about *your own* eternal safety. If thousands of earnest Christians had the same care for the souls of British soldiers, it would not effect the salvation of a single one, without personal repentance, and an individual reliance on Christ. Many soldiers who will read these pages knew their departed friend, and cannot possibly forget the earnestness with which she prayed for them, and implored them to seek the Saviour for themselves; but she died without knowing

that they had sought and found shelter in the only refuge. A truly Christian soldier has greatly the advantage of an irreligious one as to both worlds. A soldier who lives under the power of religion will be bright, obedient, loyal, courteous, prompt, truthful, honest, temperate, moral, brave, ready to die, and sure of heaven after death. Soldiers possessing such qualities will be rising men; any officer might be proud to command them; and an army composed of such men would be the most invincible of the world, and would greatly accelerate the conquest of the world for Christ. These records may be read by some whom Miss Wesley was the means of reforming after they had reached the very climax of folly and wickedness, and not a few of whom had madly bounded away from hearts of parental and sisterly love and homes of culture and comfort; and having nobly stood for some time, and rendered their unwearied friend the most valuable service, they gradually relapsed, and caused her heart-sorrow which shortened her life. No letter from her: nothing but prayer, could *now* reach them; for they had fled, as if to escape from themselves, she knew not whither. But the dying message she reserved for them, and sent to them in her last moments, may reach them. And what was the message? Was it one of reproach? anger? despair? Oh, no! The benevolence of Miss Wesley was too near akin to the Saviour's love for that. Her last message was one of persistent hope:—

'TELL ALL THE SOLDIERS TO MEET ME IN HEAVEN.'

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1842 . .	Higham Ferrers .	3 „
1845 . .	Wellingborough .	3 „
1848 . .	Bourne, Lincoln .	2 „
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1857 . .	Weston-Super-Mare .	3 „
1860 . .	Bedford (Ampthill) .	3 „
1863 . .	Sleaford, Lincoln .	3 „
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1870 . .	Swindon . . .	3 „
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